

Rick Ross

"All I Really Want"

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All I want

Every time I call, she just come
'Cuz every time I call, she get to cum
Damn I'm in love again, look what this shit done
When I used to keep a roll of dem bitches like which
one
(One, one)
(It's the boss)

(Radio killa)
It's not a dream, baby
(Radio killa, killa, killa)
Or is it a dream

She graduated from the school of arts
Now she swimming in a pool of sharks
Roughest niggas with the coolest cars
Sophomore year had her 1st minaj

Better DC like go barrack
Girl drunk it like a Fiji
And she blow my socks
Every night she comin' through

For me to fuck that
Found out she had a man, I holla fuck that
Better give dat boy a bus pass
I see no competition, baby girl, a must have

My letters hinted on my mustache
The remy never did it or did it
Make her bust fast
Good dick make a chick wanna cut class

The way I'm knockin' on the door
They call it trespass
She my dime not the one I wanna curse at
Lookin' fine real, diamonds on a cutglass

People call you blind
(People call you blind)

But all you need is me, girl
(All you need is me, girl)

Your all that's in my mind
(Ooo, yeah)
All you need is me girl

All a nigga really want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you

Who can hit it more faster
I'm talking authentic orgasms
Film that play it on a big plasma
Back to work juss a little bit faster

She say life is a journey
I need mine juss like my atourney
I get sued like a nigga switch shoes
Long money but he gotta a quick fuse

Ride slow but I'm in a quick car
Pause for a minute, paint em' in a picture
Baby girl, my money good
Who turned her on a nigga least kirk wood

Time to give that boy a bus pass
I see no competition, baby girl, a must have
She shines like a diamond
Motivation for my rhyming

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Suede pea coat, with the Gucci trim
Knew it was him by the Gucci brim
We gotta do it B I G
I'm tryna hit the lottery in V I P

Green leafs in my shot glass
All night soul team had cirrock add
Ain't nothin' you can tell me
I'm on them hills, like I'm Jonathan Kelsy

Told her friends that she felt me
We made love through the love hate lp
She my Josephine Baker
May need morphine, the deeper that I take her

I'm a back breaker another tax bracket
Benz Maybacher, green bay packa
My life a movie so tonight
Is when I jack her

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