

# You're All I Need (all That I Need Remix)

## Method Man

Intro: Method Man

Rugged style, it's enough to make a hardrock smile

Ha ha ha, cheeba cheeba y'all

Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop

Yeah yeah, cootie in the chair

Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop

Yeah yeah, cootie in the -- check Tical

Chorus: Mary J. Blige [sample: Notorious B.I.G.]

You're all, I need

[Lie together, cry together, I swear to God I hope we fuckin die together]to get by, ahhhhh

You're all, I need

[Lie together, cry together, I swear to God I hope we fuckin die together]to get by, ahhhhh

Verse One:

Shorty I'm there for you anytime you need me

For real girl, it's me in your world, believe me

Nuttin make a man feel better than a woman

Queen with a crown that be down for whatever

There are few things that's forever, my lady

We can make war or make babies

Back when I was nothin

You made a brother feel like he was somethin

That's why I'm with you to this day boo no frontin

Even when the skies were gray

You would rub me on my back and say "Baby it'll be okay"

Now that's real to a brother like me baby

Never ever give my cootie away and keep it tight aight

And I'ma walk these dogs so we can live

In a fat ass crib with thousands of kids

Word life you don't need a ring to be my wife

Just be there for me and I'ma make sure we

Be livin in the effin lap of luxury

I'm realizing that you didn't have to funk wit me

But you did, now I'm going all out kid

And I got mad love to give, you my nigga

Chorus 2X

Interlude: Mary J. Blige

Like sweet morning dew

I took one look at you

And it was plain to see

You were my destiny

With you I'll spend my time

I'll dedicate my life

I'll sacrifice for you

Dedicate my life for you

Verse Two:

I got a love jonz for your body and your skin tone

Five minutes alone I'm already on the bone

Plus I love the fact you got a mind of your own

No need to shop around you got the good stuff at home

Even if I'm locked up North you in the world

Wrapped in three-fourths of cloth never showin your stuff off, boo

It be true me for you that's how it is

I be your Noah, you be my Wiz

I'm your Mister, you my Mrs. with hugs and kisses

Valentine cards and birthday wishes? Please

Be on another level of planning, of understanding

the bond between man and woman, and child

The highest elevation, 'cause we above

All that romance crap, just show your love

Chorus (starts during the end of verse two, repeats until end)

Outro: Method Man

I'm sick of police

Ha ha ha, cheeba cheeba y'all

And you don't stop

Yeah yeah, cootie in the -- Tical!

Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop

Yeah yeah, cootie in the chair, Tical!

Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop

Yeah yeah, cootie in the chair, Tical

Mary J. raw, and Meth-Tical

{Like sweet morning dew} Yeah yeah

{I took one look at you} cootie in the chair, Tical

{And it was plain to see} Cheeba cheeba y'all

{You were my destiny, baby} Cheeba cheeba y'all

Cheeba cheeba y'all, bring it on, yeah

What's that shit that they be smoking?

No romance without finance for now

Baby, please, ninety-five

Ticallion Stallion, ha ha, ha ha

Man woman and child, yeah

{Anything you need, anything you need}

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