Whats Your Fantasy (Robin da Hood Remix)

Ludacris

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Give it to me now, give it to me now
Give it to me now, give it to me nowYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Give it to me now, give it to me now
Give it to me nowI wanna, lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the down to the to the flow
Then I wanna, you make it so good I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasyI wanna, lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the down to the to the flow
Then I wanna, you make it so good I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasyI wanna get you in the Georgia Dome on the fifty yard line
While the Dirty Birds kick for tree
And if you like in the club we can do it
In the DJ booth or in the back of the V.I.P.
Whipped cream with cherries and strawberries on top, lick it don't stop
Keep the door locked don't knock while the boat rock
We go-bots and robots so they gotta wait til the show stop
Or how 'bout on the beach with black sand
Lick up your thigh then call me the Pac Man
Table top or just give me a lap dance
The Rock to the Park to the Point to the Flatlands
That man Ludacris (woo) in the public bathroom
Or in back of a classroom
How ever you want it lover lover gonna tap that ass soon
See I cast 'em and I past 'em get a tight grip and I grasp 'em
I flash 'em and out last 'em
And if ain't good then I trash 'em while you stash 'em
I'll let 'em free
And the tell me what they fantasy
Like up on the roof roof tell yo boyfriend not to be mad at meI wanna, lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
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Then I wanna, you make it so good I don't wanna leave
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And I wanna, move from the bed down to the down to the to the flow
Then I wanna, you make it so good I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasyI wanna get you in the bath tub
With the candle lit you give it up till they go out
Or we can do it on stage of the Ludacris concert
Cause you know I got sold out

Or red carpet dick could just roll out
Go 'head and scream you can't hold out
We can do it in the pouring rain
Running the train when it's hot or cold out
How 'bout in the library on top of books
But you can't be too loud
You wanna make a brother beg for it
Give me TLC 'cause you know I be too proud
We can do it in the white house
Trying t make them turn the lights out
Champagne with my campaign let me do the damn thing
What's my name, what's my name, what's my name a sauna, jacuzzi
In the back row at the movie
You can scratch my back and rule me
You can push me or just pull me
On hay in middle of the barn (woo) rose pedals on the silk sheets uh
Eating fresh fruits sweep yo woman right off her feetI wanna, lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
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Then I wanna, you make it so good I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasyI wanna get you in the back seat windows up
That's the way you like to fuck, clogged up fog alert
Rip the pants and rip the shirt, ruff sex make it hurt
In the garden all in the dirt
Roll around Georgia Brown that's the way I like it twerk
Legs jerk, overworked, underpaid but don't be afraid
In the sun or up in the shade
On the top of my escalade
Maybe your girl and my friend can trade; tag team, off the ropes!
On the ocean or in the boat! Factories or on hundred spokes!
What about up in the candy sto' that chocolate chocolate make it melt
Whips and chains, handcuffs, smack a little booty up with my belt
Scream help play my game, dracula man I'll get my fangs
Horseback and I'll get my reigns, school teacher let me get my brainsI wanna, lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
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And I wanna, move from the bed down to the down to the to the flow
Then I wanna, you make it so good I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasy

Songwriters
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