

No More Talk

T.I.

I'm either running for my life or I'm just waiting to die
I'm the supplier of the fire if you're chasing a high
It's never, when or why, it's the way that he die
Did he stand like a man till the day that he die
Or was he reaching for guns or trying to run
Or was he outside on the lawn in front of his son
And if ya, running your mouth you can die in the slum
Cuz in the, south where I'm from they dying for crumbs
You can die for your Patna's or die for ya moms
Or you could die cuz your nigga just heard the alarm, just stealing
Or die in a plane they say it's a bomb
When they run it into a tower, they just say it's Saddam
Screaming Allah the moment that it's hitting the building
With total disregard for all men women and children
See niggaz get killed when, people mix they money with feelings
I'm filling my money up in the wall some in the ceiling
I'm just one of the millions of niggaz who ?
It's a war going on and they killing for nothing
We were in denial all awhile they where flicking the buttons
I'd rather be dying for something instead of living for nothing
End of discussion

Hey, ain't no more talk
Just start killing niggaz off till ain't no more chalk
Or no mo' tape, to outline no mo' scenes
Or no mo' crimes, no mo' dying for no mo' phenes
Or no mo' rims and thing's and no mo' green
And no mo' chains and ring's that go bling bling
And no mo' passionate rapping and so it seems
It's just these talent less rappers they all acting
And I know, so ain't no mo' talk
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Yeah they said it wasn't no mo' green for no mo' grind
No mo' room for no mo' kings and no more crown to be given but by no means
Am I any more conceited than this game needed
And if I say it believe it, I'm running the region, you see it
Popping and blowing, I'm stopping I'm going
I'm just, telling, you knowing, you sleeping, or hating
And I don't care what you niggaz is thinking or saying
About, you know who, the one who say you know what, do you know where
But you the best cuz you goin' care
Now I ain't think so either, but we know greed'll make ya
Do strange thang's if we ain't people
And if ya, busting bout nothing, than we ain't equal
You just cussing for nothing and poisoning people
And it's embarrassing laughing at all of your songs
And you can hate me right now but you'll miss me 'fore long, when I'm gone

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