

Lirik Lagu Lagu

<http://liriklagulagu.com>

2 Pac - How Do U Wanted

chorus 2x)

how do you want it
how did you feel
coming up as a nigger in tha cash game
I'm livin' in the fast lane
i'm for real

love tha way you agrivate your hips and push your ass out
got a nigga wantin' it so bad i'm about to past out
wanna dig you and i can even lie about it
baby just to aleviate your clothes
time to fly up out it
catch you at a club
oh shit you got me fiendin' body talkin to me
but i can't comprehend the meaning
now if you wanna roll with me
and here's ya chance doin' 80 on the freeway
wait police catch me if they can
forgive me i'm a rida'
still i'm just a simple man
all i want is money fuck the fame i'm a simple man
Mr.International, player with the passport
just like a letter bitch, get you anything you ask for it
it's either him or me
champagne, henessy, a favorite of my homies
when we floss on our enemies
witness as we creep to a low speed
peep what hoe need, puff some more weed
funk, ya don't need
approachin hoochies with a passion
but a long day, but i've been drivin' by attraction
in a strong way
your body is bangin' baby i love it when you flaunt it
time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it

(repeat chorus 2x)

tell me is it cool to fuck?
did you think i come yo talk am i a fool or what?
positions on the floor it's like erotic
ironic, cause i'm some what psychotic
i'm hitten' switches on bitches
like i got been fixed with hydraulics
up and down like a roller coaster
come up beside ya
i an't quittin' till tha show is over
cause i'm a rida, in and out just like robbery

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i'll probably be freak and let you get on top of me
get her rockin' these, nights full of aliza, a livin' legend
you an't heard about these niggas palyed in cali days
Deloris Tucker he's a muthafucker
instead of tryin' to help a nigga, you destroy your brothas
worst then the others Bill Clinton Mr. Bob Dole
you too old to understand the games told
you lame so, i gotta hit you with the hot facts
won't someone listen?
makin' millions nigga top that
they wanna censor me they rather see me in a cell
livin' in hell, with only a few of us to live to tell
now everybody's talkin' bout us I could give a fuck
i'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
nigga tell me how you want it

(repeat chorus 2x)

raised as a youth
tell truth i got a scoop to get a bullet proof
cause i'm so from the roof before i was a teenager
mobile phone, sky pager game rules, i'm livin' major
my advesaries, is lookin' worried
they paranoid of gettin' buried
one of us is gonna see the cemetary
my only hope for survive, if i wish to stay alive
see the demons in my eyes before i die
i wanna live my life and ball
make a couple millions
and then i'm chillin' fade them all
these taxes got me crossed wit people tryin' the sue me
media is in my buisness
and they acting like they know me
but i'm a mash out and peel out
i'm murder quick that's what the whippin' fucken still out
yeah nigga, it's some new shit
so better get up on it
when you see me tell a nigga how you want it
how do you want it?

(repeat chorus 2x