McGruff, What You Want

(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 quy, 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 italiani

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)