

# I Want It All (Remix)

## Warren G & Slick Rick And Phats Bossi

What's up negros and negrettes?  
It's your boy, Warren G  
You know what I'm saying?  
Chillin' with the home boy, Mack 10  
And we gon' lay a lil' sumpin' down for y'all  
Let y'all know what time it is  
Show you how we keepin' it real wit' it  
You know 'cuz this world is built on material thangs  
But we ain't trippin' off that  
We want y'all to know this, check it  
I want it all, money, fast cars  
Diamond rings, gold chains and champagne  
Shit, every damn thing  
I want it all, houses, expenses  
My own business, a truck, hmm, and a couple o' Benz's  
I want it all, brand new socks and drawls  
And I'm ballin' everytime I stop and talk to y'all  
I want it all, all, all, all  
I want it all, all, all, all, all They say, "There go, Warren G with that envious stare"  
I love this game too much, I wish these haters wasn't here  
It's a shame, we came too far to turn back  
It's a cold world, it gets so hard, you learned that  
From fallin', tryin' to walk from crawlin'  
Tryin' to hustle up from broke to ballin'  
And, yeah, y'all in effect that's all me  
The jiggy G-Z, all my niggas that keep it real and do it easy  
Believe me, young nigga, fat meat is greasy  
And shit stank, so if you plot a lick and hit a bank  
And get away or get gaffled, the very next day  
Don't cry, hold your head up high  
And remember what you told yourself, nigga  
I said, "Remember what you told yourself, nigga"  
I said, "Remember what you told yourself, nigga"  
I said, "Remember what you told yourself, nigga" I want it all, money, fast cars  
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And I'm ballin' everytime I stop and talk to y'all  
 I want it all, all, all, all  
 I want it all, all, all, all, all I want it all, so I got to wake up and ball  
 And thanks to y'all, I got plaques on the wall  
 Mack 10 laced with the know-how to paper chase  
 Crushed ice, throw my Rollie face in the platinum fan base  
 From net workin' and hustlin', no doubt, I got clout  
 And live the lifestyle that Robin Leach talkin' about  
 Slow down player, don't hate 'cuz you can't relate  
 The Bently Coupes and kickin' gears on Harley's with the straights I got more limelight than Vegas on cable  
 Will it enable to shoot C-Note, "Yo's" at the crap table  
 And while you can't get off the ground, I'm getting high  
 A nigga fly and fly with the desire to build an empire  
 I strapped up and took flight like a missile  
 Told them loud and clear as a whistle 'Hoo Bangin' is official  
 Handing out gold medallions at roll-call  
 I'ma ball and never fall 'cuz Mack 10 want it all, what? I want it all, money, fast cars  
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 I want it all, all, all, all  
 I want it all, all, all, all, all Me and 10 get paid escapade to the spot  
 We hot like rocks served on hot blocks  
 I notice money make the world circulate  
 So we gon' stack and stack and take a sip and peculate  
 Bump, let the woofers sub, show the homies love  
 Warren to the G, and Little G-Dub  
 Surface on the low, slide or don't slide at all  
 Ride or don't ride at all Warren, I couldn't be more serious about my 'fetti  
 I stay tight on the mic and keep the pen movin' steady  
 I want it all, dog, and it might be greed  
 I hate to trip, but I got two little mouths to feed  
 They don't know nuttin' about no excuses and disrespect  
 Or somebody bein' jank with they Daddy's royalty check  
 And at that point, I'm through talkin', dog, enough said  
 So, if you owe Mack money, then I suggest you break bread I want it all, money, fast cars  
 Diamond rings, gold chains and champagne  
 Shit, every damn thing  
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And I'm ballin' everytime I stop and talk to y'all  
I want it all, all, all, all  
I want it all, all, all, all, allMack 10, what up?  
I know the paper's out there, ha ha, yeah  
Warren G, what up?  
You know the paper's out there, ha ha, yeah  
G Funk, what up?  
You know the paper's out there, ha ha  
That's right, what?Hoo Bangin', what up?  
We know the paper's out there, ha ha  
That's right, what?  
The whole world paper's out there  
Speak on it, ha ha  
All the hood rats, what up?  
You know the paper's out there  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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