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Brokencyde "Whatcha Want"

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I got they heads turnin', everybody's watching. Twenty-three's glistening, Chromed out, flossin'.

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Mic on my chest, I don't need to wear a t-shirt Hoes lookin' at me like they trying to do some research Hoe, you don't know me

Break me off a Kit-Kat Titties in my lap Baby, you can take a quick nap, 'Cause I could play with titties all day (All Day) Yeah I could play with titties all day (All Day)

Pocket full of hydro, hand full of drugs Bottle in my bag Let's have some fun

Diamond on my neck, so you know I'm fresh. Got a brand new car With a brand new check.

Rims be shining, girls be jockin', I could fuck hoes with that, No problem.

I'm a Crunk Kid biatch, No doubt, Put your motherfucking hands in the sky and bounce

[Chorus] I'm at the club, Post it up Sippin' on goose, got girls looking at me like they trying to get loose, like Whatcha Want? Tell me whatcha want Whatcha Want? Tell me whatcha want girl.

We drink straight, Don't need no chase. At the beach, Spring break, Californians in my face like,

Whatcha want? Tell me whatcha want Whatcha want? Tell me whatcha want girl

Tell me whatcha want girl. [x2]

You know my name, I'm Phat J.

Lookin' real good, so the ladies say

When I walk up in the club And the ice be flossin', Steel on my face, cause paparazzi's watching.

Everybody loves me Like Mr. T Suck it like a lemon, baby give it a squeeze.

The ladies scream when they hear my van, and the haters start shit cause they know they can. (Motherfucker)

You's a hater, You's a hater, Sorry, but this can't work out In your favor

And my behavior is always wild People love me 'cause I got the cue white boy style.

Don't be jealous Clothes highly developed. And you don't need to tell us, we already know. We got the gangsta flow. And you know we rock this B-C-1-3 Motherfucker, can't stop this.

[Chorus] I'm at the club, Post it up Sippin' on goose, got girls looking at me like they trying to get loose, like

Whatcha Want? Tell me whatcha want Whatcha Want? Tell me whatcha want girl.

We drink straight, Don't need no chase. At the beach, Spring break, Californians in my face like,

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Tell me whatcha want girl. [x2]

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