Gotta Have It

JAY-Z & Kanye West

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Turn my headphones up
                                        Louder
                 Uh-huh, uh-huh(What you need, what, what you need)
                                        (I got)
                        (What you need, what, what you need)
                                        (Yea)
                        (What you need, what, what you need)
                                        (I got)
                                   (What you need)
              Hello, hello, White America, assassinate my character
               Money matrimony, yeah, they tryna break the marriage up
                 Who gon' act phonier? Who gon' try to embarrass ya?
                      I'ma need a day off, I think I'll call Ferris up
                   Bueller had a Mueller, but I switched it for a Miele
'Cause I'm richer, and prior to this shit was movin' freebaseHad a conference with the DJs
                            (Yeah), Puerto Rico three-days
                (Parlay with them GDs, now they got our shit on replay)
                     Sorry I'm in pajamas, but I just got off the PJ
                      And last party we had, they shut down Prive
         (Ain't that where the Heat play?) Yep (Niggas hate ballers these days)
               Ain't that like LeBron James? (Ain't that just like D-Wade)
                     (Wait)(What you need, what, what you need)
                         (I got what you need, what, what you)
                                        (Yea)
                        (What you need, what, what you need)
                                 (I got what you need)
                          (Wassup, wassup, wassup, wassup)
                        Wassup, ma'fucka, where my money at?
           You gon' make me come down to your house where yo' mummy at
             Mummy wrap the kids, have 'em cryin' for they mummy back
                Dummy that your daddy is, tell 'em I just want my racks
                           (Racks on racks) Racks
             (Maybachs on bachs on bachs on bachs) Who in that?
                      (Oh shit, it's just blacks on blacks on blacks)
             (Hundred stack) How you get it? (Nigga, layin' raps on tracks)
              I wish I could give you this feelin', I'm planking on a million
             I'm riding through yo' hood, you can bank I ain't got no ceiling
                (Made a left on Nostrand Ave.) Right (We in Bed Stuy)
               Made a right on 79th, I'm coming down South Shore Drive
     (I remain Chi-town) Brooklyn 'til I die(Take 'em on home, take 'em on home...)
                       (Take 'em on home, take 'em on home...)
                      (I got what you need, what, what you need)
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(Take 'em on home)
(What you need, what, what you need)
(I got what you need, what, what you need)
(Take 'em on home, take 'em on home...)
(Take 'em on home, take 'em on home...)
(Tryna hurt my name, huh?)

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/