

# What's Your Flava (remix)

Craig David

What's your flava? Tell me, what's your flava?  
What's your flava? Tell me, what's your flava?  
What's your flava? Tell me, what's your flava?  
What's your flava? Tell me, what's your flava?  
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  
What's your flava? Tell me, what's your flava?  
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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  
  
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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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  
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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