

All I Ever Wanted

C-Bo

Chorus: C-Bo

All I ever wanted was a pair of Nikes
A Lexus, a mansion and eternal life
Maybe what it was, I was askin for too much
Prayin to God, thinkin 'did he give a f**k?'
Twelve years old, I was always told
Every day I want it, that glitter ain't gold
But f**k that shit, I want a twelve inch dick
A Coupe, a chrome, and a money makin bitch

Verse 1: C-Bo

A 'Lac, front, back, man, I wish I had it
In a brim, Rolex down wit a automatic
I be the shit, pimpin hoes from Cali to Louisville
Strip em for money in Magic City and the A-T-L
Cos see these bitches ain't shit but investments
And they ain't worth shit unless they makin profit
I need a money-makin bitch to satisfy my needs
Some pussy, dough, diamonds and G's
So when I swoop in my coupe, out to get my loot
Collect it from hookers more famous than Betty Boo
It be that, legalised pimpin that's keepin me above the
water
Fuck a bitch, get rich and live the life of a baller
Cos a broke bitch ain't nuttin but a downfall
Unless she cement her money and her mind, y'all
And wit straight-laced game is how ya take control
I been practisin the shit since twelve years old

Chorus

Verse 2: Lunasicc

One foot in the grave and eleven inches insane
Psychotic nigga named Lunasicc, squattin out them gold
thangs
Slappin these bitches, y'all can't be laggin on the
payroll
Let's get your ass right back to the track before your
face get steezo
I'm cold like the winter, get up in your flesh like a
splinter
I dash with the cash then mash on the gas, prepare a
hog for dinner
Creepin when I'm sleepin, my bitch ya want coasted
by the window, wit an AK ready for niggas wit their
gunplay
Cap peelers, drug dealers, I thought you knew
that if you f**k wit one of my niggas then you're
fuckin wit the crew
We roll deep like sheep, always strapped wit some heat
Original gangsta, f**k a prankster, ride my nuts like a
beat, huh
I'm bout it, bout it, but niggas like you, I doubt it,
doubt it

I come thru, drinkin blue lookin bout it, bout it
Ready for the gunplay, move the crowd like we the O-
Jays
Blastin like I'm crazy out the Colt wit my .3-80,
Mafioso

Chorus

Verse 3: 151

Las Vegas, Lake Tahoe to Reno
Bitches on the highest floors of the casinos
Butt naked, checkin money by the G stack
As I pose at the crap tables, sippin on yak
I'm just a baller, wit a grip of money-makin hoes
Might catch em fo'-deep in a C-Ville on triple golds
Wit cell phones and pagers as if it's on a grind
So to keep em an X-rated pussy is a goldmine

I'm on a major mission to increase my stacks to the
highest climax
I'm wrapped up in my safe and G-pacts
Crackin like green weed sacks, for slangin, for danglin
youngstas wit their pants hangin, gangbangin, .45
stangin
Ain't no tamin, aimin, accurate, we hit em off and slid
em off
They get off in the Valley, immaculately, sippin
rally's
Winners are stackin chips up like alleys
From Seattle to Cali, the North of Valley, nigga

Chorus

Bitch!