

## **Hilden Sunny**

### **"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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