

Tim Mcgraw**"Wanna Get to Know You"**

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[Intro/Chorus: Joe]

I wanna get to know ya
I really wanna thug you, baby
One dose of your lovin
I know it gon' drive me, crazy
I wanna be your lover
I wanna get to know you, baby
One dose of my lovin
I know it gon' drive you, crazy

[Verse One: Young Buck]

I'm lovin how you look in my eyes, swangin them hips
when you pass
I'm visualizin my name tattooed on that ass baby
Jump on this Harley, let's go smoke some of that Bob
Marley
Sip some Bacardi then go pull up at the after party
I think we make a perfect couple, but you think I'm
trouble
Maybe that's the reason you gave me the wrong
number (what?)
She got me feelin like, maybe she the wrong woman
Think I'ma be chasin the chickenhead, you're on
somethin
Your toes painted, hair fixed all the time
And your Gucci boots the same color as mine
If you read between the lines you can see that I want
you
I betcha I'll have you doin what you said that you won't
do
Make a decision shorty, good thangs don't last long
Your girlfriend keeps showin me that thong
Before I head home I'ma stop at your house and blow
the horn
If you come outside you know it's on, holla at your boy

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Lloyd Banks]

Now bitches be frustrated with a baller, wonder why I
don't call her

Maybe because I'm busy and she need someone to
spoil her
It gets annoying, from time to time I gotta ignore her
In order to let her know that we friends and nuttin more
She loves it when I'm in town, hate it when I'm not
around
I get her and wear her down, next door neighbors hear
the sound
Pictures hittin the ground, just enough to hold us down
I'm stickin and movin, cruisin after the third round
Just lay back baby and let me drive you crazy
I can make a forty-year old feel like a young lady
I admit I fell in love with a friend
And to make her feel special I let her call my by my
government name
Her panties wet over fame, fell in love with my chain
I wonder if I wasn't an entertainer, would she remain?
Surroundin me, houndin me, tryin to be my ON-LY
I'm not your boyfriend, I'm your HO-MEY

[Chorus]

[Verse Thre: 50 Cent]

Yeah
Don't know what fuck me up more, watchin her lick her
lips
Or watchin her walk, she hypnotized me with her hips
man
I sweet talk her if she like
Cause all she really want is a nigga to treat her right,
right?
Look, I'm legit now, I used to break laws
Now you can reap the benefits of world tours
Big house, big Benz, girl it's yours
Mink coats, Italian shoes, stones with no flaws
You ain't got ta look like a model for me to adore you
All you gotta do is love me and be loyal
Don't indulge in my past, fuck what happened before
you
Cause to me some bunny's gon' hate you that never
saw you
C'mere, let me touch on you, I let you touch on me
Put my tongue on you, you put your tongue on me
Let me ride on you and you can ride on
We can do it all the night, we can have a baller night

[Chorus] - repeat 2X w/ variations

{*ad libs to end*}

