

Amon Amarth

"How You Want It"

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Chorus

[Big Mike]

How You Want it? Whaty What
We can get down, niggaz talkin' shit now
Y'all done put y'all shit down
Peep that shit y'all spit now
Thinkin' it was done with
Pickin' all that gun shit
We gonna have some fun with
Y'all niggaz, small niggaz, hard niggaz
That gots stopped, where the fuck y'all niggaz
What's up Pac? Shots then turn to slot
I swear I see niggaz icin' up hot knock digga
We got props fa' ya

Verse 1

[Big Mike]

Now I'm more than qualified
To be slangin' records nationwide
Bitch ass niggaz talkin' bout how they down to die
And y'all ain't gotta ask no questions why
Partly to test the sky
You gotta be the best to try
Hoe ass niggaz dress too fly
To be talkin' bout lockin' heads
With a nigga that's Texas size
You fraud at, niggaz couldn't fuck with me if y'all were
50 deep
And I was fucked up on a Friday in your best disguise
East or West side can I get some
Get done, break up the pieces and does the best
decide
Hit ya with that pesticide
I keep ya man, ya milli - legacy loaded by my side
I'm killin' these wise guys from the inside
So recognize and respect one of the best of my kind
No need to be checkin' mine
I got the Lexus side to side
Especially for catchin' eyes
They think that life, a part of life
Across the river in that fisher

With the thangs from fifty-five
Nigga flip that side
Try to lift what's mind
Get laid flat foo
Cuz with the tech, I'm a nifty guy

Chorus

Verse 2

[Kastro of The Outlawz]

I'm skinny nigga
All one six five of me
Twist it up if ya wanna side with me
Forty eight tracks
Slangin' studio rap bangers
Get home, when I attack it's danger
I'm sick of sober (ohh)
Holy shit soldier
Full of if over and watch me try to take this bitch over
It's me and mine, brotha
At all times like that
Do it the real way when y'all just stuck out on wax

Verse 3

[Young Noble of The Outlawz]

Yo
Now how do you want it
Do you want it in shots?
The Outlawz still comin'
If you ready or not
These mother fuckers is sleepin'
Don't think we a threat
Already a video and platinum
And we ain't even put out an album yet
Know where the holy is
My soul is pure
Ain't no door
To walk out this game of war
I still thank the lord
My mom duke don't smoke coke no more
Thuggin' for my family, I've been an outlaw

Verse 4

[Napolean of The Outlawz]

Been through all
For stealin' on niggaz who stealin clothes out the mall
I went through all y'all
Grab my balls
Outlawz, It's war
Help me, tell me what's wrong with your draw
Nigga you're more than raw

Now get the fuck off the floor
I'mma wire your jar
In the worst way
Nigga on my birthday
Desert Eagle so pollute the ear
That's how we celebrate
I meditate in a thug way
Fight back in the subway
If worst come to worst
Fuck this, rap shit is the thug way

Verse 5

[EDI Mean of The Outlawz]

I woke up early in the mornin'
Like I'm facin' the judge
Fuck the world
Stuck on Thug Life and I ain't gonna budge
Got a heart full of pain
And a brain full of sorrow
I gots to break like two walls
For every muscle I swallow
So I was down from the get down
You nigga on his ground
Mind, controlled by crime
Facin' time completely blind
The deeper you'll find the traces of livin' this sadness
Lost souls in this midst of this madness
So how you want it

Chorus

Chorus (begins then fades out)

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