

# Lil Boosie

## "I Need U"

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I Need U

[Verse One]

Like a dope fiend need his dope I need my money in stacks  
if it don't work out with these rhymes I'm gone turn to my gats  
I need cash and plus I need it fast  
that's why I got a skimask if I ever need to blast  
since I found out about you we been hangin like the fellas  
you the reason why I'm beefin wit them niggaz who be jealous  
we gone thug to the end that's cause you my fuckin friend  
jump me straight out the pen when they had me facin ten  
its just like with ken so together we actin fools  
you the one that got Lil' Boosie poppin off to Baton Rouge  
as long we pay our do's we gone sit back and just laugh  
whether checks, credit cards or cash look I need you bad  
I need ya

[Chorus]

like a weed head needs to smoke  
like a dope fiend needs his dope  
I need you  
like a baby needs to cry  
if you go I swear I'll die I need you  
I need you  
like a player needs to play  
we laugh and go from day to day  
I need you  
I found out all about you  
now I can't live without you  
ohh no ohh nooooo

[Verse Two]

since I was small I been tryin to make some cheese

till I snatched a purse for 12 and went scored a couple  
p's  
and now I keep my sacks in a dorito bag my rocks in my  
mouth  
plus Im on g-street the hardest rollin block in the south

and now Im poppin it off and stackin green  
got my first thousand dollars and I ain't even 17  
and plus I keep that thang in my hand cause I don't  
care  
go to school with a grand and pull it out them hoes  
stare  
but tho without you I ain't shit  
I hate to say it but it's the truth  
on the slip these hoes fuckin me just to get to you  
we'll never have no problems shit as long you keep in  
touch  
and I love livin this life that's why I need so much  
that's why I need you so much

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

you the reason why I went at home kickin doors off  
you the one who bought my clothes and put my golds  
in my mouth  
but at times I gotta sit back and wonder why you sin  
you the one that got my nigga in the feds doin 10  
we don't look at the bad calls we look at all the fun shit  
hoes and fast cars and power to make you run shit  
as long as you comin I can't complain that's the game  
like a weed head need his weed man I need my fuckin  
change  
if I didn't I'll be lame probably still on the cornor  
tryin to make two hundreds dollars off a ounce of  
marijuana  
but its times like this like when my problems getting  
deeper  
you got to understand niggaz robbing cause they need  
ya  
they need ya

[Chorus]

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