

## Want More

OG Maco

Gave em hustle, struggle, pain from me, now they want more  
Go through the rain, I survive the flames, now they want more  
Give em self till there's nothin' left, now they want more  
Seen rich but I need wealth, now I want more

Choppers, choppin, it's like Vietnam, smokin' Napalm  
Livin' days, I ain't slept in days, it's the the fourth one  
Everybody think they're waterproof till the storm come  
Make it rain, 100 dolla bills, 100 round drums  
Full of rage and I'm out the cage, when I'm on the stage  
You can see the savage, pocket watchin' just like field hands  
Fuckin pea, I'm tryna count the cabbage  
Fuck you talkin' for if I ain't askin?  
Arky smilin' but bitch I ain't laughin'  
Unless you call me on my bank route  
All them commas, that's a real hoop  
Still thinkin' bout the black coupe  
It's a P-1, top see-through  
If i ain't top Five its cuz im top two  
You prolly thought it was a year or two  
Bitch, you guessed it, now they want more  
Competition? fuck the competition  
Never slippin', I'm like golf soles  
All in one, but that's on every song

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I got a feelin' but there's nothing in  
All this profit gotta be a sin  
Euros too, stack a million yen  
Ion't trust bitches with a million friends  
She just watchin homie, she just plottin on me  
Feelin' tensions, why you actin' different?  
Poppin' bottles, since a young nigga  
Nineteen ordered 20 hens, had to get the money to my mans  
Told em here bout the master-plan  
Just the otha day he understand  
We'll kill em with the truth  
Broad day, no mask on  
The young and scary children of the corn  
Bunch of niggas raised with women scorned  
Pimpin pimpin sippin sippin neva cookin cookies  
Got yo feelins trippin listen listen  
There's no pencil  
Drew it up without a stencil  
In the pistol with the read option  
Couple scrambles, now I'm outta pocket  
Hearin winner music, watch me rock it  
I'm a star like my new Givenchy, on that topic where is Erykah  
Tell Badu I wanna touch her, just confessin', I ain't Usher  
Teachin' lessons, no professor.  
Bible, ratchet on my dresser  
How you gon' do it? Say you want more!  
How ya gon' prove it?

Workin' workin' I'm in overtime  
Clockin' in, nigga, grab the scale  
Be a starter how you run the pie  
Put in work on your battlefield