

# What You Need

JME

You, you  
You, you  
You, you-you-you  
You, you

When they hear the word love, they dive in there head-first  
I tell them to slow down, I want head first  
I get a lot of gash and I ain't even rich  
My credit's probably lower than your bitch  
I don't answer the phone to girls that act like fools  
Might as well call 'em rhetorical phone calls  
For real, bruv, it's all about sex  
Call me a motherfucker, I'll say your mum's next  
See, I know girls that will get low for po  
Suck cock for rock, get down for brown  
From city to city and from hood to hood  
I suck titty to titty, they suck hood to hood  
If she swallows, I'm gonna buss in her mouth  
If she's rude, I'm definitely bussing her mouth  
I don't have to bend my knees to reach across  
Cause my ting's so long that my knees can't touch

I got what you want  
I got what you want  
I got what you need  
I got what you want

I got what you want  
I got what you want  
I got what you need  
I got what you want

And all the grimy wifey wanna get a piece of Wiley  
Come around and look slyly, I just live the life of Riley  
I'm about, I hear the girls, they are screaming and shouting  
Take her on an outing, we're sitting by the fountain  
You know I make you laugh, I'm like "girl, I'm not a clown"  
And she giggles a little more, you're in your house, I'm coming round  
I'm quite hungry, order Chinese, then we can have a night in  
Kiss and a fiddle, you're wet, then I push it right in  
She knows I do the job, I've got her hormones fighting  
It's the truth that I'm writing  
I speak the truth when I'm writing, I don't chat shit  
I speak my life and so I couldn't ever be biting  
Gash ring me up saying that they know me  
They wanna get me in their beds and see if they can show me  
A good time, hood time, stiff, she'll get the boney  
You can ring me up, girl, when you feel lonely

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I got what you want  
I got what you want  
I got what you need

I got what you want

See, this is why I don't let girls phone my phone  
Cause they take, chatting shit 'bout she wants to play Snake  
2 2s, look at my screen  
And I see "delete Jessica Mobile"  
I'm like "hey, wait, nah, serious, send me my phone  
Or I ain't ever linking you again on your own"  
Cause I hate when chicks try take man for pricks  
Cause I'm not going on hostile  
I can be a hot-headed idiot and end up in court  
But I'm not getting shift, nah, I ain't getting caught  
Cause I count myself lucky that I'm still on the streets  
So count yourself lucky that you're with Jme  
Stop checking my messages, back off a bit  
Give me room, give me space, lack of respect  
You're always in my face, don't worry though  
If you stay there, I'll move to a next place

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