What Do You Need

Mike Dece

All of these drugs in my brain.
And all of this smoke I'm inhaling and fish I am scaling to make what I made.
I feel as if my life is ending, should I pull the trigger or should I remain?
But I won't go out like a bitch there's no way I'm deficient I'm going insane.
Why can't I keep my pistol tame?
So paranoid, only love my AK.
I'm high as fuck bumping in the fish tank with Currey while swerving and burning the stank.
Acid tab keep me in flee with my sane.
Mental capacity open the chain.
I really don't know what I am doing, but I'm balling out, bitch I'm Patrick Ewing.
All that I care about is the money.
My mind is gone I just want the money.
You fuck with me I'll kill your whole family.
And I swear that y'all thinkin' I'm mentally.
If I ain't have coke, then how would I eat?
If I ain't have dro, then how would I sleep?
Knowing that I carry all of these things all on my back like the [sack I'm serving?], so what do you need?

Lyrics Submitted by YungAkuma

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