

Mavis Staples

"I Gotta Have You"

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We bout to go in on this one
Travel new artist
Nah mean
It's like
We all got dat special person we love you know a lil ride
or die you know
Let me tell you bout mine

[Verse 1:]

Ain't nothin' like a ride or die bitch
She come through and throw the fifty up
Love to fuck she even roll da piffy up
Who that in tha swify truck
Son with tha blicky tucked
Fedirally tryna hit me up
But my bitch she nice behind da wheel
I be poppin' out da window I'm nicer with tha steel
One thing a nigga could say is that the heists' they be
real*
She gonna shoot a nigga dead like she liecense to kill
She always tell the friends bout me tha pipin is real
Let me control da tempo baby cause I'm nice with tha
peel(chill)*
I want you on your belly quit*
Max is da good side I'm on my biggavelli shit
Ridin to da party I die touchin the shotty*
My eyes touchin her body got a high of bacardi (ayy) *
Bitch had da nerve 2 take a piss in da lobby
Now she talkin bout catchin a body (wtf baby)

Cause I want u
I gotta have u
And I need u
It's just like a got a habit
[X2]

[Verse 2:]

Now my baby no I got it under control
Never would she crack under pressure or would she
fold*
She ain't with dat bullshit my baby girl she bold

Say a prayer 4 u give u long kisses goodnite then fill u
with some holes
Ridin in da rolls cruisin in the third lane*
This my first time around I'm doin it 4 brydgang
We them niggas hittin them switches
We cook them drugs in da kitchen
We gettin bitches igot love for my bitches
Got black girls puertican even got them chinese
Ecuadorian white even got them guynase
Ya'll no how to find me lenox ave 7th ave
Say wats sup to my mother I never had a better dad
Say wats sup 2 my brother and love 2 da women dats
holdin mii nigga down while he sitin in prison
U don't no how a nigga livin
Let's not joke bout da past let's just 4get(let's just 4get
it bang bang)

Cause I want u
I gotta have u
And I need u
It's just like a got a habit(I think a fix need dat thing
baby)x's2
The closer I get
The betta u make
[X4]

[Verse 3:]
She tellin me money don't make the man
U ain't gotta pretend to me
B4 u was my lover 1st u was a friend of me
I'm da kid bitch imagine my work
Bein clubin fuckin bitches all of dat shit is wrk
Had to grab up on them tites started grabin da shirt
I'm a love u down put u on your back then I'm a put it 2
work
Make her wet it up put it in take wats it worth
I b poppin more bottles than the package at work
All mii bitches throw your hands in da sky
Let's get it poppin get high and for your nigga just b
ready 2 ride
I hit da rode and kiss muii baby goodbye
Dats when she hit me with da look in her eye(she said)

Cause I want u
I goitta have u
And I need u
It's just like a got a habit(I think a fix need dat thing
baby) [x2]

We doin 4 gang bang this 4 all da ladies out there

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