

## Carol King

### "I Got to Have It"

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I stay hard like an erection, I'm burnin  
suckers who wear protection, now whose next when  
Ed's flexin  
I'm the bread, and you are just a crumb off  
Jerkin your jimmy but you still can't come off  
I'm from Roxbury, the 'Bury, but not the fruit y'all  
Don't make me act like where I come from cause it's  
bru-tal  
Hold my bone, in a zone that's neutral  
Soon to be large, the whole nine yards, but I ain't  
souped y'all  
Suckers be swearing that their staring is gonna scare  
me  
Look but don't touch, and if you do be prepared G  
to go out, just like your first day off punishment  
Da Bulldogs, Roxbury, and Boston is what I represent  
The Black United Leaders Livin Directly On Groovin  
Sounds  
At first you didn't know us, but know it's like, "Yo put  
me down"  
We didn't get in there so you can get in with us  
You wasn't down when we was ridin the bus  
So put on your Adidas, and STEP OFF.. I got to have it

No need for me to run away, brother put the gun away  
You wanna take my life away as if we were in combat  
You can buy some new Adidas but you can't buy my life  
back  
Aiiyyo whassup with that? Why is it like that?  
Let's stand together y'all... and fight that in our race  
To replace waste with a taste, just in case  
you can't face the place that you've been put in  
If you was my kid, for what you did you'd have a foot in  
right in your ass, another term's rectum  
Kids are having kids, they're not parents so they let  
them  
do things that shouldn't be done  
You're not a father cause you got a son unless you're  
taking care of him  
Crack... is more contagious than rabies  
Baseheads broads are havin basehead babies

Now how that sound, not profound  
Black people unite, and let's all get down.. I got to have  
it

I'm not like anyone else, and in your shoes I couldn't be  
in

The E unto the D unto the O ohh yes be G'n  
Da Bulldogs got pull dawg, incitin we be seein  
I don't wanna, stand on a corner, I'm MCing  
Call me, a goody two-shoes, who's in the right shoes be  
I don't have to pump jumps or clock G's  
It's my turn to go, and I got the right-of-way  
You gotta fight your way to see another brighter day  
But that's another subject you like it or you love it  
Ja-ilers, get jealous, no push but I'ma shove it  
But regardless, when times are hardest  
I cleaned off the dirt, cause they needed a polish  
When you're in like food in your stomach, they wanna  
stick witchu  
But when you're out like Elvis, they wanna dick you  
But hey, that's OK, cause we kept on strivin  
and even when T lost his car, we kept on drivin  
You had your chance to advance, but you blew it  
Now ask yourself this question did you like the way I do  
it  
I got to have it

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