

# More Is Enough

## Plan B

Yeah  
Plan B  
Its the epic rhythm, you get me!

More money  
More cash  
More flow  
More dough  
Even more so  
Even more cash even more dough  
More time to spit lines  
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime  
Fuckin' split minds  
More kick more snare more claps  
More bass more synths make it more fat  
More power more Bigger beats then  
More speed more BPM  
More people kicking back with the Jacks  
On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds flat  
More people letting go if you feel my flow  
Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya  
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes  
Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones

From ya head to ya toes, move to the beat, with ya feet  
I wanna see  
More people in the club gettin' twist  
More people spreading love when I spit  
I wanna see  
More people on the floor then there is  
More people at the door being frisked  
I wanna see  
Less fights, less knives, less gats  
More stacking on the floor where no-one at  
More venues in the ends where it's at  
More venues in the ends playin' rap  
I wanna see

Less boys, less mans, less cats  
More girls, more women, more gash  
More gally who know how to act  
When everything they got on show lookin' fat  
I wanna see  
Yeah, you know when we've had enough  
Is when we say "More"  
Cos' we can never have enough  
We'll always want:

More money  
More cash  
More flow  
More dough  
Even more so  
Even more cash even more dough  
More time to spit lines  
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime  
Fuckin' split minds

More kick more snare more claps  
More bass more synths make it more fat  
More power more Bigger beats then  
More speed more BPM  
More people kicking back with the Jacks  
On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds flat  
More people letting go if you feel my flow  
Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya  
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes  
Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones

Can't dance, just do somethin' random  
All galdem  
All mandem  
Can't dance, just do somethin' random  
All galdem  
All mandem  
You can't dance, just do somethin' random  
All galdem  
All mandem  
Fuck it, nobody want's to dance no more  
Too much murder on the dancing floor  
Cos' we can never have enough  
We'll always want more  
Cos' we can never have enough  
We'll always want more  
And you know when we've had enough  
Is when we say "More"  
Cos' we can never have enough

More money  
More cash  
More flow  
More dough  
Even more so  
Even more cash even more dough  
More time to spit lines  
hit lines, i can spit rhymes when I spit grime  
Fuckin' split minds  
More kick more snare more claps  
More bass more synths make it more fat  
More power more Bigger beats then  
More speed more BPM  
More people kicking back with the Jacks  
On the crack with the jack knock it back two seconds flat  
More people letting go if you feel my flow  
Don't hold back, let it show from your head to ya  
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes  
Move to the beat, with ya feet, start shaking ya bones  
Yeah, from ya head to ya toes  
Move to the beat, with ya feet

Yeah  
Plan B  
Epic Man