

Joe Dolce**"All I Wanna Do"**

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[Intro]

What wh-wh-what what what, nigga {7X}

Yo.. c'mon with it nigga

This for my nigga right here, strictly for my niggaz

What, turn it up, turn the.. turn the level up

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

All we wanna do is make money

That's all that we wanna do

Long as y'all niggaz don't fuck with us

then my crew don't fuck with you (feel me, nigga
bounce)

All we wanna do is make money

That's all that we wanna do

Y'all niggaz, if you think about fuckin with us

then my crew gon' fuck with you

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yo, yo, yo.. how many niggaz wanna be

on the receivin end of a bullet; thugs, keepin it real

Stay heated with steel, I can see dude that you killed

And watch me flee to Brazil

You don't wanna make nothin of this

Naw, I ain't nothin to this, ain't nothin to spit

Fuckin with me gets you nothin but hit

Openin up clutchin the fifth, somethin just niggaz must
admit

5'9" nigga with game, knowin all enemy names

Sendin ten at the same shots through ten in your Range

into your brain, hearing at the end of your reign

Uhh, ain't shit sweet

All y'all niggaz gon' know when I finish

that I can get when I put my mind to it

And all y'all niggaz gon' know when I finish

that I can get when I put my nine to it

I'm here to get the goods in mass amounts

Give it back to the hood, pass it out

Get a brand new house, cash it out

Got a problem with it nigga? We can blast it out

You hate this, runnin through holes like shoelaces

Here to make a statement

Even if it means puttin you under the pavement
Drop while I'm foamin at the mouth for dough, money I
taste it
Everybody gotta have a heart as core
And it seems that it's always yours
But it never drip-drops in a storm
When it rains it'll always pour (what?)
Y'all niggaz know the deally wit me
All y'all niggaz sound silly to me
And I gotta believe, if you ain't feelin me
That you gotta be harder to please to feel it to me
Feel this, nigga bounce

[Chorus] - 2X w/ ad libs

[Royce Da 5'9"]

What, what? We tryna take over the world
Any nigga with ears that can hear or comprehend
Ain't one nigga livin I'm scared of
All my niggaz'll be jumpin in
And for any nigga thinkin that he out of his shit
Snatched out of his whip
Fed to the dogs, get an ultimatum or pick
As to what he wanna get hit by - the rott or the pitt
Up in the 'burbs, chillin with nothin but birds
We cash checks on the third
And when I say that I'm out for the green
You know a nigga mean every aspect of the word
(Yeah) Walk the street
It's a nigga that stalk you, chatterin your teeth
Runnin your mouth until I pull out with the heat
Tellin you that talk is cheap
And it'll cost you true King of the king
Nigga with more beef than a war chief you can't defeat
nor beat
Smile at the sight of a thug, then I go right for the
blood
This nigga thought he was cold so I hit him with more
heat
(Blaow!) Niggaz don't even deserve to breathe
How the fuck is you servin me?
I'm the nigga with the pump ready to dump all nine
shots
until your body turn burgundy - want war nigga?
You don't wanna fuck with this, what's all of this
You might as well un-ball your fist
You think the real niggaz fight with fists?
Let me be the first to tell you that it's all a myth
I ain't playin with y'all niggaz, it ain't a game
Real niggaz recognize the real
So when I aim, I aim to hit

And I came to spit shit you feel
Feel this (feel me)

[Chorus] - 2X w/ ad libs

[Outro]

What wh-wh-what what what, nigga {15X}

What, nigga, what, nigga

What wh-wh-what what what, nigga!

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