

## Grand Puba "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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