No More (feat. Lloyd, Willie the Kid & T.I.)

DJ Drama

Yeah, Willie The Kid
Bright lights, street lightsSummertime in apartment 409
Had to clean up the kitchen with 409
It was cookin' up work, while my granny at work
My big cuz, he ain't understand me at firstHe 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 goI 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, noJust 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 botherWhen 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?'Cause 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, noI 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 hereAfter this storm and rain I have no fear
Gotta keep holdin' on, hold my head up strong
I know it won't be long
(I'm livin' for the moment)
Until we'll be together again, fo real
(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 dumberNow I'm standin' on the corner, bag full of marijuana,

crack
Pistol in my pocket for anybody who disrespect
In the trap chillin' where robbers and killers kick it atMy 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 thatYears 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 thatI 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 beBut 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, noGuess this is my life and I wanna live it right
I don't wanna run the streets no more, no
Guess this is my life and I wanna live it right
I don't wanna run the streets no more, no
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/