

## Echo & The Bunnymen

### "So What You Wanna Do"

Visit ["So What You Wanna Do"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Lil' Rob]

Hey what's up baby  
Yeah, they call me Lil' Rob  
Yeah, that's me  
Kicking back with my homeboy Royal T  
And my homeboy Yogi  
You know what I mean  
San Diego's finest, you know what I'm saying  
What's your name

[Lil' Rob]

Como te llamas, perdonan mis vapas  
Donde estabas en toda mi vida  
I've never seen a seÑ±orita more bonita  
My name is Lil' Rob, nice to mean ya  
Wish that I could eat ya, keep you to myself, to myself,  
to the side  
You says lets hold off things for the ride, much obliged  
You replied if you decide to see me again  
Just give me a ring, I'm sitting for a frigging weekend  
You're my freaky bona, cabrona, chichona, pinche  
nalgona  
I've got what you want, and you've got what I want  
We both like what we see, I like the way you love me  
With you soft Brown skin, Mexican, big brown eyes  
As I trip on with Mary Wells to that one guy, Miles  
Standby  
When I tell you to jump you ask how high  
Even if I expect you to fly, it's time for me to fly  
But you tell me what's so good about good-bye

[Chorus x2: Lil' Rob]

I can't stick around, ain't got time to dick around  
If you wanna get down let's get down, let's get down  
(So what you wanna do)  
I can't stick around, ain't got time to dick around  
If you wanna get down let's get down, let's get down  
(So what you wanna do)

[Royal T]

I blow hynas like golf reel, long and slow

Cuz I'm dangerous like a SEAL, when I get at a hoe  
Guaranteed to get her wet like a walk in the rain  
And after we stroke they be like "What's your name?"  
I say "Mr. Sancho, the one hitter then quitter  
The True Player baby, the puss go-getter"  
See my Lex in eighteens, you know what that means  
Another day, a few more hoes when I come up on the  
scene  
Ain't no player in the streets who play the game like me  
You tight? You might be, but like me? That's unlikely  
Better hose it down cuz I holds that crown  
And I never player hate because I hold my ground  
They call me papi from San Diego to Puerto Rico  
And everybody knows ain't no guarantee like Chico  
Five minutes of converstation and that's all she wrote  
Sipping Alize, puffing hydro smoke

[Chorus x2]

[Lil' Rob]  
Let's get down, that's right  
San Diego Clique  
Don't act like you don't know us  
Lil' Rob, Royal T, Mr. Yogi  
Ponle

[Yogi]  
Shave my head pelon for the get up and go look  
Hit the avenue, I'm putting freaks in my phonebook  
You know I just be chilling with my cousin Rancho  
You wasn't trying to deal with me before my demo  
But now you be screaming out "Papi, te quiero"  
Trying to front like you got class, but you just ghetto  
I love pretty things on the dance floor  
Glitter on your chest, g-strings, and platforms  
You know the type of babydoll that make your knees  
weak  
Sipping mixed drinks, real super freaks  
The type of broads like like to chill in Mexico  
Acting stuck up, sporting them sexy clothes  
Knew her when she was chica, mira que bonita  
Now she's with amigas, me rolling with clickas  
I'ma juela la jolita, what's up mamacita  
I be trying to maintain, just chilling in my villa

[Chorus x4]

Visit [Echo & The Bunnymen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

