That's What I'm Looking For

Da Brat

Brat
Hey JD, why you be saying oh, oh
Is that like flossin' shit?
You just like walk in and so people say
"Oh shit, it's him"
Bounce to this, come on
Where my rag wearing soldiers that
Love to watch the dough stack
Never leave the house without their strap
That's what I'm looking for
They know just what a woman need
Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed
When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak, shit
That's what I'm looking for
Where my Rolley wearing thugs who
Claim they don't love you
But any time you want something done, they do it
That's what I'm looking for
The ball-all-night type
Frontin', screamin', thug life
That's the type of nigga I like
That's what I'm looking for
I get high, get mine
I like a thug in my life to get by
That's why I spit shine the pussy
'Til it get tight and fine
He push me over to the other side
If he act right he could hit it from behind
We can bump and grind all night 'till we reach a climax
Make sure you leave a phat sack for Brat
Till you come back for more
Six pack surrounding my belly hole, it's tight
You ain't gotta tell me so
So Def is the way that I flow
Made to blow, pave the road
Unfadable, capable to save your hoe
Wherever I go, stack dough
I'm looking for a nigga roll, that ain't broke
If it's time to lick of shots he don't choke

Even know how to flip cocaine and when the funds is low
For the show stopper, this for the know nadas
Shit get mo' hotter, nigga holla my name
They follow me when I drivin' the range
And wait for me to finish performing backstage
Never have a nigga yawning
When they keep up with the shorty
Weed pumping as strong as me
Gotta be the ball-all-night type
I like it every minute when he charmin' me
Where my rag wearing soldiers that
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Stretch out your arms, flip out your wrists
Let me see what to hit for
I'm fixing to know if you can afford to cop
A couple of dem thangs for your girl to rock
When we stepping in the door we killing ?em
Let the heads know we ain't feeling them
Or affiliated with them
I glisten and glow, 38 caliber go pop
Niggas that wanna show off, don't just stop
My soldier's not having that
I'm looking for a thug that'll kill for Brat
And make million dollar deals for Brat
And pay some of the bills for Brat
And just chill for Brat
Watch dough stack, been broke, am I goin' back? Nope
Need to know how to surround a bitch with stability
Get down, bitches, if he feel me, rich now
I can't afford to sit down, get bored if
We got hits out nigga need big clout

Don't crowd my space if we dip out
Running with some other nigga face he don't trip out
Never leave the house without weed and a glock
Even got keys to the spot to drop the PO Box
And in the drawer when he find his underwear
I keep a fresh do rag in his hair
Where my rag wearing soldiers that
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