

I Need Mo

Paul Wall

We out here, trying to get it rain or shine
Cant nobody take what's mine
But people say ...
"That they gon try to kill me"

Go hard for mine is all I know
I'm trying to get all this dough
I try to say ...
"If you want me come and get me"

Early in the morning when the sun come up
I be playing my position, trying to chase a come up
I'm on the corner like little kids waiting for the school bus
I'm reggie bush about my paper man I gotta rush

I'm chasing Johnny dame, co vein with diamond crush
I want that TV Johnny watch, earrings and such
I got my mind focused driving in the fast lane
Apple paint and white seats, looking like a candy cane

I'm running marathons, while these lames running sprints
Been pulling all nighters, all year, and ever since
I'm steady grinding on the rise like Honda pants
Partner this is common sense, stacking up dollars and cents

I'm thinking pickett fence, six rooms, that's on a lake
Long as I keep stacking bread like pancakes
I pray with high stakes, so I can crawl down like snakes
Trying to eat them Vincent Anthony steaks, I gotta get more

From a Buick to a Benz, the American Dream
Riding apple over silver with the insides cream
I got my mind on the foreign so I hustle some green
And I'm somewhat color struck cuz I only love green

I'm living the ghetto dream, money, hoes, and cloths
My mind on bankrolls, I stay up on my toes
See I'm working for that paper chasing after that cash
Overtime punching clocks, I call it a monster mash

That paper in my vision, so I grind with precision
A hustler's ambition, to accumulate commission
My eyes is burning cuz I aint slept in bout a week
And theres no time to eat cuz my body is weak

I'm {?} its time for cash stacking, there aint no time for slacking
I'm recking money now, later I'll be Cadillac'n
I'm packing paper and my pockets over flowing to the top
That's why I'm blowing my dawg, I gotta get that money!

The clock keep on ticking and the count down is on
My paper keep on stacking now it wont be long
I'm king kong of the hustle, using mind with muscle
Putting together plots and schemes like a piece to a puzzle

The boys chasing broads, but I'm out here stacking bars
Motivated my screw tapes that's in my ipod

My job is all night my hustle is all day
When you thrown in the game, there aint no 401K

I got a dream like Dr. King {?}
I swing it like peter parker in the Cadillac
So now I'm changing up the game like a clinic bitch
Hood super star with dreams of getting rich, gimme more