

# Tony Yayo, Wanna Get To Know U

(Chorus - Joe)

I wanna get to know you  
I really wanna fuck you, baby  
One dose of your lovin  
I'm simply gon' drive you, crazy

I wanna be your lover  
I wanna get to know you, baby  
One dose of your lovin  
I'm simply gon' drive you, crazy

(Young Buck)

I'm lovin how you look in my eyes  
Swingin them hips when you pass  
I'm visualizin my name tatoood on that ass, baby  
Jump on this Harley  
Lets go smoke some of that Bob Marley  
Sip some Bacardi  
Then go pull up at the afterparty  
I think we make a perfect couple  
But you think I'm trouble  
Maybe thats the reason you gave me the wrong number  
She got me feelin like "maybe she the wrong woman"  
Think I'ma be chasin a chicken head - you on somethin  
Your toes painted hair fixed all the time  
And your Gucci boots the same color as mine  
If you read between the lines you can see that I want you  
I betcha I have you doin what you said that you won't do  
Make a decision shorty good things don't last long  
Your girlfriend keep showin me that thong  
Before I head home  
I'ma stop at your house and blow the horn  
If you come outside you know it's on  
Holla at cha boy!

(Chorus)

(Lloyd Banks)

Lately she's been frustrated with the baller  
Wonder why I don't call her  
Maybe because I'm busy and she need someone to spoil her  
It gets annoyin from time to time I gotta ignore her  
In order to let her know that we friends and nuttin' more  
She loves it when I'm in town  
Hate it when I'm not around  
I get her and wear it down  
Next door neighbors hear the sound  
Pictures hittin the ground  
It's enough to hold us down  
I'm stickin 'n' movin 'n' cruisin after the third round  
Just lay back baby and let me drive you crazy  
I can make a 40-year-old feel like a young lady  
I admit I fell in love with her frame (yeah)  
And to make her feel special I let her call me by my government name  
Her panties wet over fame  
Fell in love with my chain  
I wonder if I wasn't a entertainer would she remain  
Surroundin me houndin me tryna be my only  
I'm not your boyfriend I'm your homie (homie)

(Chorus)

(50 Cent)

(Yeah) What would fuck me up more

Watchin her lick her lips  
Or watchin her walk she hypnotize me with her hips man (yeah)  
I sweet talk her if she like  
Cause all she really want is a nigga to treat her right, right?  
Look I'm legit now I used to break laws  
Now you can reap the benefits of world tours  
Big house big Benz girl it yours  
Mink coats Italian shoes stones with no flaws  
You ain't got to look like a model for me to adore you  
All you gotta do is love me and be loyal  
Don't indulge in my past fuck what happened before you  
Cause of me some honeys gon' hate you that never saw you  
Come here, let my touch on you I'll let you touch on me  
Put my tongue on you you put your tongue on me  
Let me ride on you and you can ride on  
We can do it all the night  
We can have a balla night

(Chorus)

I wanna get to know you  
I really fuck you, baby  
One dose of your lovin'  
I'm simply gon' drive you, crazy

I wanna be your lover  
I wanna get to know you, baby  
One dose of your lovin'  
I'm simly gon' drive you, crazy

I wanna be your lover  
I really need to stand you, baby  
I wanna be your lover  
I really need to stand you, baby, baby, baby, baby