

# No More

DJ Drama

Yeah, Willie The Kid  
Bright lights, street lights

Summertime in apartment 409  
Had to clean up the kitchen with 409  
It was cookin' up work, while my granny at work  
My big 'cause he ain't understand me at first

He said, the court room or the casket  
I'm like dude, either way you need cash and a nice suit  
The street lights where I found my strength  
Be with four rich men, and you bound to be the fifth  
Let's go

I lost my daddy at a early age  
Told my mama don't cry for me  
If I trade tomorrow in for yesterday  
Oh, how much different my life would be

But that's in my dreams, back to reality  
Tryna get outta these street lights  
So I won't have to live this street life

No more, no more  
No more, no more  
No

Just gotta learn to deal with problems  
If you're young and from slum with no father  
Got killed when you was little, still got mama  
She try to tell him go to school, but why bother

When gettin' paid is the only way to solve 'em  
Seems the stars get farther and farther  
Out of my reach, out of these streets  
Will they ever make it big?

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I ain't ashamed to say that I shed a tear  
Thinkin' 'bout my dad, I wish I had him back  
I'd give up everythin' just to have him here  
After this storm and rain I have no fear  
Gotta keep holdin' on, hold my head up strong  
I know it won't be long until we'll be together again, fo real

I'm livin' for the moment  
If I could turn back the days, sure you could turn this back  
Hey, I was born with the hustle, never been a sucker  
Daddy wasn't in the crib, that made me tougher  
Momma struggled with the bills, that made me stuff up

Powder in a sack which made me dumber  
Now I'm standin' on the corner, bag full of marijuana, crack  
Pistol my pocket for anybody who disrespect  
In the trap chillin' where robbers and killers kick it at

My arms up in the feds for ten, they say I'm goin' in  
Ha, bet that I'm a stretch that, backish to this rappers  
Show these niggas what I'm best at  
Get a lil' check, flip it and invest that

Years later, oh now you see what my heads at  
Like meals chasers, we be everywhere the bread at  
You keep on hatin', you'll be layin' where the dead at  
You rappers suckers, you can tell them that I said that  
If nothin' else but the hustle, you gon' respect that

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Guess this is my life and I wanna live it right  
I don't wanna run the streets no more, no  
I don't wanna run the streets no more, no