

**C****"All I Ever Wanted"**

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Featuring Lunasicc, 151]

Chorus: C-Bo

All I ever wanted was a pair of Nikes

A Lexus, a mansion and eternal life

Maybe what it was, I was askin for too much

Prayin to God, thinkin 'did he give a fuck?'

Twelve years old, I was always told

Every day I want it, that glitter ain't gold

But fuck that shit, I want a twelve inch dick

A Coupe, a chrome, and a money makin bitch

Verse 1: C-Bo

A 'Lac, front, back, man, I wish I had it

In a brim, Rolex down wit a automatic

I be the shit, pimpin hoes from Cali to Louisville

Strip em for money in Magic City and the A-T-L

Cos see these bitches ain't shit but investments

And they ain't worth shit unless they makin profit

I need a money-makin bitch to satisfy my needs

Some pussy, dough, diamonds and G's

So when I swoop in my coupe, out to get my loot

Collect it from hookers more famous than Betty Boo

It be that, legalised pimpin that's keepin me above the water

Fuck a bitch, get rich and live the life of a baller

Cos a broke bitch ain't nuttin but a downfall

Unless she cement her money and her mind, y'all

And wit straight-laced game is how ya take control

I been practisin the shit since twelve years old

Chorus

Verse 2: Lunasicc

One foot in the grave and eleven inches insane

Psychotic nigga named Lunasicc, squattin out them gold thangs

Slappin these bitches, y'all can't be laggin on the payroll

Let's get your ass right back to the track before your face get steezo

I'm cold like the winter, get up in your flesh like a splinter

I dash with the cash then mash on the gas, prepare a hog for dinner

Creepin when I'm sleepin, my bitch ya want coasted

by the window, wit an AK ready for niggas wit their gunplay

Cap peelers, drug dealers, I thought you knew

that if you fuck wit one of my niggas then you're fuckin wit the crew

We roll deep like sheep, always strapped wit some heat

Original gangsta, fuck a prankster, ride my nuts like a beat, huh

I'm bout it, bout it, but niggas like you, I doubt it, doubt

it

I come thru, drinkin blue lookin bout it, bout it

Ready for the gunplay, move the crowd like we the O-Jays

Blastin like I'm crazy out the Colt wit my .3-80, Mafioso

Chorus

Verse 3: 151

Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe to Reno

Bitches on the highest floors of the casinos

Butt naked, checkin money by the G stack

As I pose at the crap tables, sippin on yak

I'm just a baller, wit a grip of money-makin hoes

Might catch em fo'-deep in a C-Ville on triple golds

Wit cell phones and pagers as if it's on a grind

So to keep em an X-rated pussy is a goldmine

I'm on a major mission to increase my stacks to the highest climax

I'm wrapped up in my safe and G-pacts

Crackin like green weed sacks, for slangin, for danglin

youngstas wit their pants hangin, gangbangin, .45 stangin

Ain't no tamin, aimin, accurate, we hit em off and slid em off

They get off in the Valley, immaculately, sippin rally's

Winners are stackin chips up like alleys

From Seattle to Cali, the North of Valley, nigga

Chorus

Bitch

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