I Need Mo

Paul Wall

We out here, trying to get it rain or shine
Can't nobody take what's mine
But people say
That they gon' try to kill me
Go hard for mine is all I know
I'm trying to get all this dough
I try to say
If you want me, come and get me
Early in the morning when the sun come up
I be playing my position, trying to chase a come up
I'm on the corner like little kids waiting for the school bus
I'm Reggie bush about my paper man, I gotta rush
I'm chasing Johnny Dame, co vein with diamond crush
I want that TV Johnny watch, earrings and such
I got my mind focused driving in the fast lane
Apple paint and white seats, looking like a candy cane
I'm running marathons, while these lames running sprints
Been pulling all nighters, all year and ever since
I'm steady grinding on the rise like Honda pants
Partner this is common sense, stacking up dollars and cents
I'm thinking pickett fence, six rooms, that's on a lake
Long as I keep stacking bread like pancakes
I pray with high stakes, so I can crawl down like snakes
Trying to eat them Vincent Anthony steaks, I gotta get more
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But people say
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Go hard for mine is all I know
I'm trying to get all this dough
I try to say
If you want me, come and get me
From a Buick to a Benz, the American dream
Riding apple over silver with the insides cream
I got my mind on the foreign so I hustle some green
And I'm somewhat color struck 'cause I only love green
I'm living the ghetto dream, money, hoes and clothes
My mind on bankrolls, I stay up on my toes
See, I'm working for that paper, chasing after that cash

Overtime punching clocks, I call it a monster mash
That paper in my vision, so I grind with precision
A hustler's ambition to accumulate commission
My eyes is burning 'cause I ain't slept in 'bout a week
And there's no time to eat 'cause my body is weak
I'm [unverified] it's time for cash stacking, there ain't no time for slacking
I'm racking money now, later I'll be Cadillac'n'
I'm packing paper and my pockets over flowing to the top
That's why I'm blowing my dawg, I gotta get that money
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But people say
That they gon' try to kill me
Go hard for mine is all I know
I'm trying to get all this dough
I try to say
If you want me, come and get me
The clock keep on ticking and the countdown is on
My paper keep on stacking now it won't be long
I'm King Kong of the hustle, using mind with muscle
Putting together plots and schemes like a piece to a puzzle
The boys chasing broads but I'm out here stacking bars
Motivated my screw tapes that's in my iPod
My job is all night my hustle is all day
When you thrown in the game, there ain't no 401K
I got a dream like Dr. King [unverified]
I swing it like Peter Parker in the Cadillac
So now I'm changing up the game like a clinic bitch
Hood super star with dreams of getting rich, gimme more
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