

## Ludacris

### "What's ur fantasy"

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I wanna lick, lick, lick, lick you from your head to your toes

And I wanna move from the bed down to the floor

And I wanna

Ah Ah

You make it so good I don't want to leave

But I got to know what's your fantasy

I wanna lick, lick, lick, lick you from your head to your toes

And I wanna move from the bed down to the floor

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You make it so good I don't want to leave

But I got to know what's your fantasy

(Verse 1)

You know what I need

Somebody who can come and lick the clit

And a nigga who ain't thinking about a Trina LP

And I'll bet who gonna get my shit

Who can go from a fly S Jetta

To a coupe Deville

Hotel telly ho or the Beverly Hills

A real nigga not the regular meals  
Coming straight in make me shoot to kill  
From the kitchen you can moon me  
To the Jacuzzi and knock the booty  
Come and do your duty  
Me and fat dick Ludacris making us a movie  
Butt naked in the bed  
Cash  
Make ya studda when you bang my ass  
Damn baby let my ride  
Shit thing of the past  
Bye bye  
Cause I'm a bad bitch  
And I'm up to this  
Having sex in private jets  
Menage e trois  
Getting buck wild no matter where we are  
Indy 500 in the back of the car  
In a dark ass tunnel  
In the back of the bar  
Never walk never ever wanna leave  
Work wit me like the league over seas  
I want a man to fulfill my needs  
Keep my body trimblin  
And buckle my knees

(Hook)

(Verse 2)

I wanna do it in a Canopy

I wanna do it where your girl gonna see it

And get mad at me

I wanna nigga that a grab the wheeve

And turn my eyes Chinese

Tell me baby can you handle me

I wanna do it all in ya mouth

Fenna pull the ass out

Make ya bounce til you pass out

Or we could cut up in the grass

And give the neighbors a flash

Can you tell me who the bad muthafucka now

Said I wanna take, take, take, take a nigga back to the  
crib

And I wanna do all the things, do all the things that I  
never did

Like on the top, top, top, top of the projects getting  
head

Or you can find me in the drop, drop, drop, drop on  
dubs

In the candy red

I like a nigga when he faced down mouth wide

Polo down wit them blades on the ride

Keeping a pound wit them K's on the side

But it's O.K.

We gon break somethin tonight

Ohh see get on your knees and I'll show you

What my fantasy

Like up in the coupe coupe

Tell yo bitch she ain't got to be mad at me

(Hook)

I wanna lick, lick, lick, lick you from your head to your  
toes

And I wanna move from the bed down to the floor

And I wanna

Ah Ah

You make it so good I don't want to leave

But I got to know what's your fantasy

You gotta lick me from my ass to my clit

And you gotta suck the pussy while I sit on ya dick

And I wanna talk some shit while I feel it get stiff

Rubba dub up on my tits

While I nut on your lips

(Verse 3)

I'm a B.K. bitch

Love to ride dick

Ass in his face

Cock spread out

Nigga uptown

Nigga down south

Same ol shit

Bust in his mouth

F.O.X. call me rough sex

Like it when a bitch get right on a X

Get it

Right on X

Fuck em check

Right to the next

Bitches go right

Fox right to the left

Nigga can't fuck

Burner on his chest

36 D's

Prada on the breast fast

Send em home Na NA on the breath

Three mil still B.K. to the death

Still pose naked

Still specialize on sittin on niggaz faces

Pop magnums by the cases

X5

Bitch still spend big faces

Big round brown hold first places

You know what you can do nigga

You could lick me from my ass to my clit

And ruba dub up on my tits

While I nut on your lips

(Hook)

(Verse 4)

I wanna get you in the bedroom all alone

While your boyfriend is on the phone

Hold ya mouth and he can here ya moan

Tell ya man that his girl is grown

Kitchen counter

Neighbors look

This the way she like to cook

Blind fold hot sauce

I'm gonna knock them socks off

College dorm

Sneak in

Fly em out for the weekend

College park after dark

It's a whole lot of freakin

Elevator

Man stop that shit

Range Rover

Man drop that shit

Dressing room man block that shit

Head board

Man knock that shit

Me and Trina in the Beamer

We got the Karma Sutra

Dame' cocha

Y no me diga's

Que no Te gusta

It's not what they use to

As Shanna Shanna

Make it wet

Ludacris and I'll make em sweat

Then I'll pass em a cigarette

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