

# What's Your Flava

Craig David

What's your flava? Tell me what's your flava  
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I met this fly girl in the club went by the name of Pecan Deluxe  
This ice cream was high maintenance  
When I took her out, man, it cost me 20 bucks  
Met this chick named, Walnut Whip, nearly made me sick  
To the point of throwing up so I called chocolate chip  
With the sweet toffee crisp and I still cant get enough  
You're what I want, you're what I need  
I wanna taste ya, take ya home with me  
You look so good, good enough to eat  
I wonder if I can peel your wrapper  
I could be your fantasy  
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I take 'em in the middle of July  
With the drop top down in the park when it's summerin'  
These ice creams lookin' so fly  
That I just cant lie it all seems too bewilderin'  
They got these grown men, runnin' round  
Screamin' out, acting worse than children  
But who flow, better know, better stack cheddar  
Get more tongue better than this ice-cream, better than  
You're what I want, you're what I need  
I wanna taste ya, take ya home with me  
You look so good, good enough to eat  
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What's your flava? Tell me what's your flava  
C'mon, tell me what's your flava

Hey, I'm taking 'em, apple and cinnamon  
Girls, aren't feeling 'em can't stop drippin' 'em  
That's why they got me dribblin'  
Hot fudge sauce on the soles of my timberlands  
I take them caramel with a hint of vanilla  
Wit a little chocolate sprinklin'  
That make me spend my dividends  
These sweet things make me feel like a kid again  
You're what I want, you're what I need  
I wanna taste ya, take ya home with me  
You look so good, good enough to eat  
I wonder if I can peel your wrapper  
I could be your fantasy  
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