

# Whateva You Need

ChillinIT

Homegirl bought her a place with her dad and she likes the spot  
But that girls got the jacks on her back as her old man still push keys like  
Microsoft  
You raid tombs on Lara Croft, pass the pot, pass parcels for larger drops  
Said I'd never be the dude that your father was but I've been fried to the b  
ooth like I'm Charlie Sloth  
But I still go fuck while her mans asleep, shes got a package from Japan for  
me  
Bitch even cut a gram for me, when her mans on a trip she would straight on  
them strips just to dance for me  
So I took her to the hoods like Hilltop, fucking bitches with the fifties an  
d the ziplock  
Fist through the gyprock just to stop hurting, your pissed off fighting, sor  
ry I'm not perfect  
Stop trying I'm sorry I'm not worth it, all we ever do is collide and it's n  
ot working  
Probably why I'm living my life and stay high all the time  
When I'm out in the ride the cops search it  
I only fall for the ones that are fucked up, captain save a hoe  
Blakey knows that he never put hands on his bitch, but his bitch still try t  
o put the hands of the AVO  
That's low blowing below the belt, wait, I don't mind she can fuck me off an  
d tell her friends that I'm dead  
I'm a dog in my head and in the end she invites me to bed to suck me off  
That's probably why I never trust a thot, its cold hearted, she's Mozart the  
way that she brushed me off  
I get money fuck the cops, I'm still busting a shot in the air for the love  
we lost  
Check check, souls on a ride, raised on my real roll on my grind mull me a l  
ife and control of my spine  
All backbone cause she's getting rolled till I'm high  
Back and forth back and forth that confuse you, its probably why I couldn't  
leave you if I choose too  
Had the bitch playing Biggie on the bluetooth, spinnin on my dick like balle  
rinas in a tutu

You get whatever you want  
You get whatever you need  
You Saint Laurent  
Only the chronic is weed  
Baby come fuck with the team, aye  
You get whatever you want  
You get whatever you need  
You Saint Laurent  
Only the chronic is weed  
Baby come fuck with the team, aye

I knew that I loved her the day that I seen her  
All black nails in an all black Beamer  
She gots the lien I got lean on my sneakers  
We eat them beans then we sleep till the evening  
Her daddy say I die if I ever try leaving  
I still owe g's off p's from last season  
I hope he don't know his daughter caught feelings  
I fuck her she screamin choke her no breathing  
I fuck her while The Weeknd playin'  
I gotta catch the weekend plane

XO like a Weeknd chain  
I'll be back in a week don't be weak just wait  
I don't even need this weight  
I come here just to see your face  
I swear that we should leave this place  
But your dad got connections to find me and leave me waste  
I don't wanna love her but I love her  
I don't wanna fuck her but she back under the covers  
I feel like her daddy been talking to undercovers  
He stitching me up so I been doing a runner I'll never see her again  
I'm still having dreams in my head of them days on the farm when I needed a  
bed  
And your dad took me in gave me means to an end I ran off on the plug never  
see you again

You get whatever you want  
You get whatever you need  
You Saint Laurent  
Only the chronic is weed  
Baby come fuck with the team, aye  
You get whatever you want  
You get whatever you need  
You Saint Laurent  
Only the chronic is weed  
Baby come fuck with the team, aye  
You get whatever you want  
You get whatever you need  
You Saint Laurent  
Only the chronic is weed  
Baby come fuck with the team, hustle

(You get whatever you want, you get whatever you need)  
(You get whatever you want, you get whatever you need)