

# Warren G, I Want It All (Remix)

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Drag-On, Tikki Diamond)

[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)]