

Ed Sheeran

"You Need Me, I Don't Need You"

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Now I'm in town, break it down
thinking of making a new sound
playing a different show every night
in front of a new crowd
that's you know, ciao
seems that life is great now
see me loose focus as i sing to you loud
I can't, no I won't hush
I'll say the words that make you blush
I'm gonna sing this now
See, I'm true,
my songs are where my heart is
I'm like glue,
I stick to other artists
I'm not you,
No, that would be disastrous,
Let me sing and do my thing
And move to greener pastures
See, I'm real, I do it all, It's all me,
I'm not fake, don't ever call me lazy,
I won't stay put,
give me the chance to be free
Suffolk sadly seems to sort of suffocate me
Hey

[Chorus]

You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you, at all
You need me, man, I don't need you

You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you, at all
You need me, man, I don't need you

I sing, I write my own tunes
and i write my own verse, hell,
Don't need another wordsmith
to make my tune sell,
Call yourself a singer writer
you're just bluffing

Name's on the credits
and you didn't write nothing
I sing fast, I know that all my shit's cool
I will blast and I didn't go to Brit school
I came fast with the way I act right
I can't last if I'm smocking on a crack pipe
And I won't be a product of my genre
My mind will always be stronger than my songs are
Never believe the bullshit that fake guys feed to ya
Always read the stories that you hear on wikipedia
And musically I'm demonstrating
When I perform live feels like I am meditating
Times at the Enterprise when some fella filmed me
Young singer/writer like a Gabriella Cilmi

[Chorus]

You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you, at all
You need me, man, I don't need you

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You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you, at all
You need me, man, I don't need you

All I want in this cold world is to make music and use it
not to abuse it and get affected
infected with the who's who of music
who did it, who is it, who's in it,
oh, what the hell does it matter?
chitter chatter, don't matter,
yidder yidder yidder yadder
Don't matter to me
All i want is a bit of dignity to battle this industry freely
To be me in this seedy needy word,
Can you hear me? Hey
So I keep singing out
When i first started this rapping shit
I felt pressure from haters
became invaded with sadists
and just developed a hater radar
I'm made for the stars, kept my grime in the dark
and then appeared with a remedy
kicking rhymes with a melody
Hennesey shots, and all these fools on the block
who said you've got to be a gangster now
to raise to the top?
I'm just a casual, usual, everyday type of guy
with my head on the sky
Ed Sheeran, Urban Angel,

[illegible]

Now, where I come burning weed it is a habit,
A big fat bag of high-grade weed you know I got to
have it
Cause If I don't have it in my pocket I'm going to panic,
Cause like I say where I come from weed smoking is a
habit,
Yeah do da burn up the place up in the hood
One of the things that I've inherited
like a ghetto man you should
One of the things is smoking weed,
yes it makes me feel good,
But high-grade sensamilla, yes it makes me feel,
Mommy, yes I'm gonna table sensamilla is a drug
and If I start to smoke I'm gonna turn into a thug,
Where I come from all that talking,
it could only get you mugged,
Where I come from burning weed,
it is a blessing from above,
Where I come from, yes we burn it
when we listen rob a dove,
Where I come from, yes we burn it
after we dash to make love
Where I come from, yes we burn it
when the sun does shine,
I blaze high-grade weed all the time

[Chorus]

Now, my eyes are red,
Cause you need me man, I don't need you,
You need me man, my eyes are red,
Cause you need me man, I don't need you,
You need me man, my eyes are red,
Cause you need me man, I don't need you,
You need me man, my eyes are red,
You need me, man, I don't need you,
You need me, man, I don't need you,

Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah
Yeah

Cause with the lyrics I'll be aiming it right,
I won't stop till my name's in lights,
at stadium heights, with Damien Rice
On red carpets, Now I'm on Arabien nights,
Because I'm young I know my brother's gonna give me

advice,
Long nighter, sort height, and I'm going hyper,
Never be anything but a singer/songwriter
Yeah, the game's over, but now I'm on a new level
Watch how I step on the track, without a loop pedal,
People think that I'm bound to blow up,
I've done around about a thousand shows, but,
I haven't got a house, plus I live on the couch,
So, you believe the lyrics when I'm singing them out,
From day one I've been prepared,
with VO5 wax for my ginger hair,
So now I'm back to the sofa,
giving a doze of what the future holds-
Rucksack for the old clothes,
I rap with the cold flows,
I'm back with the old jokes,
In fact you don't know,
On tracks I throw blows to make my punchlines
relevant,
If you can't keep up you'll get none, you're celibate,
Man, flows developing,
Skin lacks the melanin,
Give me a shot of adrenaline and i get it in,
I do it for the hell of it,
Cause ever since i hit the mainstream with the A team,
I seem to sell a bit,
I took what held me back with the women,
and then I packaged the image,
put in some content,
and then i throw it back as a gimmick,
The fact is this,
I'll end up dating actresses,
Wake up on dirty mattresses,
I think I need to practice this,
But I make shit happen, call me a laxative,
World's on my shoulders,
I don't even know what Atlas is,
Hard part's sharp like a cactus is,
I'm back to rapping back to back
Cause I've been practicing,
I'm back to sing this

[Chorus]

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You need me, man, I don't need you
You need me, man, I don't need you, at all
You need me, man, I don't need you

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You need me, man, I don't need you, at all

You need me, man, I don't need you

I'll keep my last name forever,
Keep this genre pretty basic,
Gonna be braking into other people's tune
when i chase it,
and replace it with an elephant in the room with a
facelift
into another rapper's shoes, using new laces,
I'm selling CD's from my rucksack,
aiming for the papers,
Selling CD's from my rucksack,
aiming for the majors,
Nationwide tour with Just Jack,
Still had to get the bus back,
Clean cut kid without a razor for the mustache
I hit back when the pen hurts me
I'm still a choir boy in a Fenchurch tee,
I'm still the same as a year ago,
But, more people hear me, though,
According to the myspace and youtube videos,
I'm always doing shows, If I'm not I'm in the studio,
Truly broke, never growing up, call me Ruffio,
Melody music maker,
Reading all the papers,
They say I'm up and coming,
Like I'm fucking in an elevator

[Chorus]

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