

# Kanye West, I Need To Know

[Chorus]

I need to know, you down to do whatever?  
Down to get it poppin? Down to get topless, ohh  
I need to know, if you about cutting  
Or you about frontin, baby I need to know

[Verse 1]

I spent my last 8 checkss on a neck-e-lace  
So I better get some sex for this, shiit  
She wanna sip up on the cris-e-cris  
Like its Christ-e-mas and Im St. Nicholas  
I got her and her sister innn  
That white benz, dyke twins  
I aint gon lie they only fives but together they tens  
And would I do em again? Hmmm, hmmm?  
Its like old folks pissin cuz it all depends  
And its no coke sniffin just juice and gin  
Grey Goose to get you loose then hit the nigga producing  
The track that got you movin, this track got you movin  
So crazy you dont know what you doin  
You been telling them jokes, and its not a rumor  
I like a girl with a sense of humor  
To give me head til it ache and its not a tumor  
So let me know whats goin down fo I pay for this room cuz

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Now if you got it you got it  
And if you dont then you prolly wont  
Sissy niggaz call em maricon  
I never hit a lady but my game might abuse em  
By em boots just to tell them that I Jimmy Choose em  
Take em back to confuse em  
So she dont know if she coming or going  
Cuz mami after Im cumming Im going  
Back to show just frontin and flowin  
Jewelry stuntin and glowin, this life is something I know it  
And I been known to have a hoe or two  
Cuz my diamonds yellow like a smoker tooth  
I tell em step into the vocal booth  
Roll a joint, smoke a few, after that Im pokin you  
After that its over boo, baby grab your coat and VOOM

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Now theres three different levels to relationships  
Pollyn at the club wit em, talking getting affectionate  
Leavin and havin sex with em, kickin them out  
Trickin on models, dimes and rats, now I dont get into that  
I kick that habit, I just, keep em impressed  
Let em seat in the Lex, never, eat em unless  
That fuckin cat looks fresh  
I got a lion in my pocket, Im lyin  
I got a nine in my pants and baby Im just dyin for a chance  
Who ready to fuck? You ready to fuck? Off the sizzurp  
Says she ready to cut, then she grabs my scissors  
She prolly look good but whats scary to me  
Henny make hoes look like Halle Berry to me

[Chorus x2]