

Jay-Z, All I Need

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 Freewezy (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)