## Lala ''Milkshake''

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KELIS (f/Lala, Rah Digga) LYRICS

Milkshake (Remix)

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard,
And there like,
Its better than yours,
Damn right its beter than yours,
I can teach you,
But i have to charge!

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, And there like, Its better than yours, Damn right its beter than yours, I can teach you, But i have to charge!

I know you want it,
The thing that makes me,
What the guys go crazy for,
They lose their minds,
The way i whyne,
I think its time,

[Kelis (LaLa)]

Lala-lalala, (LaLa)
Warm it up, (thats discusting)
Lala-lalala,
The boys are waiting,
Lala-lalala
Warm it up,
Lala-lalala,(LaLa)
The boys are waiting,

[LaLa]

Boy's wanna know how my milkshake taste See them fanstise when they look in my face Want a slice of my icecream cake Cream in the middle how many licks will it take
How u want it my flavor last hours
Once you've had mine your gurl was sweet and sour
Let me feel that candy cane
See if u can make my candy rain
Throw it back and your girl wont bug
All over me like a cup of hot fudge
I'm your peppermint patty wanna scope
Boy let me satify your sweet tooth

I can see your on it,
You want me to teach thee,
Techniques that freaks these boys,
It can't be bought,
Just know things get caught,
Watch if your smart,

Lala-lalala,
Warm it up,
Lala-lalala,
The boys are waiting,
Lala-lalala
Warm it up,
Lala-lalala,
The boys are waiting,

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, And there like, Its better than yours, Damn right its beter than yours, I can teach you, But i have to charge!

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, And there like, Its better than yours, Damn right its beter than yours, I can teach you, But i have to charge!

Oh once you get involved, Everyone will look this way-so, You must maintain your charm, Same time maintain your haylo, Just get the perfect(land?), Plus what you have within, Then next his eyes are squint, Then he's picked up your scent,

[Rah Digga]

Yeah FlipeMode Baby It go's one for the money, two for the club Three for the eat and i dont mean da Chose your own weppin Jersey im reppin Home boys a sling more rock the led zeplin Bitch mob hold me down Spit round for round Milk shakes that will make u drown Even worse then that kennedy boy they found WHO LOVE holla back wen u hear the sound Cuz im something like a fa-nom-in-nonm (shake) And aint none of ya chickens are rum-enough (bounce) Fall back you aint got the stum-in-na (brake) Type heat that will buss a ter-mo-meter (bounce) And if your rollin up or your chasen tail Digga Digga in the house and we got it for sale Grade A all day brothers chocken up Night fall in a party we be smoking up Dat...

Lala-lalala,
Warm it up,
Lala-lalala,
The boys are waiting,
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