

Mr. Porter & Swifty McVay

"Whatever You Want"

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[Intro: Eminem]

Haha, Swifty McVay!

Mr. Porter, the Kon Artis (ha!)

I told you we wasn't leavin, c'mon!

[Swifty McVay]

I come from a jungle, with a trunk load of punk hoes
(nigga)

Muzzle this animal, fuck with mechanical

Gun totin hazardous cutthroat, canteloupe can split it

And the Pope couldn't prevent me from shittin on
niggaz

Fitted caps get blew back like bad wind, imagine
backspinnin

into a casket, it happens when bastards try to act
masculine (hoe)

A hell raiser, I smack the skin off your man's face
so fast it'll leave acne on my hand when it land (hah!)

Placed in a class where professors came to school with
Smith 'n Wessons

just to teach us a lesson, had that ass hangin up with
the flag (yeah)

Parental discretion, I'll send you a video
with me naked havin a session on my urinal (RESPECT
IT! HAH!)

When you kill in the nighttime and claimin yo'
innocence

I'll be waitin ready to A.K. you and yo' egg Bene-dick
{AHH!}

Usin yo' balls to play tennis with (hah)

You'll be in some shit like flies and fuck the witnesses

[Chorus 2X: Swifty McVay]

(MOTHERFUCK!) Niggaz that doubt and thought we
wasn't killin shit

(WHAT!) Whatever you want, we providin it diligently

(PUMP!) Double barrel wherever we go willingly

(DUMPIN!) On opposition in the streets or industry

[Kon Artis a.k.a. Mr. Porter]

You was born I was hatched, but you came out

deformed
I have nuts of a horse, and you ain't got no balls
Come runnin with tec-9's whenever niggaz would call
Bang-bang-bang, bang-bang, shoot up classway halls
I don't give a FUCK, who you call to come
You came with thirty niggaz, I only came with one
That just goes to show you how much scrap a nigga got
in me
You gone off Henny, that liquid courage drivin you into
these
situations you in, don't get that "Purple Pills" shit
confused
with us bein cool up here singin "My Band"
I'm sure you see these little kids cryin over me man
They'll do anything for a fuckin autograph
So say that shit loud enough out of the fuckin crowd
and
I'll show you the meanin of die-hard fans
Saddam Hussein who sews, who radical act
A mechanical bomb attached to my pelvis
That's what I mean by get, back; I mean get, back
Or find your head detached from that Mitchell & Ness
So find your spinal cord, uh-uh-oh I digress
I guess I'm just too fresh, to finish that line
Denaun's ain't next

[Chorus]

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