

Malcom & McLaren**"I Want it All"**

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[Tikki Diamond]

Restless, haha

The East Coast (y'all know where I'm comin from)

I want it all, Warren G man

(T) Tikki Diamond, (Nigga D), don't forget, haaa

Check it out y'all

Call me Tikki Diamond 2000, I'm the future

I'm the voice that'cha need to get used ta

I want it all, y'all probably know by now

I want the world, y'all probably know by now

Here's my life, look at the three in front it

Bentley, me and Warren G in front it

Bougy nigga, I call lunch "brunch"

Old school, I call punks "chumps"

What's life without the best of it?

What's a half a ki if you ain't got the rest of it? Feel me

It's just the ways of the pros, the nay's and the no's

If y'all wanna see me, wear shades at my shows

You get G's like a fool, Killa Bees like the Wu

I ain't satisfied til I squeeze somethin new

I want it with no miles, brand new smell

Put my life on wax, you'll be like "Damn it do sell"

[Warren G]

Well aah, I want it all, I'm destined to ball (ball)

With plaques on the wall (wall), got somethin for all

y'all

>From ounces to quarters, and quarters to ki's

So when you come to the town you're watched over by

Gz

The head honcho, buckin fools like a bronco

C-E-O, shootin cilo, ten be-low

A true vet on the worldwide set

Y'all don't know about them M-16's with bayonettes

Chorus: Warren G

I want it all, money, fast cars, diamond rings

Gold chains and champagne, shot every damn thing

I want it all, houses, expenses

My own business, a truck, hmm, and a couple of Benz's

I want it all, brand new socks and drawers
And I'm ballin everytime I stop and talk to y'all
I want it all, all, all, all
I want it all, all, all, all, all

[Memphis Bleek]

Yeah

Yo, niggas eyeball my ho cos I'm sunk in the seat
Gettin bent, but shit I deserve to eat
I hit the blunt for my bad broads
Hit a shot from the 4's for my dead dogs, pull off
like, fuck the world, I don't owe y'all nuttin
If I do, take it in blood, the Memph don't front
I pump, for the goods, nice house in the woods
But I'm from the projects, it don't look that good
I gotta pissy elevator (and) a dog staircase (and)
tre-8 and crack, wan' fuck with that?
I got beef with the D's for the way I rock my jeans
Stand on the corner with blunts and Coronas
Couple of birds, and I'm tryin to hustle for birds
Throwin dice on the curb, twistin up this herb
I want money the fast way, the crack stash way
Gat blast way, the last laugh way motherfucker

Chorus

[Drag-On]

Aiyo, listen up faggots, my bullets gon' do more than
nip you
It's gon' place you in sometin black where they gotta
zip you
Rain wash away the chalk, and according to who you
are
While you're snorin in the morgue, you'll get a drawing
on the wall
You can't see me so don't look, I pop off cops like moon
shook
Shells will fill you up like home cook
Forget about the book, ain't no recipe when y'all step to
me
It's only one way up and that's if y'all don't pay up
Y'all pays forth, them days is up
You're lucky if you'll be able to
walk straight enough cos I'm done with beefin
Like a bad stomach but I puts the runs in these niggas
Cos I was raised, if a nigga ass cheeks make him an
athlete
Some niggas say I'm spoiled, nigga how's that?
I ain't got no mom and no dad, I ain't know where the
fuck my house is at
All I knew is where them ounces at and what I'm countin

back
or if a knot come up short, who I got a pow for

Chorus (x2)

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