

Dj Clue "Whatever You Want"

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Fears real fears
The universal Flipmode Squad
Known to every existing life form as the Imperial 6
Has formed an alliance with the official Cluemannatti
Whatever you want, we do whatever you want

Yo it's time to make these moves, me and my Flipmode crew
Baby sham spit the hot shit just for you
Make you get off your seat so you can cop the clue
Q.B.C. and killer kids never obey these rules

That's why we roll deep and always carry the two
Smack a nigga face, fuck up his mood, excuse you
When we perform, bitches stand still like statues
Borrow this game, so y'all can proceed to move

Uh-uh the ruggedest thing as far as chics go
Watch nigga grow away faster than a pit bull
I tell them all they ain't got nothing for 'em
Platinum album with no singing in the chorus

You get ate like you was peanut butter and swarma
Go tell your peoples I got a shitty karma Brick City
Home of the crush MC's and my shit be the joint
Like I was Black Eyed Peas

Wiggle how you want, shake it how you want
When you get a lot of money, spend it how you want
We always got the new, always coming through
Buck wild, do whatever that y'all wanna do

Wiggle how you want, shake it how you want
When we get a lot of money, spend it how we want
We always got the new, always coming through
With my nigga Clue, rapping with my Flipmode crew

Ramp, I'm still jig, I'm in the party taking a swig
I'm rich, yo I gotta think big
Holding down the bar, me and Busta Bus, Lord Have
and Spliff Star
Driving foreign cars

Open club speed, Sham and Rah Digga had the weed
Pass the duche that all a nigga need
Twenty to one, y'all know the whole gamble
All my life I had to scramble what

I be that thug back in the club, puffin' on Bud, chics
eyein' me
Niggaz through the street show me love
Gettin' paper now, Bill Gates is my neighbor now
Chics all flavors now, 'cause a nigga kinda famous now

This here, my year turn millionaire
If it's well, cop a beach house, kick a seashell
If I got it, I'ma flaunt it, that Brooklyn shit, I'm on it
Spliff Star, America's nightmare most wanted

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You want beef, my name Beef Steak Charles
With deeper frequency than Lou Rawls drop like
Niagara Falls
Soft like Quaker Oats whippin' in speed boats
Make y'all niggaz ba-ah-ah like a bunch of billygoats

Ba-ah-ah back to you, while you take notes
Rippin' shit down from the arena to parade floats, yo
Yo, Flipmode Squad lock your house up
Quick to talk shit, nigga we lock your mouths up

Landlord confusing you chumps doing it up off rhymes
Scarring, shooting up the club like pharmaceutical
drugs
You stupid as fuck, doing 'em up, losing your blood
It's a cold world, with beautiful sluts screwing for ones

King of the jungle, swing on a humble
Stay grippin' on bundles, scattered in pieces, chatted
with Jesus
Niggaz salute the dead and gone, the dead and gone
Flipmode and Desert Storm, Desert Storm

Yo, wiggle how you want, shake it how you want

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DJ Clue
It only gets better motherfuckers
Flipmode the Imperial, Cluemannatti
Do whatever the fuck y'all wanna do

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