

Everything U Want

B-Real

Wooo! Let's go
Ha, ha, hoe

It's so close, I can feel it in my hands
Everything I ever wanted and then some, about to expand man
I can taste it, the flavor is so sweet
Stocks risin up, that's the word on the street
In spite of the hype, gotta keep my head on straight
Keep my shit to myself and don't give my aces away
I'm so tired I can feel it in my bones but the throne is so near
I can hear these, hateful clones
Whispered the words they won't say out loud
But you heard them praise me, under their breath some still hate me
So numb man I can't feel a thing
And I ain't lettin nothin get in the way of what it is we bring
I'm tryin to reach out, and grab the opportunity knockin
If I don't answer the door, it don't come often
I'm so heated and I'm ready for whatever is needed
I cheated death, my last words, at least I beat it - let's go

Everything you want, what'chu goin for
Tell 'em what'chu need so you don't need it any more
How we get the dough, what we get it fo'
Where you gonna be in ten years, let me know

I started out as an underground artist (uhh)
Underestimated, under the weather in undergarments
Under cars and, trucks, tryin to make a +Buck+
But I failed 'til I put +Shot+ down and stepped up
Kept up, crept up, couldn't keep your breath up
Can't breathe? I think you should leave, yessir
Cause umm, ma'am, I am the first grand
from the shotty papi got in his hand, got me? Damn
Stand, focus on your funds
Cause when you're broke it's no joke, it ain't no funnn
If my homies can't have none, how come
yeah you got a label but unstable's your outcome?
Uhh, kinda shaky though (yeah) kinda make me go
Mmmmmmm if I was you I wouldn'ta copped that Mercedes yo
You like the ladies though (huh) that's your downfall
Cause too much pussy mean more pussy around y'all

Everything you want, what'chu goin for
Tell 'em what'chu need so you don't need it any more
How we get the dough, what we get it fo'
Where you gonna be in ten years, let me know

Buckshot, B-Real, Black Moon, Cypress Hill
Every night is real, everybody move at the sight of steel
Cause we 'bout to get that dough
When we get that dough, we gon' flip that so

She's so hot, I can tell you what she wants
And I can tell you it's not me it's the bread go ahead and doubt it
She's about it, she can work it like a pro for dough
And she knows I'm risin up like Survivor yo
With the +Eye of the Tiger+, settin tracks to fire

But I'm so cold, like Avon, hits for hire
Sick and tired, of these birds, pullin stunts for status
Lookin at us like we're their first class trips to Paris
That's so old, better try another method cause every second
you waste is another moment, you fail to face it
Embrace it, I feel a chill, so youser a pill
Take no for an answer, right up in your grill
She's so smooth, tell you what you want to hear when she got her hands
in your pockets, until ain't nothin left in your wallet
Yeah, she wants a baller to follow and holla at her
A homey of high stature with the fortune to capture

Everything you want, what'chu goin for
Tell 'em what'chu need so you don't need it any more
How we get the dough, what we get it fo'
Where you gonna be in ten years, let me know
(2x)