

## B-Real f/ Buckshot

### "Everything U Want"

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[Intro] Woo! Let's go Ha, ha, hoe [B-Real] It's so close, I can feel it in my hands Everything I ever wanted and then some, about to expand man I can taste it, the flavor is so sweet Stocks risin up, that's the word on the street In spite of the hype, gotta keep my head on straight Keep my shit to myself and don't give my aces away I'm so tired I can feel it in my bones but the throne is so near I can hear these, hateful clones Whispered the words they won't say out loud But you heard them praise me, under their breath some still hate me So numb man I can't feel a thing And I ain't lettin nothin get in the way of what it is we bring I'm tryin to reach out, and grab the opportunity knockin If I don't answer the door, it don't come often I'm so heated and I'm ready for whatever is needed I cheated death, my last words, at least I beat it - let's go [Chorus] Everything you want, what'chu goin for Tell 'em what'chu need so you don't need it any more How we get the dough, what we get it fo' Where you gonna be in ten years, let me know [Buckshot] I started out as an underground artist (uhh) Underestimated, under the weather in undergarments Under cars and, trucks, tryin to make a +Buck+ But I failed 'til I put +Shot+ down and stepped up Kept up, crept up, couldn't keep your breath up Can't breathe? I think you should leave, yessir Cause umm, ma'am, I am the first grand from the shotty papi got in his hand, got me? Damn Stand, focus on your funds Cause when you're broke it's no joke, it ain't no funnn If my homies can't have none, how come yeah you got a label but unstable's your outcome? Uhh, kinda shaky though (yeah) kinda make me go Mmmmmm if I was you I wouldn'ta copped that Mercedes yo You like the ladies though (huh) that's your downfall Cause too much pussy mean more pussy around y'all [Chorus] [Buckshot] Buckshot, B-Real, Black Moon, Cypress Hill Every night is real, everybody move at the sight of steel Cause we 'bout to get that dough When we get that dough, we gon' flip that so [B-Real] She's so hot, I can tell you what she wants And I can tell you it's not me it's the bread go ahead and doubt it She's about it, she can work it like a pro for

dough And she knows I'm risin up like Survivor yo With  
the +Eye of the Tiger+, settin tracks to fire But I'm so  
cold, like Avon, hits for hire Sick and tired, of these  
birds, pullin stunts for status Lookin at us like we're  
their first class trips to Paris That's so old, better try  
another method cause every second you waste is  
another moment, you fail to face it Embrace it, I feel a  
chill, so youser a pill Take no for an answer, right up in  
your grill She's so smooth, tell you what you want to  
hear when she got her hands in your pockets, until ain't  
nothin left in your wallet Yeah, she wants a baller to  
follow and holla at her A homey of high stature with the  
fortune to capture [Chorus] - 2X

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