

# Say Less (feat. Wordsplayed)

## 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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But God doing way more with way less, uh  
Yeah okay, I get it, get it, say less  
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Yeah okay, I get it, get it, say less 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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