

**Dave Strait****"That's What I'm Looking For"**

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Brat

Hey JD, why you be saying oh, oh

Is that like flossin' shit?

You just like walk in and so people say, oh shit, it's him

Bounce to this, come on

1 - Where my rag wearing soldiers that

Love to watch the dough stack

Never leave the house without their strap

(That's what I'm looking for)

They know just what a woman need

Keep a big bank roll and a bag of weed

When it's time to go down they ain't scared to freak,  
shit

(That's what I'm looking for)

Where my Rolley wearing thugs who

Claim they don't love you

But any time you want something done, they do it

(That's what I'm looking for)

The ball all night type

Frontin', screaming, thug life

That's the type of nigga I like

(That's what I'm looking for)

Uh I get high, get mine

I like a thug in my life to get by

That's why I spit shine the pussy

'Till it get tight and fine

He push me over to the other side

If he act right he could hit it from behind

We can bump and grind all night 'till we reach a climax

Make sure you leave a phat sack for Brat

Till you come back for more

Six pack surrounding my belly hole, it's tight

You ain't gotta tell me So

So Def is the way that I flow

Made to blow, pave the road

Unfadable, capable to save your hoe

Wherever I go, stack dough

I'm looking for a nigga roll, that ain't broke

If its time to lick of shots he don't trust

Even know how to flip cocaine and when the funds is  
low  
For the show stopper, this for the know nadas  
Shit get mo' hotter, nigga holla my name  
They follow me when I drivin' the Range  
And wait for me to finish performing backstage  
Never have a nigga yawning  
When they keep up with the shorty  
Weed pumping as strong as me  
Gotta be the ball all night type  
I like it every minute when he charmin' me

Repeat 1

Stretch out your arms  
Flip out your wrists  
Let me see what to hit for  
I'm fixing to know if you can afford to cop  
A couple of dem thangs for your girl to rock  
When we stepping in the door we killing 'em  
Let the heads know we ain't feeling them  
Or affiliated with them  
I glisten and glow, 38 caliber go pop  
Niggas that wanna show off  
Don't just stop  
My soldier's not having that  
I'm looking for a thug that'll kill for Brat  
And make million dollar deals for Brat  
And pay some of the bills for Brat  
And just chill for Brat  
Watch dough stack, been broke, am I goin' back? Nope  
Need to know how to surround a bitch with stability  
Get down, bitches, if he feel me, rich now  
I can't afford to sit down, get bored if  
We got hits out nigga need big clout  
Don't crowd my space if we dip out  
Running with some other nigga face he don't trip out  
Never leave the house without weed and a glock  
Even got keys to the spot to drop the PO Box  
And in the drawer when he find his underwear  
I keep a fresh do rag in his hair

Repeat 1

That's what I'm looking for  
That's what I'm looking for  
That's what I'm looking for  
That's what I'm looking for

