

Yea, from BK to the world. I've had enough

Now-a-days, the range ain't big enough
Moskino ain't jig enough
I'm kind of iced out
But my chain ain't thick enough
Album ain't hot enough
label said its not enough, singing in the hook
I need to change my look
My rims ain't big enough, chrome don't shine enough
I shopped Fifth Fab, but I still can't find enough
Iceberg to swerve, don't dress gay enough
No airplay, so I guess I ain't pay enough
Cristale don't floss enough
And I still ain't lost enough
Album barely gold, guess I ain't try enough
Video wasn't fly enough, budget wasn't high enough
And I ain't lie enough, about crack sales and jail
Yall feeling me like braill, well I still got no sales
Must ain't soul enough, 'cause my heart ain't cold enough
Said I was "Born 2 Roll", but they said I ain't roll enough
Guess I got to brag more, must don't boast enough
Aint New York enough, ain't west coast enough
But that's fine 'cause I'm gon' focus on mine
And hoping that two-thousand-nine is enough time
Wrote enough rhymes to be on album number fifty
You'll see how I'm on it, if you hung enough with me
The rap game is a book, and I've read mad chapters
And if you ask me, it ain't enough mad rappers

Somebody, tell me what the deal is *I had enough*
Niggaz got to know it's for real

Niggaz only rocking them jewels for you to see
Like Ghostface, nigga dont front for me
Enough is enough, we gon' start calling you bluff
Watching your moves, we gon' be, all in your stuff
Fuck around then come through rocking enough ice
Looking nice in high price, niggaz is nuff shiest
Guess it ain't enough thugs, enough drugs on the streets
And niggaz ain't busting enough slugs
Not enough caucasians, no one stresses
Project girls rock vesses, not dresses
Enough lessons learned, play with fire burn
Enough dough get made, not of it earned
Enough wildin', fuck that yo, enough smilin'
I rep Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten Island
Queens plus the BX, not enough teks
Not enough cops, killing us all for paychecks

Enough if this, enough of that, enough crap
Enough wack radio stations set enough rap
And they got the nerve to try to flaunt it
Will my album get enough buzz if there's enough niggaz on it
When we get in the house, it's like its haunted
We got you shook, mad niggaz from the Brook', look
Enough cats with crack moes and mack hoes

Enough cats with wack flows pack shows
Enough of these, enough of those, it never slows
It just grows, your girl don't wear enough clothes
These no-brainers, are lost entertainers
They found on billboards, greatest sale gainers
Enough beans and Benz, enough fly honies with dime friends
That want to juice you for you ends
It's getting rough, a whole lot of intricate stuff
Mad crime though, like McGruff, enough's enough