

Say Less

Andy Mineo & Wordsplayed

Yeah okay, I get it man, say less
When'd you start talking and prayin' less?
I'm not doing good, I'm a straight mess
But God doing way more with way less, uh Yeah, we off to the races
I put a rapper in their place quick
Good is the enemy of greatness
Out this world girl in my space ship
My A1's on my A-list
Be small make the playlist
Preach mode for the graces
They sneak mode on the hatred
Money bags on the racks ain't the go
But I ain't really mad if God let me hold that
I say what I want, I don't ever hold back
I just mom it up, my first gold plaque
And there's many more to come
See I'm steady with the pen and now I'm ready
What you want?
I don't mess with nobody
I don't got me no hobbies
'Cause this here is my jobby
I pew-pew-pew like Bugatti, I'm outty!
Uh, oh yeah my wave a tsunami
If you ask me how we made it, I just say it's beyond me
And I'm more than what I do so I don't let it define me
And I'm focused on the future, let the past stay behind me
I'm out!

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So New York, fresh out the womb, baptized in the East River
Rap game sons, please resurrect Dilla
Highlight reel been realer than realer
I was dead, now it's all Mike Jack Thriller
We in the building, like Con Ed
Lighting up the whole crib
Lisa Lopes, Left Eye
Westside, back to Bed-Stuy

Crown fried, two piece with the french fries
Think they winnin' but they never play chess
I live a New York minute, you need to say less
Trader Joe's in the hood, it's The Matrix
Seven dollar chopped cheese, I used to pay less, man
You can't walk in my shoes
I spit vividly, Connie Chung on the news
I was steppin' out the booth, they was hittin' the snooze
It's the New York Giants, Beckham and Cruz
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>