

## Paper Route

### "What You Need"

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"Yo it's on  
Ima put it together in ma hooded sean john sweater  
So full of footage bomb better  
Don juan with some strong feathers  
Flying from storms to warm weather  
And my long johns are gone it's all pleasure  
Im an umbrella just trying to keep the rain away  
My training day ended with ovations  
Fuck what haters say  
Im made to play and I stay where gladiators lay  
I stay babyfaced  
Stay debated while you fade to grey  
I made em say -hey- this muthafucka knows what he's  
doing  
See ive created and ive rose from the ruins  
Keeping soldiers influenced by dropping hot shit  
Face it im toxic my palm's clutching bombs in your  
cockpit  
So when it's on bring your chopsticks  
Pick up the bits and pieces  
Coming for your chips and your visas  
Flip the meter  
Stick to the script a real leader Hail cesar I can picture  
this shit,  
Real fever  
Listen up and follow the flow  
We've risen up to follow the dough  
That's how im living, but yll don't now  
Im what you need  
We don't care what you call it  
Its a ball we can all afford (oslo, we've got you on it)  
I'm what you need  
Everybody get up  
And holler if you hear me  
There's nothing but bottles here  
So give em a swallow and share fairly  
I solemnly swear to care  
Clearly im out of the bottom this year  
And properly prepared  
Living carefree  
With barefeet up in the studio

See me puto rubio  
Shining like a movie  
Future's beautiful  
Coz who you know quite like me?  
That's pretty unlikely  
See im tight like the stripes on ma nike's(I see)  
Incredible im on a level with nothing better to do  
Than getting ahead of you  
Getting ready to  
Steady spew  
Letting em know now  
Knuckle up and go rounds  
So listen up fuckers this is profound  
Slowdown a little bit  
I guess yall don't get it coz yall are idiots  
Professional critcs, im gon spit at it (.)  
Fucking illiterates can get the balls  
No reason to get involved  
Cant please em all  
Fuck yall  
I'm pretty sure that I told em before  
But now i guess I've got to tell em again  
You know it's over when the double A flow  
Because aint nobody better than them  
Aint no need to flatter this bastard  
Im the shit  
Spit battery acid  
Picture it  
Ma scriptures had to be crafted  
I flipped and now they're flabbergasted  
Cos I hit like astrix  
A master  
Getting his ass licked  
Equipped with a bag of classics  
While yall are still stuck with the fits  
I'll be passing traffic  
With nasty habits I attack the cut  
And plus I flow like the aquaduct  
So back the fuck up

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