

# All I Need

Jay-Z

It's the Roc! Wooo!  
My gear is right... (check)  
My bucket is low... (check)  
My Rocawear is fittin' incredible...

Fuck it...  
I guess I got my swagger back  
Mama that said I killed her man  
Well I guess I got the dagger back  
It's the Roc bastards we are BACK!  
In the heezy  
Jiggaman, B. Sieg to M-Easy (what up fam?)  
Oskino and Sparks and Freeweezy (holla!)  
Mickey, Mallory, Chris and Neef, hey!  
All I need is the love of my crew  
The whole industry can hate me I thugged my way through  
And all...I...need is a chick to hold a jimmy like  
Meth and Mary, like, Marvin and Tammi, unnnh...  
Now understands we can't be stopped  
From blowin' Swisher Sweets outta candy drops  
Like we underground kings, ridin' dirty  
A nigga been focused since I said hi to 30 (what up?)  
Young niggas ya'll can't hurt me  
Better watch and observe me  
And learn how to earn better, I burn cheddar  
I set fire to your empire  
I blow smoke in your face, burn rubber off the rim tires  
Yes I-ah...Jay I-ah...  
Double G-A livewire nigga holla back

[CHORUS]  
All I need...  
Rocawear... (check)  
Nike Airs... (check)  
Mean bucket... (uh huh)  
Armada in the club couple o' duckets (yeah)  
Couple chicks by my side, let's ride  
All I need...  
That new coupe (got that)  
A doo-rag and a pocket full o' loot (got those)  
A sunny day some chicks that wanna play  
And I'll be on my way

C'mon...now...  
All I need in this world o' sin  
Is me and my girlfriend! (ha ha)  
I got a little two-two I call 'er Peggy Sue  
When I'm off in the club she fit right in my shoe (wooo!)  
Gotta switch her to my waist, just in case (uh huh)  
A clown wan' flip gotta reach for my bitch  
Wanna act out a movie I could give you a clip (buk!)  
But no adlibbin' nigga stick to the script  
Now all...I...need is a high-priced lawyer  
Cuz it's foul ways nowadays everybody saw you  
And they comin' to court too, I thought you knew  
Can't even steal on a nigga muhfuckas'll sue  
In this time and age, cuz real muhfuckas'll do

When I'm surrounded by squeal muhfuckas like you  
But real niggas don't fret cuz the number one crew?  
R to the O to the C comin' true

[CHORUS]

Listen...

The cream too long, my team too strong  
Bleek is too hot, Beans is gone  
Ya'll niggas in the crosshair, the beams is on (see ya'll)  
Ya'll whole block deserted, ya'll fiends are gone (bye bye!)  
The whole Roc is jumpin', we reached our zenith  
Got fiends throwin' up on themself like Willy Beaman [giggle]  
Any given Sunday gunplay's optional  
However niggas want it like Soul II Soul (however do you waaaaant it)  
Whoever got hops get blocked go to the hole  
Dikembe Mutumbo of this rap shit  
Plus the jab is sick, and it's that quick  
Left hand'll lean 'em like a little past six  
Now run along wit'cha little ass hits  
Read my rap sheet nigga, THREE CLASSICS  
Shut ya bumba' got A-Rod numbers  
All you muddaskunks get buried in the trunk  
When I blast the pump, I leave you relaxed  
In the hospital lookin' at M\*A\*S\*H for months  
Then I dumps dough on the D.A. desk  
And the fleece got free and pee-pee on the steps...  
We've got no respect  
No law or governin' why you fuckin' wit' him?  
Matta'fact, why you fuckin' wit' them?  
All ya'll need is the R-O-C baby

[CHORUS]

Listen...

(All I need)  
Rocafella Records...  
Freeway...  
Oskino and Sparks...  
Chris & Neef  
(All I need)  
Mickey and Mallory...  
Broad Street Bully...  
M-Extra Money, ha...  
YOUNG!  
(All I need)  
H to the izzo...  
CLUE!  
Rell...  
Uh huh...yeah, yeah...  
(All I need)