

Fiorello**"What You Want"**

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[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 guy, 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 cuz I'm young and hold figgas
Gold diggas try to gas me, they better gas them other
niggas
Cuz 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]

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