

# Craig David, What's your flava

What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Ooh)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (What's your flava)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Ooh)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava  
I met this girl fly girl in the club  
Went by the name of Pecan, ooh, Deluxe  
This ice cream was high maintenance  
When I took her out nearly cost me 20 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 (Ah)  
You're what I need (Come on)  
I wanna taste you (Taste you)  
Take you home with me (Ah)  
You look so good  
Good enough to eat  
I wonder if I could peel your wrapper  
{I could be your fantasy}  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Ooh)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (What's your flava)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Ooh)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava  
Uh, I take 'em in the middle, let you lie  
With the 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 runnin' 'round  
Screamin' out, actin' worse than children  
Flow better know better stack cheddar  
Get more tongue, spread her than this ice cream veteran  
You're what I want (I)  
You're what I need (Know what I need)  
I wanna taste you (Taste you)  
Take you home with me (Take you home with me)  
You look so good (You look so good)  
Good enough to eat  
I wonder if I could peel your wrapper  
{I could be your fantasy}  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Ooh)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (What's your flava)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Ooh)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava  
What's your flava  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava  
Come on  
Tell me what's your flava  
Hey, I'm takin' them apple and cinnamon  
Girls, I'm feelin' them, can't stop checkin' them  
That's why they got me tricklin'

Hot fudge sauce on the sole of my Timberlands  
I take them caramel with a hint of vanilla  
With a little chocolate sprinklings  
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 want)  
You're what I need (You're what I need)  
I wanna taste you (Taste you)  
Take you home with me (Take you home with me)  
You look so good (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 (Come on)  
Tell me what's your flava (Mmm)  
What's your flava (Yeah)  
Tell me what's your flava (I wanna taste you)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (Come on)  
What's your flava (Now tell me what's your flava)  
Tell me what's your flava (On top now, girl)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (On top, girl)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (On top, girl)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava (On top, girl)  
What's your flava  
Tell me what's your flava