

# Appetite For Consumption

K.Flav

I need a car and a house and a phone  
And some new shoes sewn by an eight year old  
I need a tan and a dance and a song  
And a handsome man to impress my mom  
I need a break and a pat on the back  
And a steak and a bath and a yoga class  
With a frozen daq and an ounce of weed  
Bitch what don't I need  
I need a pet and a fence or a cage  
A gym membership and a Mexican maid  
I need a look and a style and a trend  
And a large print book with a happy end  
I need a kiss and a reason to laugh  
Big tits, bit of cash, bees in the trap  
And a freaking map to navigate these streets  
Bitch what don't I need

I need a note and a call or a text  
And a priest to confess and a Sunday dress  
I need to sweat to drink and fight  
Do enough drugs til I'm not thinking right  
I need a bass and a kick and a snare  
And a smile on my face as I'm facing the mirror  
Make a pile of mistakes at a breakneck speed  
Bitch what don't I need  
I need a light and a breeze from the south  
And a checking account with a decent amount  
I need to fuck, to argue and fuss  
Better man up quick and grow a pair of nuts  
I need a job and a boss and a roof  
I need a God and a cross and the proof  
I need to watch the news for a shooting spree  
Bitch what don't I need

A chemical peel, cinnamon chex, a way to escape my imminent death  
A sensible meal, a night full of dinner and sex  
Some new chandon, a sectional couch, my ex-BFs all checking me out  
A cute rom com and a hour of professional help  
A bachelor pad, a trip to the coast, a mistress sucking my dick on a boat  
A master plan and a hit list of people I loathe  
Some vacant space, a week-long cleanse, permission to speak up and squeeze on in  
A razor blade and all ten seasons of friends