Whatcha Want

Killingbird

I got they heads turnin',
everybody's watching.
Twenty-three's glistening,
Chromed out, flossin'.
Mic on my chest,
I don't need to wear a t-shirt
Hoes lookin' at me like they trying to do some research
Hoe, you don't know me
Break me off a Kit-Kat
Titties in my lap
Baby, you can take a quick nap,
'Cause I could play with titties all day (All Day)
Yeah I could play with titties all day (All Day)
Pocket full of hydro,
hand full of drugs
Bottle in my bag
Let's have some fun
Diamond on my neck,
so you know I'm fresh.
Got a brand new car
With a brand new check.
Rims be shining,
girls be jockin',
I could fuck hoes with that,
No problem.
I'm a Crunk Kid biatch,
No doubt,
Put your motherfucking hands in the sky
and bounce
[Chorus]I'm at the club,
Post it up
Sippin' on goose,
got girls looking at me like they trying to get loose, like
Whatcha Want?
Tell me whatcha want
Whatcha Want?
Tell me whatcha want girl.
We drink straight,
Don't need no chase.

At the beach, Spring break,
Californians in my face like,
Whatcha want?
Tell me whatcha want
Whatcha want?
Tell me whatcha want girl
Tell me whatcha want girl. [x2]

You know my name,
I'm Phat J.
Lookin' real good,
so the ladies say
When I walk up in the club
And the ice be flossin',
Steel on my face,
cause paparazzi's watching.
Everybody loves me
Like Mr. T
Suck it like a lemon,
baby give it a squeeze.
The ladies scream when they hear my band,
and the haters start shit cause they know they can.
(Motherfucker)
You's a hater,
You's a hater,
Sorry, but this can't work out
In your favor
And my behavior is always wild
People love me 'cause
I got the cue white boy style.
Don't be jealous
Clothes highly developed.
And you don't need to tell us,
we already know.
We got the gangsta flow.
And you know we rock this
B-C-1-3 Motherfucker,
can't stop this.
[Chorus]I'm at the club,
Post it up
Sippin' on goose,
got girls looking at me like they trying to get loose, like
Whatcha Want?
Tell me whatcha want
Whatcha Want?

Tell me whatcha want girl.
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