

## Ludacris "I Need A Boss"

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This that new fire man, Darkchild  
Disturbing Tha Peace, Shareefa  
Here's another one, Luda  
I told 'em we just gettin started man

Aiyyo, I don't think they really understand what this is  
Bring that back  
Ay, Shareefa where you at baby?  
Let's go

Come wit' it, need somebody that's real gangsta  
Ain't a, toy soldier, a real gangsta  
Playa, holdin' me down like an anchor  
I need a pappy, somebody I call daddy

Hustla, any hood, he's a boss-a  
Trapper, under the rugs he got stacks-a  
Never, see movies, don't like them actors  
That's just what I go after, that's what I need

I-I-I be buggin'  
'Cause all these fakes thugs is tryna press up  
I need a boss like hey, who's flossin' like hey  
Tossin' dough like hey, you know that he'll pay

I-I-I be buggin'  
'Cause all these fakes thugs is tryna press up  
I need a boss like hey, who's flossin' like hey  
Tossin' dough like hey, that drives me crazy

Aiyyo Darkchild, bring that back

Stop it, anything I want I cop it  
I just, want somebody to get fly wit  
I got, what I need, but can you top it?  
Yes, I'm a hot chick, somebody you can ride wit'

Got hips, all the boys want me to drop it  
So thick, niggaz be buggin', I own it  
I may, be young, but I know what I want  
If you show me baby, you can get on, so come on

That's just one of the things, I, need  
Only one I'm pleasing, is, me  
Unpredictable, yeah, that's, me  
I can't help it, that's so sexy

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I'm the number one hustler of the century, see me in  
your dreams

I'm the boss of all bosses, king of all kings  
I'm your favorite rapper's idol, I been had the title  
Call me hot sixteen wit more verses than the Bible

Fifteen bank accounts, ten different bi'nesses  
Five different lawyers, tell 'em what the bi'ness is  
I live down the block, was raised up the street  
Want beef? I'll do like summertime and raise up the  
heat

I'm the leader of the pack, plus I'm still in the slums  
Man I was, 'Built Ford Tough', I'm as real as they come  
But fake thugs love to hate, some punks be ice grillin'  
me

'Cause I got assets, no liabilities

Now to infinity, grown women be feelin' me  
And they ain't got nuttin' to lose but they virginity  
Still the Lova Lova, so give me a couple rubbers  
I'll get 'em in a room, and Luda will make 'em stutter  
like

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