

Boss

"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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