

## Mad Caddies

### "Want Me"

Visit "[Want Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

There it is  
You know it's about to go down right  
The place is here, and the time is now  
come on

[Virtuoso]  
Virtuoso ask for her by name  
Only the fliest mamis are playas in my game  
Chocolate thai reign stay high like a plane  
It's Cambridge baby ain't a damn thing changed  
My aim, is to be the top dog  
You yap ya trap but it's only talk though  
I'm not soft, the beef popped off the sweet got tossed  
And even salty cats crawl on they back  
We calm and relaxed, cause we know we got is sowed  
Hey galito, o-ohhhh, hey yo  
The Virtuoso blow O's of dro  
And yo the way reign there  
I swear my nose should glow  
I told ya so, sick like polio  
It's only four, twenty honey child you know  
And yes ya dressed fresh on yo breast  
Slip it off and girl let yo hips do the talkin'

[Hook]  
We came to party, so girl shake yo body  
Girl I see you want me, so let's get it on  
[Where all the ladies at]  
[We came to party, so boy shake your body]  
[Look I see you want me, so let's get it on]

[lyadonna]  
Giorgio Armani, Gianni, Versace  
Glowin' wrists, less chicks solo my type of party  
Somebody, who came in them, fancy ringers  
And'll snatch me up to dance wid him  
My women friends all hold it down  
No poke holdin' hands  
At the bar wid bills out cause we holdin' them  
It was like, ten of them, and since my man ain't here  
let me attend to them, Avirex is dress-ted

On top of Armani X it's for the big chested  
My God, I'm so impressed and, fully rested  
Anything get outta hand, it's cause, we let it  
Chickens get heated and call us conceited but they  
respect it  
I worked real hard for the trump necklace  
And I'm workin' real hard toward the truck Lexus  
G.S., no B.S., Iya stay holdin' it down  
Officialized down to a V.S

[Hook]

[Virtuoso]

Gimme sixteen and I make a chick cream  
Twist green dro flow 'til my wrist gleam  
My top so hot ock I got spit steam  
And get between more dips lips than Listerine  
I'm slick machine oil I boil and bubble up  
We tryna party why are y'all bringin' trouble up  
You want me catch me on the floor honeys rubbin' up  
Chocolate on both sides lookin' like a double stuffed  
Oreo cookie, and I'm sorry y'all rookies  
Think I failed on a bet make a call to your bookie  
Now, what's the odds Virtuoso ain't harder prints  
pressin'?  
Just count ya blessings and thank God  
That I made another record  
My troops scoop and get the flava honeys naked  
Gettin' major money check it I  
Smoke the lye and scope the thighs  
And if you messin' with my night I might choke a guy  
Because

[Hook]

Visit [Mad Caddies](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.