

# All I Need

## Trick Daddy

People got to have money

(Gangsta)

Just like that

(Just like that)

My recipe for murda

(Murda)

Couple pounds of brown

(Pounds of brown)

Couple DT's

(Couple DT's)

Fo' or five of them big things they call shoppas

See I was raised in the slums

But niggas tote guns distribute and run

Watch out on the one and one servin' the bomb

Niggas talk about Miami but they scared to come

Leavin' they family in danger just to play in the sun

Nigga, we did what you done and what you talkin' about

Like droppin' drugs up out of town and keepin' dope in the house

Ain't give my life to that 'cause it's over and out

That's how it is when you exposed in the south

See

All I need is big guns on the side of me

'Bout a half a brick of yag and a pound of weed

Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me

How many niggas down to ride with me

(Hey, hey)

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How many niggas down to ride with me

(Hey, hey, hey)

The reenactment of my first murda

With no remorse and no feelin's

Hell, cuz I ain't even know this nigga

The shit was deep I couldn't just let it go

While I was shootin' 'bout my money

Fruitin' bout my dough, bitch

I bust his ass like the last muthafucka

Went in with them stunnas, came out with them cuttas, cut up

You shoulda seen the muthafucka jumpin' thumpin'  
Bullet after bullet pumpin' fully after fully  
You muthafuckas went in bad choppas  
I still got 'em, that nigga begged for his life but I still shot him  
I let him know bitch, this is how I feel 'bout ya  
I asked him out but now his momma 'bout to hear about him  
I'm from the era of the goodfellas, you know  
Nigga like Big Ike, Big Nose Bob and Bo Dilly  
I grewed up on the turf watchin' Murph and them  
Murph dropped the top on the bird, that nigga was hurtin' them  
I take this shit back to thirties and vogue  
Let's see that's way before them Bama-ass hammers and loaves  
That's in the days when the ave was jumpin'

Every nigga was gettin' money  
Every corner was pumpin' and jumpin'  
Huh, but now we in the new era  
A new game a different thang and a whole buncha new killas  
Money, money, money  
Every time, goddammit I'll say it every time  
Betta call us murderers  
All I need is big guns on the side of me  
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed  
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me  
How many niggas down to ride with me  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
All I need is big guns on the side of me  
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed  
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me  
How many niggas down to ride with me  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
The boy think he gettin' paid, jumpin' out  
Squeezin' AK's, on the ground they lay  
That's how we do this shit in Dade  
Killer bee's, snappin' pictures plottin' killin' me  
Them killed my dogg, hell naw it couldn't be  
Gotta straighten this shit, got SK's with extra clips  
Holla "killer head", and make them bitches flip the script  
Cut it back to light, fake the left, rip the right  
Them feel my eyes, these bitches down to die tonight  
Pull right on the side, raise it up squeeze that thang  
Went "bang, bang" till their muh'fuckin' brains hang  
I live for this, so damn right I kill for this  
And when I get that feelin', ain't gon' be no hit or miss  
All I need is big guns on the side of me

'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed  
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(Hey, hey, hey)  
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