

## Mcgruff "What You Want"

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[mcgruff]

I bag the bad chick, hair long like a cherokee  
Sexy as can be, skin complexion ebony  
It's ecstasy, when this girl have sex wit me  
I wanna give her kid or two, fulfill my destiny  
Yo, she choice, body all soft and moist  
Matter front, far screamin almost lost my voice  
We in the tunnel, I'm poppin more stacks my bundle  
Smokin lust style, start to stumble, crew ready to  
rumble  
Hey boo, how you do? before I pursue  
I want you to excuse my wild ass crew  
I'm herb mcgruff, you smokin like that herb I puff  
Little cutie, hips got the curves and stuff  
Here's my roman numerals, I'm a wise guy, thought  
you gettin into boo  
Specialize in tombstones and funerals  
Live the fast life, run wit dudes past trife  
Push your six hundred benz on my jewels half ice

[chorus: shay best]

You got what I want, you got what I need  
I'm not afraid to let you know just how I will  
Gruffie, you know you're all the man I'll ever need  
Gonna keep it real wit you, if you keep it real wit me

[mcgruff]

Yo, you hot baby, you must come from hell  
I like your smell, sweet perfume from chanel  
What's your name miss? you got the mother dane's  
pissed  
All up in your grill, is if you was famous  
She said her name's armani, half black, half italiani  
Nails all done, sportin muskina on her body  
She 5'3", straight out the nyc  
Tellin me, this other cute girl's gruff, gon make you try  
me  
Now check me, listen up, first of all, you're sexy  
And not like them gold diggin chickens try to peck me  
I see through them hoes, they can't get no new clothes  
Askin for blue parasukos, expensive shoe stores  
Just for 'cause I'm young and hold figgas

Gold diggas try to gas me, they better gas them other  
niggas  
'cause I ain't give them a cent, picture gruff money  
bein spent  
Payin some pigeon head rent

[chorus]

[mcgruff]

If you wanna, when the party's over, meet me on the  
corner  
I'm twelve from the park, who could see the chrome  
rims spark  
Let's grab a bite, you walkin ain't no cab in sight  
Don't start flaggin, whites and arabs ain't right  
Hop in the 6 double 0, don't front, let's go  
I'm mad tow up, you know, off the bubble and 'dro  
Yo you drive, i'mma play the passenger side  
Kinda tired, don't want me and no car to collide  
Turn up the benji joint, on the 97.1  
You want the slow jams, twist to 98.7, kiss  
Take the whip out, park, let's flow through the mist  
Yeah, baby, and it goes like this

[chorus to fade]

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