

What You Want

McGruff

[mcgruff]

I bag the bad chick, hair long like a cherokee

Sexy as can be, skin complexion ebony

It's ecstasy, when this girl have sex wit me

I wanna give her kid or two, fulfill my destiny

Yo, she choice, body all soft and moist

Matter front, far screamin almost lost my voice

We in the tunnel, I'm poppin more stacks my bundle

Smokin lust style, start to stumble, crew ready to rumble

Hey boo, how you do? before I pursue

I want you to excuse my wild ass crew

I'm herb mcgruff, you smokin like that herb I puff

Little cutie, hips got the curves and stuff

Here's my roman numerals, I'm a wise guy, thought you gettin into boo

Specialize in tombstones and funerals

Live the fast life, run wit dudes past trife

Push your six hundred benz on my jewels half ice[chorus: shay best]

You got what I want, you got what I need

I'm not afraid to let you know just how I will

Gruffie, you know you're all the man I'll ever need

Gonna keep it real wit you, if you keep it real wit me[mcgruff]

Yo, you hot baby, you must come from hell

I like your smell, sweet perfume from chanel

What's your name miss? you got the mother dane's pissed

All up in your grill, is if you was famous

She said her name's armani, half black, half italiano

Nails all done, sportin muskina on her body

She 5'3", straight out the nyc

Tellin me, this other cute girl's gruff, gon make you try me

Now check me, listen up, first of all, you're sexy

And not like them gold diggin chickens try to peck me

I see through them hoes, they can't get no new clothes

Askin for blue parasukos, expensive shoe stores

Just for 'cause I'm young and hold figgas

Gold diggas try to gas me, they better gas them other niggas

'cause I ain't give them a cent, picture gruff money bein spent

Payin some pigeon head rent[chorus][mcgruff]

If you wanna, when the party's over, meet me on the corner

I'm twelve from the park, who could see the chrome rims spark

Let's grab a bite, you walkin ain't no cab in sight
Don't start flaggin, whites and arabs ain't right
Hop in the 6 double 0, don't front, let's go
I'm mad tow up, you know, off the bubble and 'dro
Yo you drive, i'mma play the passenger side
Kinda tired, don't want me and no car to collide
Turn up the benji joint, on the 97.1
You want the slow jams, twist to 98.7, kiss
Take the whip out, park, let's flow through the mist
Yeah, baby, and it goes like this[chorus to fade]

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