What Ya Want

Ruff Ryders

Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh ugh
What y'all niggas want, huh?
Ugh, ugh, ugh
Lubia huh? Papi screamin' out of they mouth
Bomb shell just a second, mami wanna speak out
What I need in my life, make ya body freak out
Baby seem like the type, married niggaz sneak out
Like I'm ballin' y'all, yes I be appallin' ya'll
Boss type hold it down, wantin' all of y'all
Callin' y'all never chasin' me down
Three weeks, heartbroken, yes, you hatin' me now
She speaks soft spoken, till she datin' the clown
I'm takin' 'em down, reel 'em in and makin' em drown
Mistake, I said gimme that, but I'm takin' it now
What I need from a nigga, negative in his sound
Or dasity even askin' me, for ass, I laugh
This bitch is fast and free, swatin' 'em off
When I see this niggas a flea, plotin' of cost for riches
Millionaire wannabe, uh huh
What y'all niggas want?
(What we want, wha?)
Can't touch
(Uh)
All y'all niggaz need
(What we need in our life?)
Is right here with me
(Uh)
Sounds y'all wanna hear
(Who dat, who dat?)
Swizz Beatz
(Uh)
I'm the one you fear
(Why?)
It's my time, feel me
Popular since I started my life
Eve you know my name, probably the dangerous type
Brick house stallion, think you taming me right?
Not this baby Val Philly streets, they raisin' her right
Keep it pretty or can make it gritty be a lady

Need boots pocket books and a baby 380
But prefer to keep it, calm and cool
When I'm heated I suggest you move
Just avoid a bad situation, what you got to prove?
Leave her be, chicken squakin' hatin' frequently
Manic Man is obsessed and stalkin' me
If he, icy enough, I'm pricin' his stuff
Be nicy enough , to let him spin, I'm callin' ya bluff
Puttin' it down, Ruff Ryders puttin' they work
Snatched up the illest viscous pittbull in a skirt
Makin' em hurt, haters steady dishin' up dirt
Changin' the game, settin' the rules, makin' it work, uh
What y'all niggas want?
(What we want, wha?)
Can't touch
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Swizz Beatz
(Uh)
I'm the one you fear
(Why?)
It's my time, feel me
Leavin' 'em scared, mami takin' all of this here
All of this fame I'm hungry, hope you cats is prepared
Niggas, set me up and I'mma take it and run
Think it's a game, just check out how my format is done
Stalkin' ya shine and I do it to perfection
Made a promise everytime I touch the mic to bless 'em
Used to tease me how I keep is greezy just to test 'em
Eve handcuff niggas but I don't arrest 'em
Shorty bang, hear the niggaz sayin'
Shout my name, make the thugish niggas scream
Watchin' me entertain, dicks brick when I like the lips
Just keepin' it plain
Fantasizin' about this bitch, got 'em goin' insane
Ooh's and ahh's ,5'7" thick in the thighs
Every thugs dream wife, see the love in they eyes
My time to shine, whole package make her a dime
Want some more? It ain't over, just keep pressin' rewind, uh
What y'all niggas want?

(What we want, wha?)
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Swizz Beatz
(Uh)
I'm the one you fear
(Why?)
It's my time, feel me
(Uh)
Uh, 99, like 2000
Ruff Ryders, Dru Hill
Swizz beats, Eve
Comin' for that ass, uh

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