

I Want It All

Saigon

I want it all!
I want the cars and the fancy things
I want the life, the success it brings!
I want the love and the power and respect
That's the way it's seen.
I said I want it a-a-a-a-a-all ooh ooh ohh
I said I want it a-a-a-a-a-all ooh ohh ohh-ohh-ohh
(I want it all)

(OK) I wanna ball like Lebron or Chris Paul,
But what I want even more is to finally get in the door.
I want the critics to give me the credit that I deserve,
Wanna show em' how vicious a nigga is with a verse.
Want the burger king burger with the mcdonalds fries,
Want the Marriott but wanna save money so it's the Econo Lodge,
I want people to see that I was poppin way before Entourage,
Flow you cannot despise...
I wanna know if my sister is fucking, is she protected,
I want that President Obama to get reelected.
I want the kind of rhymin I'm doing to be accepted,
Since my rhyme was silent at times I'd probaly be rejected.
I want longevity, I want Saigon to be as strong as I'll ever be,
When I'm gone no insanity, I want my mom's recipe...
For sweet potato pie I used to die for.
I want a reply, yo! I want it all!

I want it all!
I want the cars and the fancy things (Woaaaaah)
I want the life, the success it brings! (Yeaaaah)
I want the love and the power and respect
That's the way it's seen.
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I said I want it a-a-a-a-a-all ooh ohh ohh-ohh-ohh
(I want it all)

I want the Beamer, Benz or Bentley
Even though I know they come with jealousy and envy
I want people to be honest, even when it offends me,
Unless they won't wake up the violence asleep within me.
I want to thank everybody that wants the dark to shine,
I want to earn the true dollar sign, without doin blue collar crime
I want you and you to learn how to rhyme.
You can't call yourself an MC if your just spewin the five n dime
I want the kids in the ghetto to go to school,
By the multitude, want em to know flunkin is so uncool
I want to know who's relating gangbangin with entertainment
Probably the same dude that be complainin
I want the paintings, Wanna buy up the jewellery
I want hip hop to stop providing this buffoonery
I want the opportunity, I promise on mommas I won't stall
I'm telling you paah...

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That's the way it's seen.

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(I want it all)

I want to send a 'rest in peace' to Mr. Mass Appeal
I want to feel if Nicki Minaj ass is real,
I want to know if you're dangerous or a daffodil
Like do you want this machete or want this Massengil
I wanna welcome myself back into rap
Y'all can clap or have an asthma attack
As a matter of fact, I want everybody imagining that
I was the one out of the pack that ain't no staggerin back
(Say it again) I wanna welcome myself back into rap
Y'all can clap or have an asthma attack
As a matter of fact, you think I came this far
For me to motherfuckin fall? Hell N'aww!

I said I want it a-a-a-a-a-all ooh ooh ohh
I said I want it a-a-a-a-a-all ooh ohh ohh-ohh-ohh!