

Grand Prize

"What U Want"

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F/ Tiffany Johnson

Uh...yeah, yeah
Grand Puba, uh...yeah
Grand Puba yeah

[Hook: Grand Puba]
Just feel me now, it's time to do this here
Pull the clutch and pop that ass in gear
2-K-2, well baby it's our year
No need to fear because Puba's here
So ain't no need to be curious
Listen, love this is something serious
Don't stop girl just hurt shit
Work it, work it, work it

[Grand Puba]
Me and you, one on one
Baby don't stop now, cause here I come
It's the Grand Puba baby and I think you ought to know
that
Don't forget mommie, write it down, take a Kodak
Shorties feel my flow, always wanna know my Zodiac
Pisces at one time but it changed into dollar sign
It only takes one line for me to make love to ya mind
Dose of it and get a feel free to press rewind
Know for spittin' flames, watch me drop it like some
rain
Lop side em' in this game, so you tell me who is sane
Styles so sick my engineer's a paramedic
Shorty could I what, no sugar I'm diabetic
Grand Puba garbage, not in ya wildest wishes
Decide to crack it on the corner seein' the full click

[Hook]

[Tiffany Johnson]
Miss Prissy, straight from the big titty committee
Low down and gritty, hickey'd up plus strictly dick me
Nervous, best believe that shorty work this
Pop lip service, tip of the tongue tap cervix

Cry baby, dangerous my curves get
Never fuckin' with Johnny 5 niggas with short circuits
R rated and stay heavily sedated
Half black and half native get pages from plays, uh
The pussy smile when you lick shots like fo' pounds
Got me wetter than the ocean, don't drown
Sex me on the average, call me mamacita
Puff reefer up in killer Cam, horse and carriage
Bastards, yell 96 backwards, shakin' our asses
And easy is not the access
Niggas ask for sex, I'm actin' deaf
Leave em' cashless, money magnet
Practice my bad habits

[Hook]

[Tiffany Johnson]

Listen, you must be gettin' me confused with chicken
Holdin' ya jewels politickin' pissin' in mouths
The obstetricians that use two fingers like Richard
Nixon
Rodeo addiction, more than one position
Longer than the eye but really
Raised higher than the papa willy
Twist my nipples better than Phillies
Cop a tone, give it three rings, pick up the phone
Niggas fiend to get in my jeans like the chromosome
Check the sex, the voice ain't baritone
Shit ain't fully grown, drop me off at home
Better yet let cha' tongue roam
Ya options blown so baby stop and where we hop in the
zone
Turn hard niggas, even looks can be deceivin'
Divine speakin' unleashin' vaginal secretions
The nigga hungry this evening, I'm gonna feed him
While bitches givin' and fuckin' for things ya put cha'
feet in

[Hook]

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