

I Need More

Joyner Lucas

I need more hoes
More, more, more, more, yeah
I need more clothes
More, more, more, more, yeah
I need more dough
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah
I need more blow
Wha, wha, wha, whoo, whoo
I need more hoes
Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw, yeah
I need more clothes
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah
I need more dough
Wha, wha, wha, wha, yeah
I need more blow
Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah
I need more hoes
Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw, yeah
I need more clothes
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah
I need more dough
Wha, wha, wha, wha, yeah
I need more blow
Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah
You got some scary intentions
Your brain is clouded with too many possessions
You think you rich but you depressing yourself
It's just so pathetic and materialistic
And all you do is flash your money and fortune
You ride around in that Ferrari and Porsches
And all you talk about is Bugatti and foreigners
You walk around like you somebody important
You surrounded by leaches and beggars
And none of them niggas wanna see you do better
I bet they plotting wanna see what you got
Cause you brag a lot and make it seem like they jealous
So what the fuck do you even see in the mirror
Your future couldn't really be any clearer
And when it rains you gon' need an umbrella
But don't listen, you don't see it or hear it
All you say is...
I need more hoes

More, more, more, more, yeah

I need more clothes

More, more, more, more, yeah

I need more dough

Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah

I need more blow

Wha, wha, wha, whoo, whoo

I need more hoes

Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw, yeah

I need more clothes

Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah

I need more dough

Wha, wha, wha, wha, yeah

I need more blow

Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah I think you really aggressive

Your brain is clouded with too many possessions

You think you rich but you depressing yourself

It's just so pathetic and materialistic

I really think that all them drugs got you tripping

Your brain is ruined and your logic is different

I know that syrup got your body in shivers

If I was you, I'd get that out of my system

And I think that you bugging and stuff

You just shit on everyone who's stuck in a rut

Always flash your money out in public and stunt

And we all just look at you in fucking disgust

Maybe you're just insecure with no luck

And deep down you're a dub

Without nothing to love

And I wonder if you'll ever realize what's up

And be humble and just say enough is enough

But for now you just wanna say

I need more hoes

More, more, more, more, yeah

I need more clothes

More, more, more, more, yeah

I need more dough

Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah

I need more blow

Wha, wha, wha, whoo, whoo

I need more hoes

Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw, yeah

I need more clothes

Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah

I need more dough

Wha, wha, wha, wha, yeah

I need more blow

Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah

I need more hoes

Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw, yeah
I need more clothes
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah
I need more dough
Wha, wha, wha, wha, yeah
I need more blow
Uh, uh, uh, uh, yeah
Yeah, I must be really possessive
My brain is clouded with too many possessions
I think I'm rich but I'm depressing and selfish
I'm so pathetic and materialistic
Like how the fuck I let the money do this
Man, I swear to God that I would never be tripping
I promised that I would have respect and be different
But now I make it rain on plenty of strippers
I'm surrounded by leeches and beggars
And none them niggas wanna see me do better
Bet they plottin' want to take what I got
Cause I brag a lot and make it seem like they jealous
And I never had nothing
I just wanna live like them rappers on TV forever
But what have I become
Maybe I'm one of them
Maybe I just don't know any better
And now what I'm sayin' is
I need more hoes
More, more, more, more, yeah
I need more clothes
More, more, more, more, yeah
I need more dough
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yeah
I need more blow
Wha, wha, wha
Yo whats up, this is Joyner I'm unable to take your message right now
Leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you
Peace
Hello
Yo, nigga you fuckin' serious?
Are you fuckin' serious?
Yo, I swear to God
Yo, I knew I should have never fuck with you
You're fucking dirty
You're dirty, and you're fuckin' yo
You're gonna be dead nigga
Yo are you serious you gave me fuckin' Chlamydia
Chlamydia?
Yo, nigga, I swear to God
Wait 'till my brother comes home

Yo, Dom is gonna fuck yo shit up

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