

**Paul Wall f/ Kobe****"I Need Mo"**

Visit "[I Need Mo](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus: Kobe] 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" [Verse 1: Paul Wall]  
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 [Chorus:  
Kobe] [Verse 2: Paul Wall] 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!  
[Chorus: Kobe] [Verse 3: Paul Wall] 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  
broad's, 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 [Chorus: Kobe]

Visit [Paul Wall f/ Kobe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.