

Mc Eiht "Anything U Want"

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(intro)

Geah

Check it out

C'mon, c'mon, hey

C'mon, uh

I said c'mon, hey

(half ounce in the house)

We're smooth on the west side

(check it out)

Nigga hoes back in the house

(check it out)

(verse 1)

Who's got paper?

But I shoot boxes

Plenty of cash to straight floss from the gate

You ain't seem grabs this green

Plenty of cream kingpins unsolved the scheme

I got my eyes on you

Geah, you want to ? ? ? down from here to shoot

Got a crew

But you stand out

Miss thing wish I have x-rated vision to peep the g-strings

You know what I mean

Keeps the shit real live

Benz 'round town in a 3-25

Cheques in your coat and float to the arena

? ? ? taps me on the shoulder, tony have you seen her?

Let my gators through the snappin'

Crystal sippin', drops along, geah baby what's happenin'?

Hear me, see me

I could, uh, be your geenie, any wish comes true

Be my boo

(chorus)

Anything you want, anything you need

Anything you want, anything you need

Mr. tony will deliver til your ? ? ?

Diamonds to chronic bud, oh yes indeed

Anything you want, anything you need

Anything you want, anything you need
We's be's the pimps

(verse 2)

Independently hustlin' while you work in your stuff
Keep your condo pay so you work at mc gruff
9 to 5 paper chasing, geah, I can dig it
With your 15 hundred dollar brims and your fixed up ?
? ?
No trips to the clinic
But it straight trips to the club
With your head hooked up, short skirts straight throwin'
up love
Mr tony know the game ain't playin' nice and soft
G's around ya in a circle talkin' about take that shit off
Damn niggas, swingin' on a players boss
Peeps tha coup, hits me up with a fucked phone call
I be's the black desperado
Five carats with the golden ? ?
Gang of parrots, me and you
King and queen of the hill
Means the fat links, captain inch nail
Get down like you live and that's no joke
Gang of ? ? ? ? to poke with the endo smoke

(chorus)

(verse 3)

Times is hard
And I can see you're a lil' rebellious
Now your homegirl kicks the rumours
In a way too jealous
Just can't stand to see ya
With a nigga with grip
They swallowin' too much dick tryin' to give you some
lip
Not trip
It's too much gossip on the phone
Need to tell 'em ho's to find some dick on they own
What's wrong?
Same old song gettin' a boo
Drops your back on the block with no more packs to loot
Snatch back the dollar to diamonds
Necklace sales
Versace ? ? to armani dressers
No more sippin' crystal anymo'
Drop a c-5 hun' with the phone
Leave me alone
Cause that's the problems nowadays
These greedy-ass ho's workin' these ways
Tony's no phony, got g's on next

? ? ? spend my cheques

(outro)

Geah

(late nite hype)

C'mon c'mon hey

C'mon c'mon hey

(late nite hype)

(check it out)

We's be's the pimps

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