

How Do You Want It

2Pac

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in tha cash game
Livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realHow do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in tha cash game
Livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realLove tha way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Gotta nigga wantin', it's so bad, I'm about to pass out
Wanna dig you and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your cloths, time to fly up out itCatch you at a club, oh shit, you got me fiendin'
Body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if ya wanna roll with me then here's ya chance
Doin' 80 on tha freeway, police, catch me if you can!Forgive me I'm a ridah, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck tha fame, I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with tha passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask forIt's either him or me, champagne, Hennessey
A favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a ho need
Puff some more weed, funk, ya don't needApproachin' hochies with a passion been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin' baby I love it when ya flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga, now tell me how you want itHow do you want it? How does it feel?
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Livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realHow do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in tha cash game
Livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realTell me is it cool to fuck? Did you think I come to talk
Am I a fool or what? Positions on tha floor
It's like erotic, ironic 'cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulicsUp and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside
her
I ain't quittin' till tha show is over 'cause I'm a ridah
In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak
And let you get on top of me, get her rockin' theseNights full of Alizee, a livin' legend
You ain't heard about these niggas played in Cali days
Deloris Tucker, you's a motherfucker
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga, you destroy a brotha
Worst than tha othersBill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand tha way tha game is told
You're lame, so I gotta hit you with tha high facts, won't someone listen?
Makin' millions Niggas top that, they wanna censor meThey'd rather see me in a cell, livin' in hell
Only a few of us'll live to tell

Now everybody talkin' about us I could give a fuck
I'd be tha first ones to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want itHow do you want it? How does it feel?
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Livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realHow do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in tha cash game
Livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realRaised as a youth, tell the truth
I got tha scoop on how to get a bulletproof
'Cause I jump on tha roof before I was a teenager
Mobile phone, skypager, game rules, I'm livin' majorMy adversaries is lookin' worried they paranoid of gettin'
buried
One of us gonna see tha cemetery
My only hope is survive, if I wish to stay alive
Gettin' high, see tha demons in my eyes before I dieI wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all these taxes for me crossed up
With people tryin' to sue me, media is in my business
And they actin' like they know meBut I'ma mash out and peel out, I'm murder quick
That's with the whip n' fuckin' steel out
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it
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I'm livin' in tha fast lane, I'm for realHow do you want it? How does it feel?
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