

# Anything U Want

MC Eiht

Geah  
Check it out  
C'mon, c'mon, hey  
C'mon, uh  
I said c'mon, hey  
(half ounce in the house)  
We're smooth on the west side  
(check it out)  
Nigga hoes back in the house  
(check it out)

Who's got paper?  
But I shoot boxes  
Plenty of cash to straight floss from the gate  
You ain't seem grabs this green  
Plenty of cream kingpins unsolved the scheme  
I got my eyes on you  
Geah, you want to ? ? ? down from here to shoot  
Got a crew  
But you stand out  
Miss thing wish I have x-rated vision to peep the g-strings  
You know what I mean  
Keeps the shit real live  
Benz 'round town in a 3-25  
Cheques in your coat and float to the arena  
? ? ? taps me on the shoulder, tony have you seen her?  
Let my gators through the snappin'  
Crystal sippin', drops along, geah baby what's happenin?  
Hear me, see me  
I could, uh, be your geenie, any wish comes true  
Be my boo

Anything you want, anything you need  
Anything you want, anything you need  
Mr. tony will deliver til your ? ? ?  
Diamonds to chronic bud, oh yes indeed  
Anything you want, anything you need  
Anything you want, anything you need  
We's be's the pimps

Independently hustlin' while you work in your stuff  
Keep your condo pay so you work at mc gruff  
9 to 5 paper chasing, geah, I can dig it  
With your 15 hundred dollar brims and your fixed up ? ? ?  
No trips to the clinic  
But it straight trips to the club  
With your head hooked up, short skirts straight throwin' up love  
Mr tony know the game ain't playin' nice and soft  
G's around ya in a circle talkin' about take that shit off  
Damn niggas, swingin' on a players boss  
Peeps tha coup, hits me up with a fucked phone call  
I be's the black desperado  
Five carats with the golden ? ?  
Gang of parrots, me and you  
King and queen of the hill  
Means the fat links, captain inch nail  
Get down like you live and that's no joke

Gang of ? ? ? ? to poke with the endo smoke

Times is hard  
And I can see you're a lil' rebellious  
Now your homegirl kicks the rumours  
In a way too jealous  
Just can't stand to see ya  
With a nigga with grip  
They swallowin' too much dick tryin' to give you some lip  
Not trip  
It's too much gossip on the phone  
Need to tell 'em ho's to find some dick on they own  
What's wrong?  
Same old song gettin' a boo  
Drops your back on the block with no more packs to loot  
Snatch back the dollar to diamonds  
Necklace sales  
Versace ? ? to armani dressers  
No more sippin' crystal anymo'  
Drop a c-5 hun' with the phone  
Leave me alone  
Cause that's the problems nowadays  
These greedy-ass ho's workin' these ways  
Tony's no phony, got g's on next  
? ? ? spend my cheques

Geah  
(late nite hype)  
C'mon c'mon hey  
C'mon c'mon hey  
(late nite hype)  
(check it out)  
We's be's the pimps