

All I Want (Produced By Rock City & Cam Wallace)

B.o.B

I want everything I see
I wanna go in every mall in every state in every country and buy shit
Whether I can afford it or not, nigga
I want bitches, I want cars, I don't give a fuck, I want it all
That's what the fuck we're here for Say enough about a dream nigga
I'm just tryna keep it real nigga
Say enough about a dream nigga
I'm just tryna keep it real nigga
Say enough about a dream nigga
I'm just tryna keep it real nigga
Say enough about a dream nigga It's just so many woman
It's just so many chains
It's just so many watches
It's just too many things, I want!
Whoa, whoa, whoa It's just so many trips
It's just so many bottles
It's just too many whips
It's just too many models, I want!
Whoa, whoa, whoa All I want is money
Money, money, money
That's all I want
Big face hundred
Hundred, hundred, hundred
That's all I want, that's all I want
That's all I want, that's all I want Not a day's goes by
It ain't on my mind
I ain't gon' front
I ain't gon' lie
I'd rather have a M than an empty pocket
If hundreds ain't in them them jeans ain't mine, I
That's what I want muthafucka
I'll never be a bum muthafucka
You talking about like it ain't about the money
You just sound like a dumb muthafucka
A house on the hill by the lake
All real niggas can relate
You tryna book me for free?
But my rent is due on today
A better life is what we're after

Because every dream I gotta capture
I always knew that I would blow up one day
Like a nuclear reactor All I want is money
Money, money, money
That's all I want
Big face hundred
Hundred, hundred, hundred
That's all I want, that's all I want
That's all I want, that's all I want From the cradle to a label
From decatur to the majors to papers, no more neighbors
I used to say I never cared about the money until I put food on my momma's table
Follow the trail
Could've been in jail
The way that I live
Could have been fatal
Must have had an angel
It's funny how I'm always on the screen
But as a teen I never had cable
But now I won it all
The world, the ladies, the whips
I took a fantasy and made it exist
No one ever handed us shit
We took what we had and made it the shit
That's transforming dusty to luxury
Being off in the cut, the cutlery
That's the gist, that's the summary
So if you feel how I'm feeling then fuck with me! All I want is money
Money, money, money
That's all I want
Big face hundred
Hundred, hundred, hundred
That's all I want, that's all I want
That's all I want, that's all I want All I want is money
Money, money, money
That's all I want
Big face hundred
Hundred, hundred, hundred
That's all I want, that's all I want
That's all I want, that's all I want It's just so many woman
It's just so many chains
It's just so many watches
It's just too many things, I want!
Whoa, whoa, whoa

Songwriters

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