

## **Killer Mike**

### **"All 4 U"**

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Give you what you want when you want it  
(Cool and Dre, Killer Mike)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(I think we got a poor people's anthem)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(It's what the streets need and want right now)  
(I'm tellin' you, it's it, some substance baby)  
Give you what you want when you want it  
(I'm givin' it)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(It's all for you, it's all for you)  
Baby we're all gonna make it

We came up the hard way  
The steal or starve way  
Ski masks and get robbed way  
Far from Broadway  
Tragic but it's no play  
And we livin' on the prayers our grandmother pray  
Still remember Big Spank got slayed  
Right on Allen Temple  
My God poor people you're my heart and it that simple  
And I'ma rap through the hurt until I meet dirt  
And I'ma make 'em recognize your worth  
Through the words of my work  
To the children reared in the gutters  
By single mothers  
This might kill your big brother  
Sayin' we ain't got much but we got each other  
We got each other  
Our roads rough, gettin' rougher  
When times got tough we got tougher  
We'll make it, just stay down for one another  
Allow me to spill my heart and say I love you  
Allow me to spill my heart and just say I love you  
C'mon

(Ay girl I know it's hard)  
Give you what you want when you want it  
(Walkin' through the hood, one job(?), two children,  
groceries)  
Give you what you need when you need it

(You goin' to work everyday tryin' to keep that car(?),  
tryin' to keep that apartment)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(I'm just here to let you know that I'm witchu  
sweetheart)  
Give you what you want when you want it  
(I'm witchu everyday Mom)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(Just feel me)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(Somebody understands and feels you, you feel me?)

Sisters, I know it seems we're total fuck ups  
But hold your head up  
We're slippin', we fallin', but we gon' get up  
And we gon' get this life together  
I'll make you a wife and make it better  
More than a song, an open love letter  
To all the mothers  
Who lost sons to a gun or life sentence  
Wish I could give more than words in a sentence  
This is your story  
We are your sons  
This is my plea for forgiveness  
For our wrongs  
For all the hurt we caused and prolonged  
Times we was weak you stayed strong  
And we repaid that by hustlin' crack  
Out the back of your apartment  
The narcs hit, put your face in the carpet  
You accepted the risk, never turned snitch  
And I still use the word "bitch"  
Yo, I'm a dumbass, a dipshit  
And through it all you claimed and acknowledged me  
I hope this song can serve as my apology

Give you what you want when you want it  
(I'm tellin' you I'm sorry)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(This next one's for Niecy)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(This for you Ma, this for you)  
(Look at you boy, top of the world)  
Give you what you want when you want it  
(Top of the world Mama)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(And we ain't never goin' back down)  
Baby we're all gonna make it

All I wanted was a hot pair of Air Force Ones  
Sick of being picked on 'cause we was from the slums

Sick of seein' my old man shit on my mom  
Sick of feelin' even worse when a new nigga come  
Just wanted to make it better  
Just wanted to make cheddar  
Just wanted to make it so you could walk with you head  
up  
Rap was hope  
And I held it like a vendetta  
Or even better, like a Beretta  
Kept the rhyme pad tucked under coat and sweater  
I kept 'em like prison letters  
Stack neatly in a shoebox  
On top, stolen Glock and fifty rocks  
Despite the hustle  
Rhymes was the means to a end  
I was born to marry thought with a paper and pen  
Wasn't born to be on paper or locked in a pen  
I was born to bring honor to this brown skin  
Mama I'm your son and your my best friend  
Wipe your tears away, just hide it with a graceful grin  
(Give you what you want when you want it)  
I made good and you'll never have to hurt again  
(Give you what you need when you need it)  
I made good and you'll never have to hurt again  
(Niecy's boy done good)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(Niecy's boy has done good)

Give you what you want when you want it  
(I'll make you proud)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(Your name will be spoken with honor baby, believe it)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(Niecy's boy done good)

Give you what you want when you want it  
(You see it)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(Respect and acknowledge it)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(I love you baby)

(It's for my people)  
Give you what you want when you want it  
(Bring honor to this skin baby, rise out of it)  
Give you what you need when you need it  
(Come out of the gutter)  
Baby we're all gonna make it  
(We are the diamonds in the rough)

It's all love

My man Mark, my man Rico  
Glide(?), my man Tae, my man Zack,  
Slum Lordz 'til death  
I love you  
(It's all for you)  
Niggas better know  
(I love you, I love you, I love you)  
Don't be hard, open your heart  
Feel it, feel it  
My man Terrence, my man Casco(?) behind bars  
(It's all for you, it's all for you, it's all for you)

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