

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Rakim

Uh..I got it good (Neyo)I put product in the street that sell quicker than weed, I spit it raw like Im flippin a key
I got what yall need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)
I got what yall 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 yall need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)
I got what yall need (Satisfaction Guaranteed)Uh, its what they been waitin forI 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 Im trafficking drugs(I got what yall need)Who want
musical narcotics, they all got it, bomb product will sure profit when yall cop it
Any hood or any city Im pumpin in, any slum Im 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 cant dupe what I spit
Like Freddy told Priest in that superfly flick, playa u always got some superfly shhhhhhChorusUh, It ain't a city
I aint 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, its for my dudes and my dime honeys(I got what yall need)Things run
up in it mass where I been, nothing get em high as a bag of Rakim
Im 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
DJs cut it, let the streets step on that, still a hundred percent pure King Herons backChorusI got a bout a million
Mamis that call me they ex love cuz I kept em ex thug and Fd up like sex drugs
They never come down futuristic high; I leave em, spaced out so they can kiss the sky
Its like Budda, Mamis say, man is he blessed Pac to push a man in a vest
They wont relapse no indeed hes back, my rap flow natural aphrodisiac
Im 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 its a profit
Call me your drug lord, spit commandments you hooked, its 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 heatChorus 2X
(Neyo)

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