

Emmylou Harris F/ Alison Krauss, Gillian Welch**"I Need U"**

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[Verse One]

Like a dope fiend need his dope I need my money in
stacks
if it don't work out with these rhymes I'm gone turn to
my gats
I need cash and plus I need it fast
that's why I got a skimask if I ever need to blast
since I found out about you we been hangin like the
fellas
you the reason why I'm beefin wit them niggaz who be
jealous
we gone thug to the end that's cause you my fuckin
friend
jump me straight out the pen when they had me facin
ten
its just like with ken so together we actin fools
you the one that got Lil' Boosie poppin off to Baton
Rouge
as long we pay our do's we gone sit back and just
laugh
whether checks, credit cards or cash look I need you
bad
I need ya

[Chorus]

like a weed head needs to smoke
like a dope fiend needs his dope
I need you
like a baby needs to cry
if you go I swear I'll die I need you
I need you
like a player needs to play
we laugh and go from day to day
I need you
I found out all about you
now I can't live without you
ohh no ohh nooooo

[Verse Two]

since I was small I been tryin to make some cheese
till I snatched a purse for 12 and went scored a couple

p's
and now I keep my sacks in a dorito bag my rocks in my
mouth
plus Im on g-street the hardest rollin block in the south
and now Im poppin it off and stackin green
got my first thousand dollars and I ain't even 17
and plus I keep that thang in my hand cause I don't
care
go to school with a grand and pull it out them hoes
stare
but tho without you I ain't shit
I hate to say it but it's the truth
on the slip these hoes fuckin me just to get to you
we'll never have no problems shit as long you keep in
touch
and I love livin this life that's why I need so much
that's why I need you so much

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

you the reason why I went at home kickin doors off
you the one who bought my clothes and put my golds
in my mouth
but at times I gotta sit back and wonder why you sin
you the one that got my nigga in the feds doin 10
we don't look at the bad calls we look at all the fun shit
hoes and fast cars and power to make you run shit
as long as you comin I can't complain that's the game
like a weed head need his weed man I need my fuckin
change
if I didn't I'll be lame probably still on the cornor
tryin to make two hundreds dollars off a ounce of
marijuana
but its times like this like when my problems getting
deeper
you got to understand niggaz robbing cause they need
ya
they need ya

[Chorus]

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