

Shareefa f/ Ludacris

"I Need a Boss"

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[(Rodney Jenkins) Ludacris - Intro]
(This that new fire man! Darkchild!)
Disturbing Tha Peace! Shareefa!
Here's another one, LUDA!
I told 'em we just gettin started man
(Aiyyo, I don't think they really understand what this is
Bring that back!)
Ay, Shareefa where you at baby?
Let's go!

[Shareefa - verse One]
Come wit it - need somebody that's real GANG-sta
Ain't a - toy soldier, a real GANG-sta
Playa - holdin' me down like an anchor
I need a pappy, somebody I call daddy
Hustla - any hood he's a boss-a
Trapper - under the rugs he got stacks-a
Never - see movies, don't like them actors
That's just what I go after, that's what I need

[Chorus]
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I be buggin
'Cause all these fakes thugs is tryna press up
I need a boss like HEY! Who's flossin like HEY!
Tossin' dough like HEY! You know that he'll PAY!
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I be buggin
'Cause all these fakes thugs is tryna press up
I need a boss like HEY! Who's flossin like HEY!
Tossin' dough like HEY! That drives me cra-ZY!

(Aiyyo Darkchild, bring that back!)

[Verse Two]
Stop it - anything I want I cop it
I just - want somebody to get fly wit
I got - what I need, but can you top it?
Yes - I'm a hot chick, somebody you can ride wit
Got hips - all the boys want me to drop it
So thick - niggaz be buggin, I own it
I may - be young, but I know what I want
If you show me baby, you can get on

So come on

That's just one of the things, I, need
Only one I'm pleas-ing, is, me
Unpredictable, yeah, that's, me
I can't help it, that's so sex-y

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

I'm the number one hustler of the century, s-s-see me
in your dreams

I'm the boss of all bosses, k-k-king of all kings
I'm your favorite rapper's idol, I BEEN had the title!

Call me hot sixteen wit more verses than the Bible

Fifteen bank accounts, ten different bi'nesses

Five different lawyers, tell 'em what the bi'ness is

I live down the block, was raised up the street

Want beef? I'll do like summertime and raise up the
heat!

I'm the leader of the pack, plus I'm STILL in the slums

Man I was "Built Ford Tough", I'm as real as they come!

But fake thugs love to hate, some punks be ice grillin'
me

'Cause I g-g-got assets, no liabilities

Now to infinity, grown women be feelin' me

And they ain't got nuttin to lose but they virginity

Still the Lova Lova, so give me a couple rubbers

I'll get 'em in a room, and Luda will make 'em stutter
like..

[Chorus]

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