

Ruff Ryders

"What They Want"

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EVE:

Ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh
What y'all niggas want huh?
ugh ugh ugh

Lubia huh? Papi screamin out of they mouth
Bomb shell just a second
Mami wanna speak out
What I need in my life
Make ya body freak out
Baby seem like the type
Married niggaz sneak out
Like I'm ballin y'all
Yes I be appallin ya'll
Boss type hold it down
Wantin all of y'all
Callin y'all never chasin me down
Three weeks, heartbroken
Yes you hatin me now
She speaks soft spoken
Till she datin the clown
I'm takin em down
Reel em in and makin em drown
Mistake
I said gimme that, but I'm takin it now
What I need from a nigga
Negative in his sound
Or dasity even askin me
For ass, I laugh
This bitch is fast and free
Swatin em off
When I see this niggas a flea
Plotin of cost for riches
Millionaire wannabe, uh huh

CHORUS: [nokio]

What y'all niggas want? [what we want, wha?]
Can't touch [uh]
All y'all niggaz need [what we need in our life?]
Is right here with me [uh]
Sounds y'all wanna hear [who da, who dat?]

Swizz beats [uh]
I'm the one you fear [why?]
It's my time, feel me

Popular since I started my life
Eve you know my name
Probably the dangerous type
Brick house stallion
Think you taming me right?
Not this baby val Philly streets
They raisin her right
Keep it pretty or can make it gritty be a LADY!
Need boots pocket books and a baby 380!
But prefer to keep it
Calm and cool
When I'm heated I suggest you move
Just avoid a bad situation
What you got to prove?
Leave her be
Chicken squakin hatin frequently
Manic Man is obsessed
And Stalkin me
If he
Icy enough, I'm pricin his stuff
Be nicy enough
To let him spin, I'm callin ya bluff
Puttin it down
Ruff Ryders puttin they work
Snatched up the illest viscous pittbull in a skirt
Makin em hurt
Haters steady dishin up dirt
Changin the game, settin the rules
Makin it work, uh

CHORUS

Leavin em scared
Mami takin all of this here
All of this fame I'm hungry
Hope you cats is prepared
Niggas, set me up
And Imma take it and run
Think its a game
Just check out how my format is done
Stalkin ya shine
And I do it to perfection
Made a promise everytime I touch the mic
To bless em
Used to tease me how I keep is greezy
Just to test em
Eve handcuff niggas but I don't arrest em

Shorty bang
Hear the niggaz sayin
Shout my name
Make the thugish niggas scream
Watchin me entertain
Dicks brick when I like the lips
Just keepin it plain
Fantasizin about this bitch
Got em goin insaine
Oooh's and ahhh's
5'7" thick in the thighs
Every thugs dream wife
See the love in they eyes
My time to shine
Whole package make her a dime
Want some more?
It ain't over, just keep pressin rewind, uh

CHORUS

NOKIO:
uh, 99, like 2000
Ruff Ryders
Dru Hill
Swizz beats
Eve
Comin for that ass
Uh

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