

Trick Daddy, All I Need

Artist: Trick Daddy f/ Infa Red (Unda Presha)

Album: Thug Holiday

Song: All I Need

[Trick Daddy]

People gots to have....money

Haha (gangsta)

Just like that (Just like that)

Haha, my recipe for murda (murda)

Couple pounds of brown (Pounds of brown)

Couple DT's (Couple DT's)

Fo' or five of them big things they call shoppas...

[Infa Red]

See I was raised in the slums

But niggas tote guns distribute and run

Watch out on the one and one servin' the bomb

Niggas talk about Miami but they scared to come

Leavin' they family in danger just to play in the sun

Nigga, we did what you done and what you talkin' about

Like droppin' drugs up out of town and keepin' dope in the house

Ain't give my life to that 'cause it's over and out

That's how it is when you exposed in the south

See

[Hook x2]

All I need is big guns on the side of me

Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed

Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me

How many niggas down to ride with me (Hey, hey)

[Trick Daddy]

The reenactment of my first murda

With no remorse and no feelin's

Hell, cuz I ain't even know this nigga

The shit was deep I couldn't just let it go

While I was shootin' bout my money

Fruitin' bout my dough, bitch

I bust his ass like the last muthafucka

Went in with them stunnas, came out with them cuttas, cut up

You shoulda seen the muthafucka jumpin' thumpin'

Bullet after bullet pumpin' fully after fully

You muthafuckas went in bad choppas

I still got em, that nigga begged for his life but I still shot him

I let him know bitch, this is how I feel bout ya

I asked him out but now his momma bout to hear about him

I'm from the era of the goodfellas, you know

Nigga like Big Ike, Big Nose Bob and Bo Dilly

I grewed up on the turf watchin' Murph and them

Murph dropped the top on the bird, that nigga was hurtin' them

I take this shit back to thirties and vogue

Let's see that's way before them Bama-ass hammers and loaves

That's in the days when the ave was jumpin'

Ev'ry nigga was gettin' money, every corner was pumpin' and jumpin'

Huh, but now we in the new era

A new game a different thang and a whole buncha new killas

Money, money, money...

E'ery time, goddammit I'll say it e'ery time

Betta call us murderers

[Hook x2]

All I need is big guns on the side of me

Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed

Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me

How many niggas down to ride with me (Hey, hey)

[Trick Daddy]

The boy think he gettin' payed, jumpin' out

Squeezin' AK's, on the ground they lay

That's how we do this shit in Dade

Killer bee's, snappin' pictures plottin' killin' me
Them killed my dogg, hell naw it couldn't be
Gotta straighten this shit, got SK's with extra clips
Holla "killer head", and make them bitches flip the script
Cut it back to light, fake the left, rip the right
Them feel my eyes, these bitches down to die tonight
Pull right on the side, raise it up squeeze that thang
Went "bang, bang" till their muh'fuckin' brains hang
I live for this, so damn right I kill for this
And when I get that feelin', ain't gon' be no hit or miss
[Hook x2]
All I need is big guns on the side of me
Bout a half a brick of yay and a pound of weed
Straight do or die bitches that'll die for me
How many niggas down to ride with me (Hey, hey)

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