

What's Your Flava (remix)

Craig David

What's your flava? Tell me, what's your flava?
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I met this black 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 twenty bucks
Met this chick named Walnut Whip
Nearly made me sick to the point of throwin' up
So I called Chocolate Chip with the sweet toffee crisp
And I still can't 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 tha drop top down in the park
When it's summerin' these ice creams lookin' so fly
That I just can't lie, it all seems too bewilderin'
They got these grown men running round
Screaming out acting worse than children
But who flow, better know, better stack cheddar
Get more tones better than this ice cream veteran

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Hey, I'm taking 'em, apple and cinnamon
Girls I'm feeling 'em can't stop licking 'em
That's why they got me dribbling
Hot fudge sauce and it's all over my Timberlands
I take them caramel with a hint of vanilla
With a little chocolate sprinkling
They make me spend my dividends
These sweet things make me feel like a kid again
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