Da Band, I Likeyour Style

DA BAND LYRICS

"I Like Your Style"

[Diddy]
This That Sexy Right Here
Da Band Baby
Bad Boy
To Hot For T.V.
Yea

[Chorus]

I like your style boy i really need to know do u wanna chill wit me [Babs] we can chill girl lets stop playin you need to come home wit me

[Dylan]

so whatz tha deal boy i gotta little time i really wanna piece of you [Babs] you know tha deal girl im down for whateva whateva u wanna do [Dylan]

[Verse 1 (Babs)]
Hot damn boy whatz tha plan
i gotta whole day free i done dumped my man
wassup got tha truck rimmed up last weekend
tha haze that i blow got my interior stinkin
yea so whatz tha deal boy
im tryna chill wit u i like your style
baby dont get it twisted i dont want your child
and i dont make prank calls you can press redial

[Verse 2 (Young City/Chopper)]
I guess you like my sudden draw
i stay down no matter tha cause
my attitudes like fuck them all
feel me im on my game i aint got no flaws
and so jealous so dont make me have 2 touch nobody or cut nobody
you like it when i tell you shit like that
and when im on my ass i flip right back
like dat real nigga that i am so if u need me you can call on slim fuckin right girl

[Hook (Sara)]
Baby how you doin
off the scene for a minute but right back into it
tell me can you feel it while the looks that your giving me are feeling that your feeling me
i can keep a secret boo just to be alone and get next to you
i like your style beautiful smile you kinda wild

[Chorus]

I like your style boy i really need to know do u wanna chill wit me [Babs] we can chill girl lets stop playin you need to come home wit me [Dylan]

so whatz tha deal boy i gotta little time i really wanna piece of you [Babs] you know tha deal girl im down for whateva whateva u wanna do [Dylan]

[Verse 3 (Ness)]
She pretty in pink
damn what they put in my drink
itz either im color blind or to pissy to think
straight take it slow wait for a minute
chill fall back we can date for a
minute
im written out wit an option to buy
she blow weed till her nose bleed top of tha sky
female wit an attitude as cocky as mine
when i ride she right there in tha passenger side

[Verse 4 (Fred/Miami)]

This week i made plans tha was set in advance lost tha inship to sivilla then we heading to france under tha stars sippin chrissy laid back in tha sand tellin me wayz how you act when you was back wit ya fam how your mother was smoking crack and your father was dead see thatz tha type of stuff dat get in my head and you very emotional you make a real thug wanna get close to you wit tha permission you give your lotion letz get ghost girl

[Hook (Sara)] Baby how you doin

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[Chorus]

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[Young City/Chopper] Yea Chopper City It'z Tha Band Ya Heard Me Tha Next Generation Bad Boy

[Hook (Sara)]
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[Chorus]

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[Dylan Rappin Until Fade.....]