

# 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