

That's What I'm Looking For

Da Brat

Brat

Hey JD, why you be saying oh, oh

Is that like flossin' shit?

You just like walk in and so people say

"Oh shit, it's him"

Bounce to this, come on Where my rag wearing soldiers that

Love to watch the dough stack

Never leave the house without their strap

That's what I'm looking for They know just what a woman need

Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed

When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak, shit

That's what I'm looking for Where my Rolley wearing thugs who

Claim they don't love you

But any time you want something done, they do it

That's what I'm looking for The ball-all-night type

Frontin', screamin', thug life

That's the type of nigga I like

That's what I'm looking for I get high, get mine

I like a thug in my life to get by

That's why I spit shine the pussy

'Til it get tight and fine

He push me over to the other side

If he act right he could hit it from behind

We can bump and grind all night 'till we reach a climax

Make sure you leave a phat sack for Brat

Till you come back for more Six pack surrounding my belly hole, it's tight

You ain't gotta tell me so

So Def is the way that I flow

Made to blow, pave the road

Unfadable, capable to save your hoe Wherever I go, stack dough

I'm looking for a nigga roll, that ain't broke

If it's time to lick of shots he don't choke

Even know how to flip cocaine and when the funds is low For the show stopper, this for the know nadas

Shit get mo' hotter, nigga holla my name

They follow me when I drivin' the range

And wait for me to finish performing backstage Never have a nigga yawning

When they keep up with the shorty

Weed pumping as strong as me

Gotta be the ball-all-night type

I like it every minute when he charmin' me
Where my rag wearing soldiers that

Love to watch the dough stack

Never leave the house without their strap

That's what I'm looking for
They know just what a woman need

Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed

When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak, shit

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That's what I'm looking for
Stretch out your arms, flip out your wrists

Let me see what to hit for

I'm fixing to know if you can afford to cop

A couple of dem thangs for your girl to rock

When we stepping in the door we killing em

Let the heads know we ain't feeling them

Or affiliated with them
I glisten and glow, 38 caliber go pop

Niggas that wanna show off, don't just stop

My soldier's not having that

I'm looking for a thug that'll kill for Brat

And make million dollar deals for Brat

And pay some of the bills for Brat

And just chill for Brat
Watch dough stack, been broke, am I goin' back? Nope

Need to know how to surround a bitch with stability

Get down, bitches, if he feel me, rich now

I can't afford to sit down, get bored if

We got hits out nigga need big clout

Don't crowd my space if we dip out

Running with some other nigga face he don't trip out
Never leave the house without weed and a glock

Even got keys to the spot to drop the PO Box

And in the drawer when he find his underwear

I keep a fresh do rag in his hair
Where my rag wearing soldiers that

Love to watch the dough stack

Never leave the house without their strap

That's what I'm looking for
They know just what a woman need

Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed

When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak, shit

That's what I'm looking for
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