

Fiend f/ Hound

"Want it All"

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(*talking*)

Yo, sound like-sound like the beginning of the album
You know, right-right-right there when you finna bust
that bitch down
You know I'm saying, took the wrapping off that right
there
Nigga never knew it, before they called me Fiend
Come from New Orleans, Holygrove
I moved to the 3rd Ward, when I was like bout like 12
Shit was cool, I was still Uptown you know
Now look at me, uh-uh-uh-uh-uh

[Hook - 2x]

I want it all, this time this time everytime
I want it all, this time this time everytime
I want it all, this time this time everytime
I want it all, this time I want every dime

[Fiend]

I got the heart of a ghetto boy, see I know what not to
do
Let em spark, if I gotta survive mission impossibles
Bring it to your ass, ain't gon sit here and lie to you
Take clips break shit, I do what I gotta do
Your face all over the place, you see what that bottle do
This dog you hunt, and it would devour you
Me rapping nigga, work em over an hour or two
Yeah Fiend's back, and you shot me a dial or two
I waited five times, now you disrespecting my mind
Now I gotta, get that iron
I sold him that three six, he couldn't tear me up
Make the animal fuck boy, and I ain't barely up

[Hook - 2x]

[Hound]

You fuck with him, believe me we busting ten
Fucking round we'll be busting then, then you'll be
ducking and
Uh in God we trust, but we busting on men
Acting like he can't you touched, now watch me touch

up on him
Hot shots in my palm, and in my arm reach
I blow smoke through your lungs, we fuck up your harm
means
I stay wanted, these niggaz they want it
I give it to em fucking round, will have your life gon
stay haunted
I hustle up in alleyways, got talent like Caff Calloway
The streets are telling me, life gon be better that-a-way
Don't be smelling me, if I ever put my gat away
I'll blow your back away, they'll burry you on Saturday

[Hook - 2x]

[Fiend]

When you addressing me, know that I'm in some'ing
seven speed
Blowing chronic with the east of hairs, that be heavenly
You around me alone, get you a felony
I teach you how to be a player, but I ain't Bellamy
It's the one with the melody, it better be
Better thangs, and a batch of jungle love I started
writing
I hear the dope mark, you're up in Pakistan
That mean dealing, have them fiends gone silly
Yeah you not a hustler, you just got barged hoe
Don't know the fast life, till I raised the garage do'
I steal lives, so ugly a long fo'
I'm in it for islands, not condos
I'm sending these, through your spine though
And can knock an eyebrow, off of a blindfold
Yeah I'm Cristal spilling, with my wrists while chilling
Saying goons, and I'm like that I got y'all cheering

[Hook - 2x]

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