Satisfaction Guaranteed

Skratch Bastid

Uh?..I got it good (Neyo)
I put product in the street that sell quicker than weed, I spit it raw like I?m flippin a key
I got what y?all need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)
I got what y?all need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)
I got pure for the fiends give u more than a breeze, thru ya blood stream quicker than D,
I got what y?all need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)
I got what y?all need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)
Uh, its what they been waitin for??
I put the whole world in a dope fiend and still leaning, a many years away from the game they still fiendin
My hustle and flow, sound like C-notes, smoke like a pound hit the town like key-notes
I bag it up and get it crackin in clubs, go on tours like I?m trafficking drugs
(I got what y?all need)
Who want musical narcotics, they all got it, bomb product will sure profit when y?all cop it
Any hood or any city I?m pumpin in, any slum I?m in, my custom is come again
Spit flow by the boatload like a Columbian, my shipments go out then bring the money in
Like supplies the product than do the pra bricks, go out my way, so biters can?t dupe what I spit
Like Freddy told Priest in that superfly flick, playa u always got some superfly shhhhhh
Chorus

Uh, It ain't a city I ain?t moving weed in, the world wonder my product got em hallucinating
Droppin heaviest rhymes known, to every minds flown, keep it poppin until its clockin in every time zone
Uh, time is money, my grind is hungry, it?s for my dudes and my dime honeys
(I got what y?all need)
Things run up in it mass where I been, nothing get em high as a bag of Rakim
I?m red like Canadian, cuss wit a Opium touch a fat piece of hash, seen soap with some dust
I got it so good, I got the whole hood smoking it, coke cookers kill for the flow to cook coke in it
The new form of crack, turn fans to fanatics hip hop hands to attacks fiends hit off that
DJ?s cut it, let the streets step on that, still a hundred percent pure King Heron?s back
Chorus
I got a bout a million Mami?s that call me they ex love cuz I kept em ex thug and F?d up like sex drugs
They never come down futuristic high; I leave em, spaced out so they can kiss the sky
Its like Budda, Mami?s say, man is he blessed Pac to push a man in a vest
They won?t relapse no indeed he?s back, my rap flow natural aphrodisiac
I?m a key to a user, piano to a dealer, liquor to a alcoholic to smokers a piff of chocolate
The gospel, for the ghetto so spit the gossip, is he Moses to drugs, either way it?s a profit
Call me your drug lord, spit commandments you hooked, it?s the King pin every day I get a book
Playing my surveillance tapes, I'm hot on the streets, even cops on the beat they call copping the heat
Chorus 2X
(Neyo)

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