

# What's Your Fantasy (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 now Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Give it to me now, give it to me now  
Give it to me now I 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 fantasy I 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 fantasy I 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 me I wanna, lick you from yo' head to yo' toes  
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But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasy I 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 fantasy I 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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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 escalate  
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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But I gotta, know what-what's your fantasy

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