

Juicy J, All I Need (One Mo Drank) ft. K Camp

(All I need is)
You know what it is
(All I need is)
You ain't gonna trust yo bitch after tonight
I'mma make her whore out
/xx

All I need is one more drank, two more blunts, three more bitches
Four more zips, five more minutes
All I need is one more drank, one more drank /2x
/2x

All I need is one more skank, dirty pussy, suck my dick
Scary movie, I let her use me, all in her mouth
My dick in her booty, we all on the couch, the cameras is out
And she say she a virgin, bitch, shut the fuck uuupp!
I'm 'bout my bread, gettin' throwed, gettin' blowed
Gettin' trippy, gettin' lit on these hoes
Fuck 'em slow, in my cup, Colt .45, high as fuck
Twenty dab, hundred for the thousand dollar tab
Conjure my cab

All I need is one more drank, two more blunts, three more bitches
Four more zips, five more minutes
All I need is one more drank, one more drank /2x
/2x

Look, all she need is one more shot, that bitch lit, you can tell
Put this package, in yo box, you got mail
Smoke one more, touch that cloud, this that loud
That lil bitch, she get active, she get wild
We turnt up, too much liquor you can't hold me
Liked her pic, fucked her friend, now she know me
Drop my top, out that roof, that's that Rollie
Girl don't play, I'm right here, you gon' show me

All I need is one more drank, two more blunts, three more bitches
Four more zips, five more minutes
All I need is one more drank, one more drank /2x
/2x

Damn I miss the '90s, yeah shit was wild
We was livin' like rock stars, droppin' Mystic Styles
Ain't nobody else believe in what we was puttin' down
Nigga almost homeless trying to get it off the ground
No support everybody thought we never be shit
Tryna start our own label on some Master P shit
Tryna get some distribution majors labels ain't feelin' us
Doors slammed in our face, still ain't givin' up
Still on the grind, still on the rise
Even had to sell my whip to pay for studio time
Made a name, made some change, got respect, got some fame
Now they love our shit, cuz we made our own lane
Tryna sign everybody, put some money in their pockets
Had a ball on the rug, every night we had it poppin'
They ain't hold us down, did it on our own
With our backs on da wall, we put plaques on the wall
Then the problems started picking up, posse start splitting up
People started switching up, we still not giving up
I love them though, we been through it all
They're my brothers though, now that's some real shit
We weren't always rich, we didn't have a pot to piss
Hustle harder than a bitch, slanging records like they bricks
From the ground to the throne, its been a hell of a trip

Bring me one more drank, while I sit and reminisce