

What's Your Fantasy

Ludacris

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Give it to me now, give it to me now
Give it to me now, give it to me nowYeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Give it to me now, give it to me now
Give it to me nowI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the to the flo'
Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'
Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna get you in the Georgia Dome on the fifty yard line
While the Dirty Birds kick for tree
And if you like in the club we can do it
In the DJ booth or in the back of the V.I.P.Whipped cream with cherries and strawberries on top, lick it don't stop
Keep the door locked, don't knock while the boat rock
We go-bots and robots so they gotta wait 'til the show stop
Or how 'bout on the beach with black sandLick up your thigh then call me the Pac Man
Table top or just give me a lap dance
The Rock to the Park, to the Point, to the Flatlands
That man Ludacris, wooIn the public bathroom or in back of a classroom
However you want it lover, lover gonna tap that ass soon
See I cast 'em and I past 'em, get a tight grip and I grasp 'em
I flash 'em and out last 'emAnd if ain't good then I trash 'em
While you stash 'em, I'll let 'em free
And the tell me what they fantasy
Like up on the roof roof tell yo' boyfriend not to be mad at meI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'
Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes
And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'
Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave
But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna get you in the bath tub
With the candle lit you give it up till they go out
Or we can do it on stage of the Ludacris concert
'Cause you know I got sold outOr red carpet dick could just roll out
Go 'head and scream you can't hold out
We can do it in the pouring rain

Runnin' the train when it's hot or cold outHow 'bout in the library on top of books

But you can't be too loud

You wanna make a brother beg for it

Give me TLC 'cause you know I be too proudWe can do it in the White House

Tryna make them turn the lights out

Champaign with my campaign, let me do the damn thing

What's my name, what's my name, what's my nameA sauna, jacuzzi in the back row at the movie

You can stratch my back and rule me, you can push me or just pull me

On hay in middle of the barn, woo, rose pedals on the silk sheets uh

Eating fresh fruits sweep yo' woman right off her feetI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes

And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'

Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave

But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes

And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'

Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave

But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna get you in the back seat windows up

That's the way you like to fuck, clogged up, fog alert

Rip the pants and rip the shirt, ruff sex make it hurt

In the garden all in the dirtRoll around, Georgia Brown that's the way that I like it twerk

Legs jerk, overworked, underpaid but don't be afraid

In the sun or up in the shade on the top of my escalade

Maybe your girl and my friend can tradeTag team, off the ropes, on the ocean or in the boat

Factories or on hundred spokes

What about up in the candy sto'

That chocolate chocolate make it meltWhips and chains, handcuffs, smack a little booty up with my belt

Scream help play my game, Dracula Man, I'll get my fangs

Horseback and I'll get my reigns

School teacher let me get my brainsI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes

And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'

Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave

But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes

And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'

Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave

But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes

And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'

Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave

But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-syI wanna, li-li-li-lick you from yo' head to yo' toes

And I wanna, move from the bed down to the, down to the, to the flo'

Then I wanna, ahh ahh, you make it so good, I don't wanna leave

But I gotta, kn-kn-kn-know what-what's your fan-ta-ta-sy

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>