

## **Boss Ac**

### **"I Need A"**

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(featuring Sir Daily, Kyleon & Slim Thug)

[Kyleon]

I need a dime like J-Lo, Vivica Fox  
Put ice in her life, and some nice invisible rocks  
Kyleon, the type that never like trashy chicks  
No strippers just Moet sippers, classy chicks  
The kind, that I can't let walk pass me chick  
Do anything for her, as long as she ask me chick  
Like flashy shit, DG Prada and Gucci clothes  
And Victoria Secret silk panties, covers and ooh she  
knows  
She never hang with movie hoes, dig dealers and X  
popping  
She's not a bopper, that say she hop out of Lex  
droppers  
She my sex doctor, good love she go hard in bed  
Go down below my waist with her lips, and harden my  
head  
I call her the warden in bed, she keep me on lock  
Not only her, it's my game she keep me on top  
A bad broad, she just might keep me on bops  
But she love for daddy to hustle, that's why she keep  
me on blocks  
That's why I love her mayn, uh

[Hook]

I need a dime broad, top of the line broad  
A fine broad, fuck up a nigga mind broad  
(I need a classy chick, mean a sassy chick  
And when it's time to get freaky, she a nasty chick)  
I need a play girl, down around the way girl  
More than okay girl, help me get my pay girl  
(I need a gangsta bitch, not a wanksta bitch  
That's down to ride, but never in some gangsta shit)

[Slim Thug]

I need some'ing classy in the streets, but stone freak in  
the sheets  
Caramel color, letter under six feet  
Stand tall like a model, shaped like a Coke bottle

Smile, will make the hardest thug heart feel hollow  
When she pass boys follow, trying to get at my chick  
Richie Rich himself, couldn't get in my bitch  
She not impressed by cash, boo got her own stash  
Boo got her own house, bought her own S Class  
Independent lady, still up for the babies  
Could be the house wife or the Boss type, it's crazy  
My boo go to church, three days a week  
My boo put God first, everyday she see  
She never dug, hanging out in the club  
By ten she tucked in, waiting on Thug  
Never hating on Thug, or what Thug do  
Cause Thug would be a fool, if Thug don't stay tru to  
my boo

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

Even though it ain't Hova, breathe easy baby  
It's the realest of the real, C-Weezie baby  
You's a fake trick, if you tease me baby  
Only like modeling chicks, that's sleezy baby  
Now um come closer, squeeze me baby  
Get all that you can get, just release me baby  
See I never cry to hoes, I just talk fly to hoes  
Usually lie to hoes, bout buying 'em Prada clothes  
If I do soon as they trip, they strip up out of those  
Back to the sto' refund time, cause that's just how it  
goes  
Now you know, I fuck 'em and leave 'em duck 'em and  
weave em  
Listen to they sad stories, never fucking believe em  
She got me sprung, waking up in the evening  
Cause the night was incredible, sex was great she's  
unforgettable  
The thought of her is endless, I just can't let it go  
Therefor she's earned the position, to be that one I will  
settle fo'

[Hook - 2x]

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