STP

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All that I need
Look at all the love that we found, oh
I won't run and pull one jack move
They love her for the Kingston sound
Flava flav and I C E
Once said somethin' that made me
Want to burn my liquor store down to the ground
But I just can't leave the pad
'Cause I'll surely wind up dead
'Cause I know they're out there waitin'
And watchin' for me
Still I got my yellow cat
And my wooden baseball bat
And my shiny silver gat
And if my homie got my back
Then I've got
All that I need
Look at all the love we've found, oh
I won't run and pull no one jack move
They love her for the Kingston sound, oh
Ohh
Ohh
I wont slip and I won't trip
Send Matt Vargas to regrip
While I'm wrenchin' on my ride

In that secret pad where we hide
There's always lots of fun stuff to do
Like relax and design a brand new tattoo
Play with my crossword puzzle book
I'm even learnin' how to cook
Have you seen little whore, baby
Someone said that she stole my Freddie
And then she made off with my last clean rig
I'm gonna kill that funky ditch pig
So what?
Outta my, outta my, outta my, outta my secret pad
'Cause I know you're talkin' about me, makin' it hard to live
But I don't no want no dick, don't want no money down

My secret tweaker pad is now the hottest spot in town
Take it nice and easy
Don't want no Sheriff breakin' down the door to raid me
'Cause all that I need
Look at all the love we've found, oh
I wont run and pull the one jack move
They love her for the Kingston sound, oh
Baby, wanna give me kisses sweet
Only for a night with no repeat
Baby you wanna leave and never go
But the taste of honey is worse than none at all

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