

Icarus f/ Method Man, Stack-A-Dollar "How Do U Want It"

Visit "[How Do U Want It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Stack-A-Dollar] Ayo it's too bad, I just crashed a new Jag Too bad, get your new shoes and boots tagged You mad, ?wire your brains and dudes mass? Stack produce cash, my whole crew blast Niggas think they rich when they boost their stash Stack on Trick, now I just slap em with dick And I'm known for getting head in the back of the whip I'm either with Meth or Doc, Black or Ic Back to the script, my niggas flash massive chips While you was home watching the Facts of Life I was on your block cocking a mac and knife Trying to stack it right, gold displayed out Now its platinum or ice, you get your bragging rights When your cash is right, and if you niggas hold guns, better blast em right And if you flash your ice, better ante up nigga, or that's your life Yo, Stack, Ic & Meth flow sick to death Give it a rest, us three spit it the best Ice from the charm, fresh trees right from the farm Every night I got somebodies wife tight on my arm [Chorus: Icarus (Method Man)] Yo we can take it to the guns nigga (How do you want it?) Or we can take it to the knife nigga (Yeah, how do you want it?) Or we can take it to the hands nigga (Yeah, how do you want it?) (Not sayin that your woman don't own it like a hornet) X2 (Any way ya'll niggas want it, your paper good performance) (Got cornered, who want it?) [Method Man] You can catch Meth mashin, pass the cops, harrassin No classin, spazzin, shot on cash and Not a penny, I choose a heart away, if any It's something in me that make me want Moore than Deemi My man Icarus, S.I., can't get enough We stickin niggas up for that 'In God We Trust' Ya'll might fuck with htem, but you can't fuck with us Don't miss Tical's chamber, I'm too dangerous And it's been so long, uh huh, been so long Since I stuck my middle finger past your thong Bitch must I show & prove, I can't lose And you don't gotta look at my shoes to see I rule I do it for my niggas on run from law I do it for my bitches who boost clothes from stores Six in the morning, police at my door Got me locked up, not knowing what I'm locked up for [Chorus] [Icarus] Yo what the fuck have I done? Do you see what kind of trouble I've brung? This what happens when an M outta

the W come Gangsta menage nigga, make you love
the two guns Bust and you run, trust me, I handle them
well I look at whoever called me, cameras held My right
hand hit hard like a hammer to nail Damn I prevail,
from when I used to plan in a cell Landed in jail, Ic
back, nigga, get back Yo my name ring more than
grandfather clocks While ya'll talk to much like
barbershops Yo can ctach Ic in back of a Widebody 6
Watchin karate flicks and playin with mommy's tits I
admit none of that, I'm the son of the east I got a gun
under my fleece, balde under my teeth So when a
nigga talk shit, I make him run to police Then I jump in
the jeep, put the pump on my seat What I spend at the
bar cost more than your mink Bartender mad, niggas
at me ordering drinks I'm more than you think, the
Benz got a toilet & sink My bullets will blow at your leg
the moment you blink Tical & Ic, this is the wildest shit
We gon make mothafuckers on the Island flip Not to
mention Stack, his crime fowl is sick Three real niggas
that don't smile for shit [Chorus]

Visit [Icarus f/ Method Man, Stack-A-Dollar](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.