

# Tupac

## "How Do U Want It - (feat. KC/JoJo)"

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How do you want it  
How do you feel  
Comin' up as a in tha cash game  
Livin' in tha fast lane  
I'm for real

(Tupac)  
Love tha way you agrivate your hips  
And push your Out  
Gotta wantin'  
It's so bad  
I'm about to pass out  
Wanna dig you  
And I can't even lie about it  
Baby just eleviate your cloths  
Time to fly up out it  
Catch you at a club  
Oh shit, you got me fiendin'  
Body talken to me  
But I can't comprehend the meaning  
Now if ya wanna roll with me  
Then here's ya chance  
Doin 80 on tha freeway  
Wait police, catch me if they can  
Forgive me I'm a ridah  
Still I'm just a simple man  
All I want is money  
tha fame  
I'm a simple man  
Mr. International  
Playa with tha passport  
Just like a ladder  
Get you anything you ask for  
It's either him or me  
Champagne, Hennessy  
A favorite of my homies  
When we floss on our enemies  
Witness as we creep to a low speed  
Peep what a need  
Puff some more  
Funk, ya don't need  
Approachin' hochies with a passion

Been a long day  
But I've been drivin' by attraction  
In a strong way  
Your body is bangin'  
Baby I love it when ya flaunt it  
Time to give it to daddy now tell me how you want it...

[KC and JoJo] 2x

How do you want it  
How does it feel  
Comin' up as a in tha cash game  
Livin' in tha fast lane  
I'm for real

(Tupac)  
Tell me is it cool to?  
You think I come to talk  
Am I a fool or what?  
Positions on tha floor  
It's like erotic  
Ironic  
Cause I'm somewhat psychotic  
I'm hitten' switches on like I been fixed with hydraulics  
Up and down like a roller coaster  
Come up beside ya  
I ain't quitin' till tha show is over  
Cause I'm a ridah  
In and out just like a robbery  
I'll probably be a freak  
And let you get ontop of me  
Get her rockin' these  
Nights full of Alazhay  
A livin' legend  
You ain't heard about these played in cali days  
Deloris Tucker  
You's a  
Instead of tryin' to help a  
You destroy a brotha  
Worst than tha others  
Bill Clinton  
Mr. Bob Dole  
You too old to understand tha way tha game is told  
Your lame  
So I gotta hit you with tha high facts  
Won't someone listen?  
Makin' millions  
Top that  
They wanna censor me  
They ratha see me in a cell  
Livin' in hell

With only a few of us to live to tell  
Now everybody talken about us  
I could give a I'd be tha first one to bomb and cuss  
Nigga tell me how you want it...  
[KC and JoJo] 2X  
How do you want it  
How do you feel  
Comin' up as a in tha cash game  
I'm livin' in tha fast lane  
I'm for real

(Tupac)  
Raised as a youth  
Tell truth  
I got tha scoop on how to get a bulletproof  
Cause I jump on tha roof  
Before I was a teenager  
Mobile phone  
Skypager  
Game rules  
I'm livin' major  
My advasaries  
Is lookin' worried  
They paranoid of getten' buried  
One of us gonna see tha cemetary  
My only hope is survive  
If I wish to stay alive  
Getten' high  
See tha demons in my eyes  
Before I die  
I wanna live my life and ball  
Make a couple million  
And then I'm chillin'  
Fade'm all  
These taxis for me crossed up  
With people tryin' ta sue me  
Media is in my business  
And they actin' like they know me  
But I'ma mash out  
Peel out  
I'm murder quick  
That's with the whip'n steel out  
Yeah , it's some new so better get up on it  
When ya see me  
Tell a how ya want it  
How do you want it?

[KC and JoJo] 8x

How do you want it  
How does it feel

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