

"I Need A Girl"

Written by Leonard Jackson
(AKA) Sporty Red

(chorus)

I need a girl, a girl that can rock my world
Slam dunk my heart like Earl The Pearl
Make me feel like a man suppose to feel
I need a girl and her loves got to be real

Verse-1

Peace boo, you been doing me wrong during this bid
My peeps done wrote me and told me the shit that you did
About sport coat and how he got your ass locked down
Driving my car around and packing my four pound
What are you stupid don't you know I can get that ass seen
But I'm going to raise and bring it to your ass Nigh-mean
Cause if it wasn't for me you'd be on welfare
Looking fucked up with them streaks in your hair
But I saved your ass took you in like a stray dog
Refined your ways and stopped you from eating that hog
And now your playing me like I aint never coming
Your ass is out, lucky I don't fly that dome
But I don't hit girls so pack your shit and go live with him
And his mammy, and now you can go shop at V.I.M.
Because your Macy's days is over, you thought shit was sweet
But I'll be home in two weeks back on the streets
Looking for a new girl

Verse-2

Damn baby girl, you so fly where your wings at
Make a blind man see cause that ass is fat
I aint lying, hourglass aint got shit on you
Now what's your measurements, 36-24-32
Brown sugar icecream sweet potato pie
You caught my eye the first time I seen those thighs
I won't lie and I'll be the first to admit it
But I wants to get to know oyu before I aks to hit it
Back seats of jeeps, even hotel suites
I got the treats to make the earth shak under your feets
Where your man, do you love him cause I can't tell
I'll put you on shorty, keep your pockets deep like a well
Make you famous, long trips, Nails with diamond chips
Moet sips, crackers with the cavier dips
Ocean liner cruise busting down cuban cigars
Matching cars, staying up late watching the stars
So what's up boo, you&me can start a family
From the projects to cashier checks, fucking with Free

"I Need A Girl" cont.

Verse-3

Sexy momma, up in night clubs you turn heads
DK wrapped up hair tight with high-lights of red
Your aura glowing, sparkling like Jewels from Tiff
You don't drinl neither, how about we go and smoke this spliff
You got me twisted, trying to maintain my 6
I'm matching jig ROC jeansuit with new kicks
Roly dipped in water then froze
CK for your nose
On top of the world money clip holding down my bankroll
Jingling Lex keys, do you want to ride in my car
Show you my universe, maybe you can born me a star
In do time though lets conversate for a bit
I hope your neuroreceptors pick up my transmit
A college senior, mastering in criminal law
Well I'm a thief, you can help me if I fail on this score
Lets take it slow though, we aint got rush this thing here
I want to overstand you then slide off your underwear