

Frankie Laine**"I Want it All"**

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[LA The Darkman]

It's 9-5, I survive, Park shit is still real
You know stacks, money, drugs and the whole ordeal
Murderers that kill, Alize makes me ill
Jump in my rocket to the moon, spark an L and just chill
I got on stocks and bonds kid just because I want em
And billion dollar businesses with Darkman written on
em
Not a front but an economical stunt
I want it all, I hope I didn't put that too blunt
Sellin yay, movin on up like the Jeffersons
Cop a Lex, a Jag, Land Cruiser and a Benz
And a mafia of friends to dispose my foes
Stand over my shoulder while I head crack a C-lo
Takin care of my peeps cause I know how it be
Mad court cases and white papers, that's all we see
>From the roll of poverty but I always got mine
Flow from New York to Michigan on the mainline
Now I'm in cash field still persuin my path
Sever the mic in half to unleash my wrath
I want an abundance of girls to escape the world
Throw a party on solo, me and seventeen pearls
Puffin on mad lai nigga without a regard
I need seven acres of dungeon blowin in my backyard
Full porch through the front and bathrooms as big as
kitchens
2000 gallon aquarium to sink my sharks in
All home on a stake, my whole crew livin great
Enter the gate unannounced and you will meet your
fate
I'm with Carlito's Way, rollin with the real
Protected to infinity in a security shield

Chorus: (2x)

I want it all
Surrounded by techs and shit
I want it all
A fly mansion with crazy kids
I want it all
A million dollars and diamond jewels
I want it all

I wanna pay these fuckin fools

I got big dreams for schemes to have diamond rings
and cream
And tote nines with infrared beams
With crazy notions of makin motions
Floatin yachts on the ocean, travellin coast to coast and
My private jet, diamond studded links on my neck
A bouncer with 2 techs, a Presidential Rolex
Shined to perfection, my arms restin
On two breasts, we by the pound when it comes time
for sessions
Morgan Cannon suits, cold hard boots
Crazy loot, rollin in Acura coupes
Chromed out revolvers, pearl paint to set it off
A million dollar crib plus a loft out north
And my capers stackin papers, draped out in luxury
Big screen TVs, plush leather livin comfortably
And my own private dancers to keep my dick up
Two big niggas for my pick ups, ready to do my stick
ups
Two rottweilers named Cents and Dollar
4 carat diamond tennis bracelets draped around their
necks for collars
My girl's got a cute 45 Infinity whip
With little windows to remedy my sound from all my
enemies
It's ten to me, deadly killers up in the Bronx
PJs and killer waves, ain't a damn thing changed
I gotta snatch mine, get it before the whole world ends
Either it's Jesus to drink or to the fat Cuban link
Slingin stones on the medallion, I'll escape the island
Don't give a fuck about you, I'm from this island of
Shaolin
Which way do you want it, I need condos and hoes
Set of vests, gortex, some black Timbos
850bm, a lighting system that's dim
Young deniro damager sittin above the rim
LA The Dark, my hustlin goal's to live great
Cause I'm a New York nigga catchin money out of state

Chorus (2x)

Knowl'msayin, LA The Dark baby
M-A-D A-V-E
Wu-Tang, knowl'msayin
Peace to my man Tyrik Jones, knowl'msayin
For puttin a nigga on strong
Doin right not wrong, cause I'm down to get it on
Knowl'msayin

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