

## 2 Pac

### "How Do U Wanted"

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chorus 2x)

how do you want it  
how did you feel  
coming up as a nigger in tha cash game  
I'm livin' in the fast lane  
i'm for real

love tha way you agrivate your hips and push your ass  
out  
got a nigga wantin' it so bad i'm about to past out  
wanna dig you and i can even lie about it  
baby just to aleviate your clothes  
time to fly up out it  
catch you at a club  
oh shit you got me fiendin' body talkin to me  
but i can't comprehend the meaning  
now if you wanna roll with me  
and here's ya chance doin' 80 on the freeway  
wait police catch me if they can  
forgive me i'm a rida'  
still i'm just a simple man  
all i want is money fuck the fame i'm a simple man  
Mr.International, player with the passport  
just like a letter bitch, get you anything you ask for it  
it's either him or me  
champagne, henessy, a favorite of my homies  
when we floss on our enemies  
witness as we creep to a low speed  
peep what hoe need, puff some more weed  
funk, ya don't need  
approachin hoochies with a passion  
but a long day, but i've been drivin' 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

(repeat chorus 2x)

tell me is it cool to fuck?  
did you think i come yo talk am i a fool or what?

positions on the floor it's like erotic  
ironic, cause i'm some what psychotic  
i'm hitten' switches on bitches  
like i got been fixed with hydralics  
up and down like a roller coaster  
come up beside ya  
i an't quittin' till tha show is over  
cause i'm a rida, in and out just like robbery  
i'll probably be freak and let you get on top of me  
get her rockin' these, nights full of aliza, a livin' legend  
you an't heard about these niggas palyed in cali days  
Deloris Tucker he's a muthafucker  
instead of tryin' to help a nigga, you destroy your  
brothas  
worst then the others Bill Clinton Mr. Bob Dole  
you too old to understand the games told  
you lame so, i gotta hit you with the hot facts  
won't someone listen?  
makin' millions nigga top that  
they wanna censor me they rather see me in a cell  
livin' in hell, with only a few of us to live to tell  
now everybody's talkin' bout us I could give a fuck  
i'd be the first one to bomb and cuss  
nigga tell me how you want it

(repeat chorus 2x)

raised as a youth  
tell truth i got a scoop to get a bullet proof  
cause i'm so from the roof before i was a teenager  
mobile phone, sky pager game rules, i'm livin' major  
my advesaries, is lookin' worried  
they paranoid of gettin' buried  
one of us is gonna see the cemetary  
my only hope for survive, if i wish to stay alive  
see the demons in my eyes before i die  
i wanna live my life and ball  
make a couple millions  
and then i'm chillin' fade them all  
these taxes got me crossed wit people tryin' the sue  
me  
media is in my buisness  
and they acting like they know me  
but i'm a mash out and peel out  
i'm murder quick that's what the whippin' fucken still  
out  
yeah nigga, it's some new shit  
so better get up on it  
when you see me tell a nigga how you want it  
how do you want it?

( repeat chorus 2x

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