

# 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

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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

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(2x)