

# I Need Mo

Paul Wall

We out here, trying to get it rain or shine  
Cant nobody take what's mine  
But people say ...  
"That they gon try to kill me"

Go hard for mine is all I know  
I'm trying to get all this dough  
I try to say ...  
"If you want me come and get me"

Early in the morning when the sun come up  
I be playing my position, trying to chase a come up  
I'm on the corner like little kids waiting for the school bus  
I'm reggie bush about my paper man I gotta rush

I'm chasing Johnny dame, co vein with diamond crush  
I want that TV Johnny watch, earrings and such  
I got my mind focused driving in the fast lane  
Apple paint and white seats, looking like a candy cane

I'm running marathons, while these lames running sprints  
Been pulling all nighters, all year, and ever since  
I'm steady grinding on the rise like Honda pants  
Partner this is common sense, stacking up dollars and cents

I'm thinking pickett fence, six rooms, that's on a lake  
Long as I keep stacking bread like pancakes  
I pray with high stakes, so I can crawl down like snakes  
Trying to eat them Vincent Anthony steaks, I gotta get more

From a Buick to a Benz, the American Dream  
Riding apple over silver with the insides cream  
I got my mind on the foreign so I hustle some green  
And I'm somewhat color struck cuz I only love green

I'm living the ghetto dream, money, hoes, and cloths  
My mind on bankrolls, I stay up on my toes  
See I'm working for that paper chasing after that cash  
Overtime punching clocks, I call it a monster mash

That paper in my vision, so I grind with precision  
A hustler's ambition, to accumulate commission  
My eyes is burning cuz I aint slept in bout a week  
And theres no time to eat cuz my body is weak

I'm {?} its time for cash stacking, there aint no time for slacking  
I'm recking money now, later I'll be Cadillac'n  
I'm packing paper and my pockets over flowing to the top  
That's why I'm blowing my dawg, I gotta get that money!

The clock keep on ticking and the count down is on  
My paper keep on stacking now it wont be long  
I'm king kong of the hustle, using mind with muscle  
Putting together plots and schemes like a piece to a puzzle

The boys chasing broads, but I'm out here stacking bars  
Motivated my screw tapes that's in my ipod

My job is all night my hustle is all day  
When you thrown in the game, there aint no 401K

I got a dream like Dr. King {?}  
I swing it like peter parker in the Cadillac  
So now I'm changing up the game like a clinic bitch  
Hood super star with dreams of getting rich, gimme more