

**U2****"How Do U Want It"**

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How Do U Want It  
2Pac/KC, JoJo  
Album: All Eyez On Me

WARNING: These lyrics contain language that might be offensive.

[KC and JoJo of Jodeci] 2X

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

(Tupac)

Love tha way you agrivate your hips and push your ass  
out  
Gotta nigga 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 shit 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, f-- tha fame

I'm a simple man, Mr. International  
Playa with tha passport, just like a ladder bitch  
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 ho need, puff some more weed  
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 nigga  
Now tell me how you want it...  
(repeat 1)

(Tupac)

Tell me is it cool to f---?  
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 bitches  
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 on top of me, get her rockin' these  
nights full of Alazhay  
a livin' legend  
you ain't heard about these niggas played in cali days  
Deloris Tucker, you's a muthaf--  
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga  
You destroy a brotha, worst than tha others  
Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole  
You too old to understand tha way tha game is told  
You're lame  
So I gotta hit you with tha high facts  
Won't someone listen? Makin' millions  
Niggas 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 f---  
I'd be tha first one to bomb and cuss  
Nigga tell me how you want it...  
(rpt 1, 1)

(Tupac)

I was raised as a youth to 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 taxes 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 fucken steel out  
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit  
So better get up on it  
When ya see me  
Tell a nigga how ya want it How do you want it ? (rpt 1,  
1...) Source: Kirill " ~c1272122/A BR

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