

## **Frankie Valli % The Four Seasons**

### **"How Much You Want Me"**

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Yeah  
2000 baby  
Havana style  
Miami Dade County style  
Yeah, uh  
What  
How much you want me?  
It's like this

[Havana]  
I'm a bad bitch when I grab my tits  
Threwed and dopeless, my cliques tha dopiest  
Even my drops be explosive  
Alley cats sit, they all up in my showbiz  
A hundred songs done, damn you still ain't getting noticed  
Erase tha T and add a V and notice  
Y'all stay novice, rhymes y'all say is hopeless  
Image y'all portray is bogus  
Hoes talk lip then they watching Oprah  
Smoke weed then get banged and fucked tha hell over  
Y'all hate and get banged them cats can rock sofa's  
Like Spades, I crash game, y'all be live jokers  
Certified cigar smoker, never losing focus  
Why ya man is at my show, scheming how to poke us  
Tricks get a Sly Kat, wit them tight chokers  
Lip lock hoe's he got blowed and after that he toe dust  
One single where you at? Bitch hocus-pocus  
So ya count is still tha brokest bitch, who tha dopiest  
Now tell me

Chorus: (Havana)  
How much you want me?  
(Come on, come on)  
How much you want me?  
(Let me know, yeah)  
How much you want me?  
(How much you want me?)  
How much you want me?  
(What, what, what)  
How much you want me?

(Yeah, what)  
How much you want me?  
(Like that y'all)  
How much you want me?  
(How much you want me?)  
How much you want me?  
(What)

[Havana]  
While y'all bullshit on tracks and shit  
Trying to stack a chip, here's a tip  
Leave ya label cause them cats think you wack as shit  
Tax write off, bite off the mack I'm packing wit  
Blow ya lights off, I blink off like nothing happened  
bitch  
Hidi feist macking shit, scorch you rappers wit  
Real niggas that bang and forget names soon after it  
Day calhoun activist, fuck all y'all actresses  
Sharp as cactus is, y'all dark like ??????  
Have ya baby daddy stroke long on these mattresses  
It's concealed like coke in packages, nigga what  
See y'all aim, trigger stuck  
Y'all duck, quick as fuck  
I buck, hit you up, then ya crew picked you up  
Watch how I stick 'em up, sticking all you cock boys  
Black guards wit silencers, killing all you clips noise  
Bitch niggas, no poise, quick niggas East Troy  
No shows just Burger King is where they be employed  
And tell me

Chorus:

[Havana]  
Cut y'all cats like swiss blades  
Out the pictures wit no if, mays  
Attract the eyes of many like my Fendi Swiss made  
Y'all bitches game be thrift made, not even worth  
saying  
Wrecking fools wit feed back not even worth playing  
While I'm at the game, it's trick hoes, chest eat out  
Looking g'ed out, living market spree out  
Y'all Bill Gates in 98, window style shopping  
Keep hope alive now ya third album dropping  
Used to talk shit, but now ya shits flopping  
Head high and shit had ya whole city jocking  
Even wit a rocking chair, bitch you ain't rocking  
Havana's tha shit, get the Campaign popping  
And tell me

Chorus:

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