

All I Really Want

Rick Ross

All I want
Every time I call, she just come
'Cuz every time I call, she get to cum
Damn I'm in love again, look what this shit done
When I used to keep a roll of dem bitches like which one
(One, one)
(It's the boss)
(Radio killa)
It's not a dream, baby
(Radio killa, killa, killa)
Or is it a dream
She graduated from the school of arts
Now she swimming in a pool of sharks
Roughest niggas with the coolest cars
Sophomore year had her 1st minaj
Better DC like go barrack
Girl drunk it like a Fiji
And she blow my socks
Every night she comin' through
For me to fuck that
Found out she had a man, I holla fuck that
Better give dat boy a bus pass
I see no competition, baby girl, a must have
My letters hinted on my mustache
The remy never did it or did it
Make her bust fast
Good dick make a chick wanna cut class
The way I'm knockin' on the door
They call it trespass
She my dime not the one I wanna curse at
Lookin' fine real, diamonds on a cutglass
People call you blind
(People call you blind)
But all you need is me, girl
(All you need is me, girl)
Your all that's in my mind
(Ooo, yeah)
All you need is me girl
All a nigga really want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
Who can hit it more faster
I'm talking authentic orgasms
Film that play it on a big plasma
Back to work juss a little bit faster
She say life is a journey
I need mine juss like my atourney
I get sued like a nigga switch shoes
Long money but he gotta a quick fuse
Ride slow but I'm in a quick car
Pause for a minute, paint em' in a picture
Baby girl, my money good
Who turned her on a nigga least kirk wood
Time to give that boy a bus pass
I see no competition, baby girl, a must have

She shines like a diamond
Motivation for my rhyming
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All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga really want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
All a nigga want is you
Suede pea coat, with the Gucci trim
Knew it was him by the Gucci brim
We gotta do it B I G
I'm tryna hit the lottery in V I P
Green leafs in my shot glass
All night soul team had cirrock add
Ain't nothin' you can tell me
I'm on them hills, like I'm Jonathan Kelsy
Told her friends that she felt me
We made love through the love hate lp
She my Josephine Baker
May need morphine, the deeper that I take her
I'm a back breaker another tax bracket
Benz Maybacher, green bay packa
My life a movie so tonight
Is when I jack her
People call you blind
(People call you blind)
But all you need is me, girl
(All you need is me, girl)
Your all that's in my mind
(Ooo, yeah)
All you need is me girl
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