

All I Want (feat. Tyga)

Chris Brown

[Intro: Meek Mill, Chris Brown & Rick Ross]

I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more
This the biggest

Yeah, niggas be seeing me stunting, know I'm getting all these dollars
Breezy, Breezy and the boss

I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more, I want more
Uh, young Denzel

Nigga still getting these hundreds, know I got all of these (all I want, all I need)[Chorus: Chris
Brown & Rick Ross]

Damn, look what you started

We done turned my crib into an after party, I love this
And all I really wanna do, all I really wanna do, hey, woo
Is put my hands on your body, just roll up with you
All I want is you, all I want is you, let's go

All a nigga want is you, uh

Liquor got me stupid

Now, baby, tell me what you want to do, hey (all I want, all I need)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Not tryna creep for the DM

I put new feet on the BM

She lip gloss up when she see 'em

Fuck from the club 'til the PM

Want a boss, well you got it

Livin' room like a lobby

Got bitches jumpin' on couches

That's when them things start to poppin'

New edition to Bobby (woah)

No red carpet, we [?]

That Balmain dress show a nigga

That 20 million'll triple

Just took the top off the 'rari

Biggest talk at the party

Your credit cards get declined

But on your timeline, you're ballin'

All of the bartenders is strippers

Know the real hustle niggas

So in the back of the club

We throw the dubs and the 50s, we boss

[Chorus: Chris Brown]

Damn, look what you started

We done turned my crib into an after party
And all I really wanna do, all I really wanna do, hey

Is put my hands on your body, just roll up with you
All I want is you, all I want is you
All a nigga want is you
Liquor got me stupid
Now, baby, tell me what you want to do, hey (all I want, all I need)[Post-Chorus: Chris Brown]
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah[Verse 2: Meek Mill]
Hold up, hold up
She was from the Eastside, we don't want no beef side
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
Never, ever, ever made love on a G5
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
Good on top with the head like a freestyle
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
She gon' have a nigga bring sand to the beachside (woo!)
We fly, we buy, we drop the Phan', see why
The sand looks sweet, like honey in the beehive, through it back, Eli (Eli)
'Cause she said she love this D, and I say I love that bod' (I do!)
I think she in love with me 'cause that watch aboard say love o'clock
I want more, I want more, if you want more, I'm on tour
We go to Paris to go to the store
She was on paper, it wasn't a whore
We fall in love and it wasn't for sure like[Chorus: Chris Brown]
Damn, look what you started
We done turned my crib into an after party
And all I really wanna do, all I really wanna do, hey
Is put my hands on your body, just roll up with you
All I want is you, all I want is you
All a nigga want is you
Liquor got me stupid
Now, baby, tell me what you want to do, hey (all I want, all I need)[Post-Chorus: Chris Brown]
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah[Chorus: Chris Brown]
Damn, look what you started
We done turned my crib into an after party
And all I really wanna do, all I really wanna do, hey
Is put my hands on your body, just roll up with you
All I want is you, all I want is you
All a nigga want is you
Liquor got me stupid
Now, baby, tell me what you want to do, hey (all I want, all I need)[Post-Chorus: Chris Brown]
Oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah[Verse 3: Chris Brown]
Ha, it's bad bitches all over me
Pound for pound for that loud shit
And these broke hoes wanna smoke for free
100 grand, they don't understand how I do it
Gold fashion, bitches call me the sheik
Private jets, a nigga fuckin' her stupid
And flew on some bitches, that's when I'm passin' the meat
Ha, ayy, girl, look what you done started
We the reason everybody came to fuckin' party

And don't be actin' stupid 'cause that booty so retarded
If a nigga had time, then a nigga would have bought it
I'm too turnt up, I never say I'm sorry
My car go vroom, it's a devil in my 'rari
Guns in the shovel for the dearly departed
I been a motherfuckin' rebel from the minute I started, yeah[Bridge: Chris Brown & (Meek
Mill)]
I know that you fake niggas ain't real (ha, ain't real)
That's why we take your girls and make money, make money (get money)
A double cup and a whole bag of them pills (why?)
I hear them on the pole and they shake something, shake something (let's get it)[Chorus: Chris
Brown]
Damn, look what you started
We done turned my crib into an after party
And all I really wanna do, all I really wanna do, hey
Is put my hands on your body, just roll up with you
All I want is you, all I want is you
All a nigga want is you
Liquor got me stupid
Now, baby, tell me what you want to do, hey (all I want, all I need)

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