

## Hill Lauryn

### "What I Need"

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[Intro: Kardinal Offishall]

Yeah, uh huh uh huh  
Circle (huh), uh huh uh huh  
T-Dot, uh huh uh huh  
Kardinal, what it is though niggaz  
Yo check it (what I need!)

[Verse 1: Kardinal Offishall]

What I need is for niggaz to let me live (man, chill!)  
Deal with niggaz who's blood spill  
Empty a couple clips and they label niggaz assassins  
Fact, show them my life is worth more than a contract  
(what I need)  
What I need is for chickens to stop tricking, licking the  
kitten  
And hitting every rap nigga's hit (what I need)  
What I need is for people to love one God, one hoe,  
one time  
Nigga, respect the rhyme (word)  
Chew the way that I flex, it's next level shit  
Turn off the beats, I cross off the treble shit  
What I need is for money to match clothes  
Fifty dollars a word (word), million dollars a show  
(show)  
Billion dollars a video, ten bucks a hoe!  
Billion dollars a dozen, the Circle niggaz know (yeah)  
One dollar per president, fifty cents a CEO  
Pay back but I still retake yo (blah!)

[Chorus: Prince Paul]

We keep it hot when we up in the spot  
Everytime when we on the grind  
Make it happen if you calling the shots  
Do you and I'm a handle mine  
My 2-way and my cellular phone  
Be blowing up in a ridiculous way  
Sipping the game like I'm slanging the zone  
The Mary Jane or a nickle of Ile  
What I need

[Verse 2: Sly Boogy]

What I need is a first-class ticket  
And a five star luxury suite so I can kick it (what I need)  
What I need is a fat ass podium  
And my money up front when I'm packing a coliseum  
(what I need)  
What I need regular rotation across the nation  
On every radio station  
Now that you know nigga, what you gone do?  
And let me know so I can put the homies on too  
From day one you been jacking you jaw  
Like you is a boss hog nigga, raw acting a flaw  
Talking about the mad connects and you cash your  
checks  
But I have yet to see you flex and make it manifest  
Claiming you got the hooks sitting up in the cut  
When it's really another motherfucker plugging me up  
You question my credibility and test with threats  
But you better show respect when you address the vet  
(what I need)  
What I need is for you to quit bumping your gums  
And shut the fuck up and quit jumping the gun  
Cause we on the same team and came for cream  
And we reign supreme, swimming in the mainstream  
(what I need)  
What I need is some peace of mind and a fine dime  
With an old piece behind  
Some sticky green lime and a bottle of wine  
So I can glide in my ride with the seats reclined

[Chorus: Prince Paul]

[Outro: Announcer talking]

Politics of the business  
Politics of the business  
Politics of the business  
Politics of the business

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