

What's On Ya Mind

Da Brat

Ay homie, ay yo, shit, wassup with you
What, I make ya horny huh
I make ya horny, huh, shit
You act like you want some nigga,.do you?Di di di, da, di di di, da di, day
I'm on the dance floor and you up on it in every way
Day to day you think of me
Can't wait to get to the club to see my faceJust to smoke and drink with me
The DJ keep spinnin' the hot records
Make the whole table go crazy the first second, third
I'm ready and able to hit the middleUnder that disco ball so I could shake a little
This shit for y'all who dance with me
Touchin' my ass and titties so frantically
Don't get carried away with it
I'll let you have a little fun if you play with it insatiablyWhen I cum I do it patiently
'Cuz if it ain't all night its a waste to me
You been chasing me for the longest time
Like Billy Joel so please tell me what's on ya mind niggaHomie, you act like you want some
Now tell me, do I, do I make ya horny, huh
All up on me having a good time
I just wanna know what's going through ya mind, mind, mindHomie, you act like you want some
Now tell me, do I, do I make ya horny, huh
All up on me having a good time
I just wanna know what's going through ya mind, mind, mindI put my hands on the back of your fade
And we danced till the crack of dawn came
To the sun raise up its on
Still got stamina to take you homeBrat the damager managed
To handle any position handed to her
You wanna fuck with the funk bandit, leave it alone
When the sweat trickle down my cleavage you can't stand itAnd you ain't even believing you dancing with Brat
And making eye contact, homie put your hands on my waist
And occasionally run your fingers through my fresh ass braids
And say to me that you feel horny'Cuz I wanna know if you want some of this
I wish you tell me so
'Cuz if I let you touch me I must want you to go
Home with me be alone with me to get some mo"Cuz we smoke, we drink, we bump and grind
And even though I'm tipsy I wanna know what's on ya mindHomie, you act like you want some
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I just wanna know what's going through ya mind, mind, mindBrat now let me rock it from a niggas perspective
No chick can neglect this, just listen when I stress this
The bitch was breathless
Big lips so thick make me wanna drop draws
Star had me rock hard shaking like a pornstarUh, huh wassup shorty
Won't you be my sweet lover friend what homie
Thug love homie Brat put you up on pink lemonade
That's why I don't attract rats with my serenadesStack off plubicades, lack when it comes to brains
More than two women, I'mma stack'em then play the game
Rack'em they love my name twenty-two
'Cuz they figure amongst themselves can I really inject tooWith my nine inch source see me climb in the nookie
Screaming everything is mine while I'm grinding the pussy
Can you picture that what's on ya mind, baby, push me
I don't mind raiding the jar just to get a cookie, uhHomie, you act like you want some
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