

Rick Ross f/ The-Dream**"All I Really Want"**

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{The-Dream harmonizes} [Rick Ross] Everytime I call she just come 'Cause everytime I call, she get to cum Damn, I'm a lover yet look what this chick done When I used to keep a roll of them bitches like "Which one?" ...It's the BAWSE (Radio Killaaaaaa...) It's not a dream, baby... (Radio Killa, killa) ...or is it a dream? She graduated from the school of arts Now she swimmin in the pool of sharks Roughest niggaz with the coolest cars Sophomore year, had her first menage Better D.C. like "Go Barack!" Girl drunk it like a Fiji and she blowed my socks Every night, she comin through for me to fuck that Found out she had a man, I holla fuck that Better give that boy a bus pass I see no competition, baby girl a must-have My letters hinted on my mustache But maybe not, but then again it made her butt fast Good dick make a chick wanna cut class The way I'm knockin at the door, they call it trespass She my dime, not the one I wanna cuss at Lookin fine, real diamonds on the cutglass [Chorus: The-Dream] People call you blind...(People call you blind...) Oh, but all you need is me, girl (All you need is me, girl) You're all that's in my mind (Ooh, yeaaaaah...) All you need is me, girrrrrrrl Uh, and all I want is you All a nigga really want is you, all a nigga really want is you All a nigga really want is you, all a nigga really want is you (All I want is you) All a nigga really want is you, all a nigga really want is you All a nigga really want is you (All I want is you) [Rick Ross] Who can hit it mo' faster? I'm talkin authentic orgasms Film that, play it on the big plasma Back to work, just a lil' bit faster She say life is a journey I need mine, just like my attorney I get sued like a nigga switch shoes Long money but he got a quick fuse Ride slow, but I'm in a quick car Pause for a minute, paint 'em in a pict-ure Baby girl, my money good Who turned her on to Nicolas Kirkwood Time to give that boy a bus pass I see no competition, baby girl a must-have She shines like a diamond.. Motivation for my rhymin [Chorus] [Rick Ross] Suede pea coat with the Gucci trim Knew it was him by the Gucci brim We gotta do it B-I-G I'm tryna hit lottery in the V.I.P. Green leaves in my shot glass All

night, soul team, a Ciroc ad Ain't nothin you can tell me
I'm on the hills/heels like I'm Jonathan Kelsey Told her
friends that she felt me We made love through the
"Love/Hate" LP She my Josephine Baker May need
morphine, the deeper that I take her ...I'm a back
breaker Another text bracket, Benz Maybach-er Green
Bay Packa My life a movie so tonight that's where to
jack 'er [Chorus]

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