

How Do You Want It

2Pac

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real
Love the way you activate your hips
and push your ass out
Got a nigga wantin' it so bad I'm bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club,
oh shit you got me fiendin' body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It'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 hoe need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin' hoochies 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 you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it (Tell me how you want it!)How do you want it?
How does it feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game I'm livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real
Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic 'cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster,
I'm up inside ya I ain't quittin' til the show is over,
'Cause I'ma rider in and out just like a robbery,
I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me,
Get her rockin' these
Nights full of Alize, a livin' legend
You ain't heard about these niggas play these Cali days
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker

Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others, Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin' millions, niggas top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
Livin' in hell, only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin' bout us I could give a fuck I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want itHow do you want it? How does it feel?
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How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game livin' in the fast lane, I'm for realRaised as a youth, tell the truth I got
the scoop on how to get a bulletproof,
because I jumped from the roof before I was a teenager,
mobile phone, SkyPager game rules, I'm livin' major, my adversaries
Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried
One of us gon' see the cemetery
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all, these taxes
Got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that 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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