

No More

Gangsta Blac

First Verse (Gangsta Blac):

No prisoners kept in this camp, we kill 'em all and come up
And virtually fightin' our shadow thinkin' it's them in the cut
No more of my time to waste
No more pre-judgin' my face
Ain't nothin' but a mugg on my jug, hopin' my score been erased
They hated, maybe replaced, or make it better someday
'cause we can't hack what they scratchin' to buildin' cars in our face
You had your chance to be real, instead you mappin' out your death
No more of heedin' nobody 'cause we can do it ourself
'cause it's ???, or try to camouflauge me
Like I ain't seein' shit clear, 'cause clearly shit gone see "B"
No more of fakin' devotion when soldiers turnin' it out
My congregation is caught up in bein' real, no doubt
I'm the provider for them, can't be around and not down
Even when sleepin', I'm thinkin' of other ways for me now
To go and get it for us, and we ain't got it no more
What's in store?
Me and my onyls make it known it's no more
NIGGA!!!!!!

Second Verse (Gangsta Blac & Playa Fly):

(Gangsta Blac)

No more of stressin' me out, no more of this and the other
No more of upside-down smiles, to cut by you suckas
No more of smokin' your weed, no more of jonesin' for that
Instead I'm grillin' you villains like they gone keep up the laggin'
No more attackin' my pride, never again hold it in
I buck it once 'fore I duck, trick will get stuck to the vent
No more of thinkin' my talents gone be insured for a mil
'cause if it was, my 'cause, came up and do it foreal
No more of dealin' with hoes, I'd rather have me a bitch
'cause she ain't shit from the start, just keep her slick with the dick
No more of hard-head grindin' that shit round the trunk
Too used to gettin' what I want, so I'm gone keep this shit blunt
No more of layin' in the road, for you to walk over mud
And disrespectin' big Chug, and weigh you lazy in mud
Keep it away from me please, no suckas stoppin' E-ski
And we ain't takin' no more, so Fly you tell 'em the D
NIGGA!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Playa Fly)

Flizy just can't take no more
Overboard I'm bout to go
Funk and drank and dank you under the table like I did before
Seven, nine of ninety-eight
Playa Fly gone hit'cha straight
With somethin' you don't wanna feel the funk so you ain't gotta wait
Trait like I'm flaugin' 'cause I'm mobbin' over broken hearts
Movin' all my mini-Minnie Mae Mafia to hit the charts
How you gonna stop us now? With all this, Funkytown we bound
S.P.V. I'm bound, until I die then Playa Flizy down
First the A and four and one
Who's the one be wantin' some?
Not the suckas stink, but get'cha straight when all their body numb

Can't compact the garbage that you start producin' orally
I roll my windows tightly 'fore it really start annoyin' me
As much as I'm enjoyin' this, and ALL the weak B.S. you spit
My windows already rolled, so you know this dizays overwith
So hit the horn, keep goin' man
Blac & Flizy in demand
No more Flizy can stand
So smashin' power like a windows man
NIGGA!!!!!!!