

# How Do U Want It (feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

## 2Pac

K-Ci & JoJo]  
How do you want it?  
How does it feel?  
Comin' up, as a {nigga} in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real  
How do you want it?Yeah  
How do you feel?  
Comin' up, as a {nigga} in the cash game  
Livin' in the fast lane, I'm for real  
I love the way you  
Activate your hips and push your {ass} out  
Got a brother wantin' it so bad, I'm 'bout to pass out  
Wanna dig you  
And I can't even lie about it, baby  
Just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it  
Catch you at a club  
Your hips have got me fiendin'  
Body talkin' quick to me  
But I can't comprehend the meaning  
Now if you wanna roll with me  
Then here's your chance  
Doin' eighty on the freeway  
Catch me if you can  
Forgive me  
I'm a rider  
Still I'm just a simple man  
All I want is money plus the fame, I'm a simple man  
Mr. International  
Player with the passport  
Just like Aladdin, twitchGet you anything you ask for  
Either him or me  
The champagne, Hennessey, favorite of my  
Homies when we floss, on our enemies  
Witness as we  
Creep to a low speed, peep, what my foes need  
Make some more G's, funk  
Ya don't need  
Approachin' women with a passion, been a long day  
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong wayYour body is bangin', baby, I love the way  
you flaunt it  
Time to give it to daddy, sugar, now tell me how you want itTell me, baby  
Is it cool to touch?

Tell a man that you can trust  
I'm just a fool in lust  
Comin' to get you on the bus  
It's so ironic  
Exotic, on the verge of erotic  
I'm hittin' switches on misses like I been fixed with hydraulics  
Ma, up and down like a roller coaster  
Can I come inside ya  
I ain't stoppin' til the show is over  
Cause I'm a rider  
In and out just like a robbery  
I'll probably be a freak  
And let you get on top of me  
Get her rockin' these  
Nights full of Alize  
A livin' legend  
You ain't heard about them players livin' Cali days  
Delores Tucker, you a faith in me  
Instead of tryin' to help a brother, wanna take his G's  
Mistaken me for  
Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole  
You're too old  
To understand the way the game is told  
You're lame, so I gotta  
Hit you with the hot tracks  
Want some on lease?  
I'm makin' millions, tryin' to top that  
They wanna censor me  
They'd rather see me in a cell  
Just live in hell  
Only a few of us'll live to tell  
Heh heh  
Now everybody talkin' bout us, I ain't givin' up  
The very one that taught us all to cuss  
Come on, tell me how you want it  
I was raised as a youth  
Tell the truth, I got the scoop  
On how to get a bulletproof  
Suckers bustin' off the roof  
And when I was a teenager  
Mobile phone, SkyPager  
Game rules, I'm livin' major, my adversaries  
Is gettin' worried  
They paranoid of gettin' buried  
One of us gon' see the cemetery  
They wonder if my lifestyle's changed  
And am I through with all the pain  
Survivin' in this game  
And still the same  
Honey, just meet me at the strip club, bring a thong  
Look how they shakin' for that cash  
Once again, it's on  
I have no sympathy for those who afraid of mystery  
Come get with me, I promise passion and ecstasy  
I'm alone, can I come over  
There tonight?  
Depend on me, the one to handle it and get it right- to fade

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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