

## **Arends Carolyn**

### **"U Need It"**

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(\*talking\*)

Whaaaaa, what's happ'n (alright, alright)  
It's Lil' B.Gizzle, Tuck (yes sir, Polar Bear)  
It's from New Orleans, AKA Chopper City  
All the way to T-Town, you know what I'm saying  
And you know how a nigga rocking, uh-huh  
It's real on this end, you heard me uh-huh  
It's real in the field, you know I'm saying believe it

[B.G.]

I'm off the block, niggaz love me cause I keep it real  
Hustlers respect me, cause I spit everything that they live  
I got a connect with the pills, and the good dro  
I get that coat soon as it hit Miami, off the boat  
I got a glock I keep it on me, I don't ever slip  
Seventeen ain't enough, I rock with that extended clip  
Thirty minus four, that's 26 so it don't jam  
Run up if you want, you run straight into that blam-blam  
Blucka-blucka this Chopper City, don't forget it nigga  
I live and breathe this real shit, you gotta feel it nigga  
I don't be playing, when I tell you I be thugged out  
Mouth full of gold T-shirt and bows, I be thugged out  
I ain't gon change, I don't give a fuck if I'm Donald Trump  
I'll always represent Uptown, V.L. that's where I'm from  
It's Chopper City in New Orleans, better ask around  
Niggaz'll tell you, that nigga B.Gizzle hold it down

[Hook - 2x]

You need it, rush up on him  
He hating, bust up on him  
He plotting, plot up on him  
Show mercy, to no opponent  
War better for it, guns this is what  
Shock him, without a cord  
Guerillas, not dinosaurs

[Big Tuck]

Get it how you live, be homeless or pay the bill  
Drill a nigga or get drilled, kill a nigga or get killed

Niggaz be hating black, if you hate it you hating back  
Stomp feet like alley cats, be on guard for all attacks  
Always know what's up, the best set up's a yellow slut  
If you set up by a slut, don't be ashamed and chop her  
up  
That bitch was out of line, time to show naked spine  
Don't leave no blood behind, use barets and terpentine  
Say ain't tripping on shit, got teeth that shine and gliss  
Watching them watching this, make other teams forfeit  
Swear to God I got a lot of niggaz, I swear to God they  
all gorillas  
I swear to God they'll kill a nigga, they specialize in end  
a temper  
You simple you don't want none of me, kind of Tuck  
you ain't me  
You can't bite no mics like me, fa sho can't box like me  
War we done been in a few, who knew how many minds  
we blew  
Coming straight to the Avenue, you beefing bitch it'll  
happen to you

[Hook - 2x]

[50/50 Twin]

It's like Jeepers the Creeper, my gorillas will eat ya  
The feature delete ya, then put you in a box like  
speakers  
Put you in a box like sneakers, if you try to box I'll beat  
ya  
My house or your house I'll meet ya, discombobulate  
your facial features  
They gon have to get jumped like teachers, step on you  
frauds like bleachers  
Try to play hard but soft as peaches, your OG's will  
prolly teach us  
When I display the Mack-90, you gon have to poo-poo  
Shit-shit then doo-doo, like you drunk a case of Yoo-  
hoo  
Babies oh boo-goo, ga-ga-goo-goo got a boo-boo  
Have control of what you do, or 50/50 will do you  
Press charges then sue you, for getting blood on my  
who-doo  
Lick shots when I shoot through, you got that chump  
now flee-shoo

[Hook - 2x]

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