

I Need You To (Breonna Taylor)

Tobe Nwigwe

[Intro: Fat and Nell]

Ouu

Ouu, I choose you

I choose you

Ouu, I choose you

I choose you

Ouu, I choose you

Through sickness and health, my dear

I choose you

Ouu, I choose you

For better or worse, my dear

I choose you

[Verse Tobe Nwigwe]

Look, my biggest problem is

I don't believe the concept of in-love

In college I was with Whitney, when she kissed me

I felt then the heavens had descended upon me

So strongly, I was wrong, b

She came from the Big Apple, wrong tree

I kinda sometimes feel like that was God perfecting me

I got with Fat and low-key

She changed the trajectory of my vision

Supernatural circumcision from selfish ways, I'm on a mission

But it be a lie if I said I never felt this way; I have before

But this love thing just ain't no grab-and-go

You have to pour everything inside out pray it don't hit the flo

Simple as that

This ain't just rap, this ain't fictional

They made dodie medicinal and make love seem conditional

But it ain't though; really, it's perfection

Even if it's like Anthony Hamilton's beard

And come through in sections

The lesson, better yet the blessing is the fact that it's a choice

Perception in the wrong direction has the power

To destroy your essence

Check yo reflection make sure that it's cool

For your protection learn yourself before you learn in school

That you inadequate truthfully

I'm an advocate for these savages

Chasing these objects that be inanimate

I wish that I could give them something way more tangible

It's hard to get yo gift from God when both yo hands is full

With all yo pettiness acting Ed Edd and Eddyish
Lack of umbrellas always make rain drops fall down the heaviest
Look, stand under something then
Hopefully it'll help you understand that everybody black on the inside like Folgers cans
Keep yo composure be careful how you approach a man
Pigs can't smell the odor of slop to know they grosser than...
Most people; but ain't no one picture perfect on easels
Don't hate nobody, be godly, swear that poison is lethal
My cousin got out, got locked back up; that boy on a sequel
That penal system got his penile gland smothered in fecal...
Matter, I'm still squashing all the chatter, though
Them thotties try me, I dodge that bull like a matador
Far as the baddest go, my quota way past the status quo
That's why Fat got my heart in the end like a Navajo
Or Arapaho, I got nasty flow
Tell wack rappers, take a back seat; I'm they chaperone
From the back straight to the trash that's where they have to go
No cooning no metro I'm boomin till my casket close
I should rap some more, but I have to go
RIP Ali but I'm feeling like Cassius though
Rope-a-dope then go for broke like hook and laterals
Holy mackerel, my flow should be international
Ouu
[Outro: Fat and Nell]
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Through sickness and health, my dear
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