

How Do U Want It

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Moderate funk ♩ = 92

Chorus:

B♭m7 **E♭7** **B♭m7** **E♭7**

(want it.) *mf* How do you want it? How does it feel? Com-in'

B♭m7 **E♭7** **B♭m7** **E♭7**

up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real.

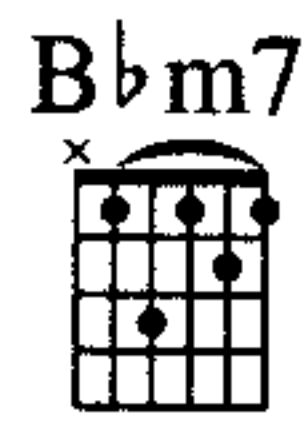
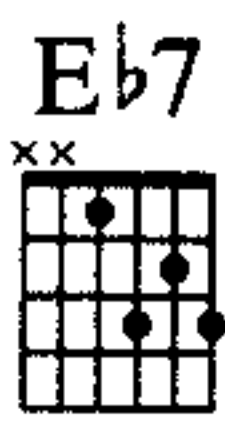
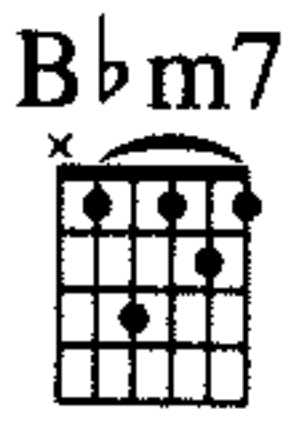
E♭7 **B♭m7** **E♭7** **B♭m7**

How do you want it? How do you feel? Com-in'

B♭m7 **E♭7** **B♭m7** **E♭7**

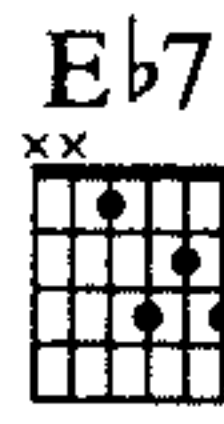
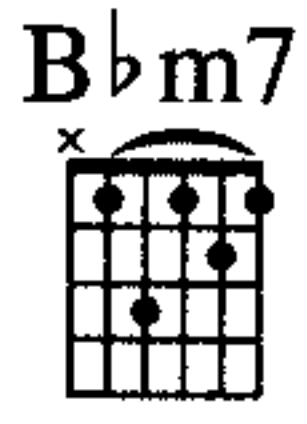
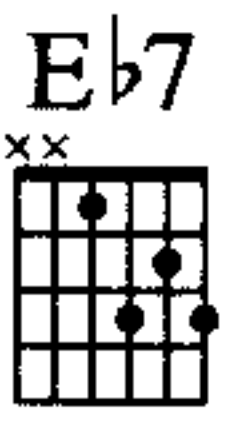
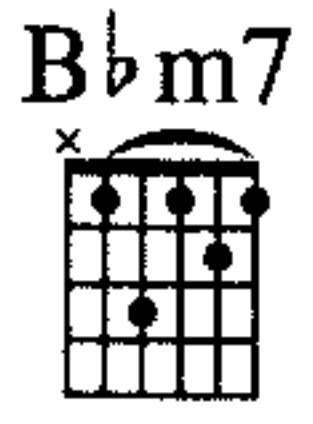
up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real. (Rap:) 1. Love the way you

Verse:



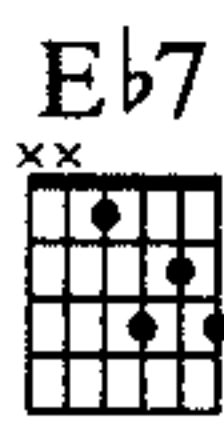
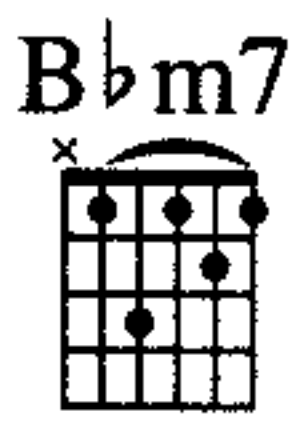
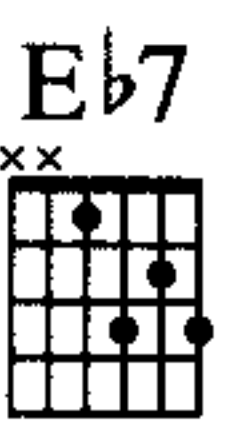
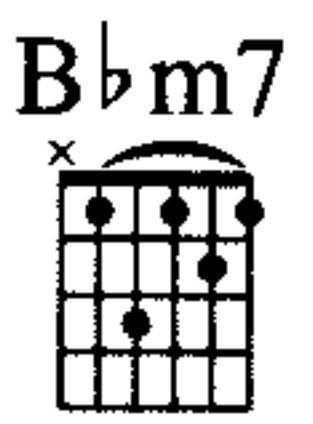
activate your hips and push your ass out. Got a nig-ga
2.3. See additional lyrics

wantin' it so bad I'm about to pass out. Wanna dig



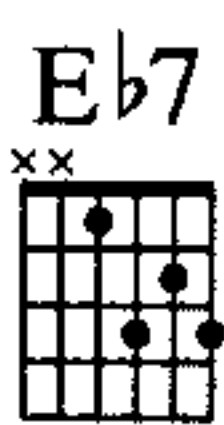
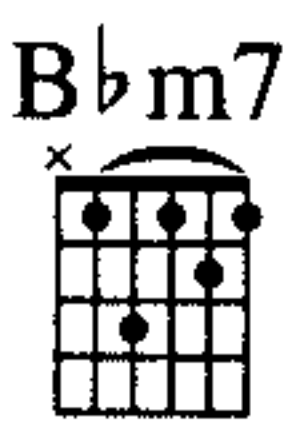
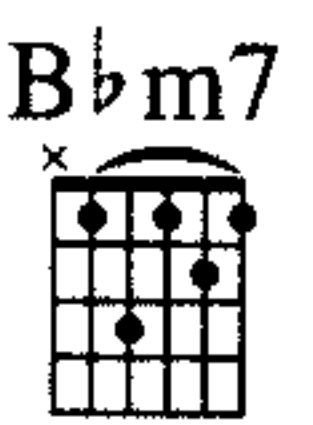
you and I can't even lie about it. Baby, just al-

leviate your clothes, time to fly about it. Catch you at a



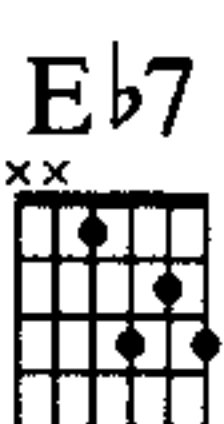
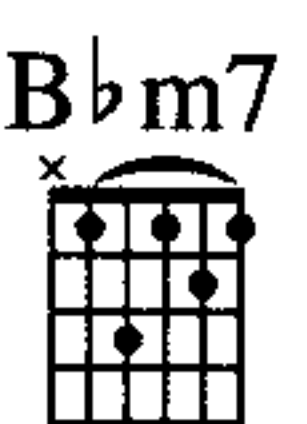
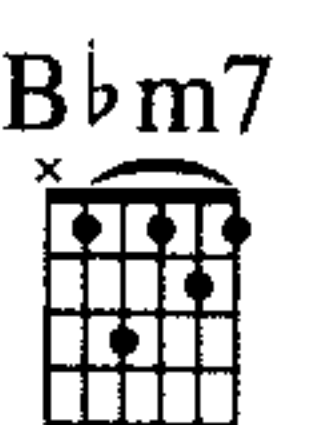
club. Oh shit, you got me fiendin'. Body talkin' shit to

me, but I can't comprehend the meaning. Now if you want to



roll with me, then here's your chance. Doin' eighty on the

freeway. Police catch me if you can. Forgive me I'm a



rider, still I'm just a simple man. All I want is

money. Fuck the fame, I'm a simple man. Mister Inter-

B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7 E♭7

national, playa with a passport. Just like A-laddin bitch, get anything you ask for. It's either him or

B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7 E♭7

me. Champagne, Hennessy, a favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies. Witness as we

B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7 E♭7

creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need. Puff some mo' weed. Funk, ya don't need.

To Coda ⊕

B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7 E♭7

Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day. But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way.

1. B♭m7 E♭7 B♭m7 N.C.

Your body is bangin', baby. I love it when you flaunt it. Time to give it to Daddy, nigga. Now tell me how you

2. Bbm7 Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7 D.C. al Coda

Now everybody 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.

⊕ Coda

Bbm7 Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7

How do you want it? How does it feel? Com-in'

Bbm7 Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7

up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real.

Bbm7 Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7

How do you want it? How do you feel? Com-in'

up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real.

Verse 2:

Tell me, is it cool to fuck?
 Did you think I come to talk, am I a fool, or what?
 Positions on the floor, it's like erotic, ironic,
 'Cause I'm somewhat psychotic.
 I'm hittin' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics.
 Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya.
 I ain't quittin' till 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 these niggaz play these Cali days.
 Delores Tucker, youse a mother fucker.
 Instead of tryin' to hep a nigga, you destroy a brother
 Worse than the others. 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 facts.
 Want some on lease? I'm makin' millions, niggaz, top that.
 They wanna censor me, they'd rather see me in a cell,
 Livin' in hell. Only a few of us will live to tell.
 Now everybody 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.
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Raised as a youth, tell the truth, I got the scoop
 On how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof
 Before I was a teenager. Mobile phone, SkyPager,
 Game rules, I'm livin' major. My adversaries
 Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried.
 One of us gon' see the cemetery.
 My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive,
 Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes before I die.
 I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million.
 And then I'm chillin', fade 'em all.
 These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me.
 Media is my business and they actin' like they know me.
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'm a mash out, peel out.
 I'm with it quick, I'se quick to whip that fuckin' steel out.
 Yeah, nigga, it's some new shit, so better get up on it.
 When ya see me, tell a nigga how you want it.
 How do you want it?
 (To Coda:)