

Craig David, What's Your Flava (Remix)

Whats your flava
Tell me whats your flava [x4]

Girl you look to delicious bootylicious my words vary
And Fruitylicious strawberry dressed in cranberry
And I'm a penant shows how my jeans was blueberry
My truck colour flip the kings of purple to cranberry
A college cherry I heard she in love with the don
The first time I met I could tell she taste like butter pecan
If you don't think your tasty than baby go head save it
Cause Twista be messing with the flavors like Craig David
Tell em dogg

I met this fly 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 20 bucks
Met this chick named walnut whip
Nearly made me sick to the point of throwing up
So i called chocolate chip
Wit the sweet toffe crisp
And i still cant get enough
Your what i want
Your what i need
I wanna taste ya (taste ya) take ya home wit me
You look so good
Good enough to eat
I wonder if i can peel your wrapper
If i can be your fantasy
Whats your flava
Tell me whats your flava [x4]
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 cant lie
It all seems too bewildering
They got these grown men,
running round..
screaming out..
acting worse than children..
but who flow..
better know..
better stack cheddar..
get more tongue..
better than this ice-cream..
better than...
Your what i want
Your what i need
I wanna taste ya (taste ya) take ya home wit me
You look so good
Good enough to eat
I wonder if i can peel your wrapper
Be your fantasy
Whats your flava
Tell me whats your flava [x4]

Baby maybe we can all cut see who you can call up
Girl I eat you all up you's a black walnut
Now gimme the cookies n cream and some chocolate chip mint
screamin licky licky while I'm leanin on some pimp shit
Went to a baller spot ran into a butterscotch
Girl you make me wanna dance you gonna shake your butt or not

She think she kinda tough bet she taste lick rocky road
Tropical when she got in the truck ooh girl your body cold

Hey, im taking em, apple and cinnamon
Girls arent feeling em cant stop drippin' em
Thats why they got me dribbling
Hot fudge sauce on the soles of my timberlands.
I them caramel with a hint of vanilla
Wit a little chocolate sprinkling
That make me spend my dividends
These sweet things make me feel like a kid again
Your what i want
Your what i need
I wanna taste ya (taste ya) take ya home wit me
You look so good
Good enough to eat
I wonder if i can peel yopur wrapper
Be your fantasy
Whats your flava
Tell me whats your flava [x4]