

Trick Daddy "All I Need"

Visit "[All I Need](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

People got to have money
(Gangsta)
Just like that
(Just like that)
My recipe for murda
(Murda)
Couple pounds of brown
(Pounds of brown)
Couple DT's
(Couple DT's)
Fo' or five of them big things they call shoppas

See I was raised in the slums
But niggas tote guns distribute and run
Watch out on the one and one servin' the bomb
Niggas talk about Miami but they scared to come
Leavin' they family in danger just to play in the sun

Nigga, we did what you done and what you talkin'
about
Like droppin' drugs up out of town and keepin' dope in
the house
Ain't give my life to that 'cause it's over and out
That's how it is when you exposed in the south
See

All I need is big guns on the side of me
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me
(Hey, hey)

All I need is big guns on the side of me
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me
(Hey, hey, hey)

The reenactment of my first murda
With no remorse and no feelin's
Hell, cuz I ain't even know this nigga
The shit was deep I couldn't just let it go

While I was shootin' 'bout my money
Fruitin' bout my dough, bitch
I bust his ass like the last muthafucka

Went in with them stunnas, came out with them cuttas,
cut up
You shoulda seen the muthafucka jumpin' thumpin'
Bullet after bullet pumpin' fully after fully
You muthafuckas went in bad choppas
I still got 'em, that nigga begged for his life but I still
shot him
I let him know bitch, this is how I feel 'bout ya
I asked him out but now his momma 'bout to hear about
him

I'm from the era of the goodfellas, you know
Nigga like Big Ike, Big Nose Bob and Bo Dilly
I grewed up on the turf watchin' Murph and them
Murph dropped the top on the bird, that nigga was
hurtin' them
I take this shit back to thirties and vogue
Let's see that's way before them Bama-ass hammers
and loaves
That's in the days when the ave was jumpin'

Every nigga was gettin' money
Every corner was pumpin' and jumpin'
Huh, but now we in the new era
A new game a different thang and a whole buncha new
killas
Money, money, money
Every time, goddammit I'll say it every time
Betta call us murderers

All I need is big guns on the side of me
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me
(Hey, hey, hey)

All I need is big guns on the side of me
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me
(Hey, hey, hey)

The boy think he gettin' paid, jumpin' out
Squeezin' AK's, on the ground they lay
That's how we do this shit in Dade
Killer bee's, snappin' pictures plottin' killin' me
Them killed my dogg, hell naw it couldn't be

Gotta straighten this shit, got SK's with extra clips
Holla "killer head", and make them bitches flip the
script

Cut it back to light, fake the left, rip the right
Them feel my eyes, these bitches down to die tonight
Pull right on the side, raise it up squeeze that thang
Went "bang, bang" till their muh'fuckin' brains hang
I live for this, so damn right I kill for this
And when I get that feelin', ain't gon' be no hit or miss

All I need is big guns on the side of me
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me
(Hey, hey, hey)

All I need is big guns on the side of me
'Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me
(Hey, hey, hey)

Money
(Gangsta)
Just like that
(Just like that)
My recipe for murda
(Murda)
Couple pounds of brown
(Pounds of brown)
Couple DT's
(Couple DT's)
Fo' or five of them big things they call shoppas

Visit [Trick Daddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.