

## Something More

### REASON

Dangers  
Faded, all gone  
You've been around  
I let you walk on  
Dangers  
Faded, all gone  
You've been around  
I let you walk on, ohh, oh  
I need something more  
I need something more from you  
I need something more (So)  
I need something more (Look)

She got a thing for designer bags that she can't afford  
Cost more than the rent, she was staying on the second floor  
Me and shawty was cruising and creeping in the Honda  
We was on the same accord but also ridin' in the same Accord  
I would stay up chasing dreams, steady racing forward  
Still chasing dreams, but lately, they paying more  
I would devote all my time and you would hate me for it  
But if I didn't, and I was broke, then you would hate me more  
I was so broke without a job, they done canceled my insurance  
Crashed the whip next morning, when it rain, it pours  
Fast forward, all my problems done deflated some  
But see, the hate around a nigga, it inflated more  
Signed to Top Dawg, nigga, that's my greatest score  
But lost a lot, feel like I can't lose for winnin'  
Tryna clear my mind, I gotta make room for vision  
Did bad to gain a lot, I had to pay dues with sinnin', but I'm still here  
Death encounters, had a handful, bruh  
I could have left before expected, I had Andrew's luck  
Remember signin' them papers and all the fam pulled up  
Takin' shots of the Henny while we smokin' and celebratin'  
Fuck overnight, nigga, we had the best patience  
A new father is proud of the steps taken  
Can't go back to how we was living 'cause death waitin', shit  
I got a blessed vision, feel like the best in it  
This all heart, I had to say it with my chest, nigga  
I gotta hustle, take my steps and put some pep in it  
Signed and left with it, went with Rock on tour  
Feel like Bed Bath & Beyond, I got a lot in store  
Put in my soul into this shit I need my M's piled up  
Deal died, if karma real, it woulda been got us  
I'm tryna change the way I live and how our men brought up  
Name Robert, they remember me for the kids I've touched  
Made a mil, not enough until I'm Ghost whippin' in a Rolls  
Sliding down the road with some hoes, and I need  
Mo' money, mo' bread, I can't loaf, nigga  
Doon-Doon locked up and I'm worried 'bout hoes, nigga

Why I give my time to all my greatest vices?  
Know everything costs, but never pay the prices  
You don't feel it when they say it 'cause they faked the writing  
See you niggas say you artists, but can't paint it like us  
Like, why I give my time to all my greatest vices?  
You know everything costs, but never pay the prices  
You don't feel it when they say it 'cause they faked the writing

See you niggas say you artists, but don't paint it like us  
That's real

I need something more  
I need something more, baby  
I need something more (I'll never want)  
I need something more