

Do You Want Me?

Trina

Bathgate, Trina
Come on, yo, yo

Do you see yourself with a rider like me
Coppin you nice things
Prada and ice blings
Do you want me
Or a rider that's gon' hold you down, ma
Bustin 'em down, ma
If you want me

I'll be the first to admit, I'm spoiled rotten
You need twenty G's just to take me shoe shoppin'
I only fuck with real niggas and heavy hitters
That'll fly me to Nassau just for conch fritters
If you want me, you gotta show me
Fly me to the Staples Center to see Jordan play Kobe
G.G. Hunter, Tiffany necklace
Fly me to Paris, just for breakfast
Cavolet Lexus to diamond kisses
His and her Fredrick's on our wristses
If you want me, you gotta treat me special
Every watch that you cop for me, freeze the Bezzle
Every whip that you cop for me, make it a drop
You need a wife in your life and I'm takin the spot
So if you want me, just let me know
And we can keep it on the low for sho', uh

Look, I'll have you in all types of whips's
Fives and sixes
If you want me
I'll be that bitch
That'll hold the steel for you
Gild and kill for you
Do you want me?

Yo, lil mama I got you anything
You can call on Bath
You and your man fight
I'm there with the four-four mag
I'll be your crutch when you need it
For slips or falls
And I got paper to take you on trips to malls
Get you Prada till you fall
Till you tired of rockin it
Tiffani ain't cold till you tired of coppin it
Cold compressor, ma, I know you tired of droppin it
Here's the keys to the truck, cause they tired of watchin it
I know this world got all types of fools
Every whip with a stash box, for the fortunate have-nots
I know you said you can get me the six
With the deep dish buckets, but you know me, fuck it
I'd rather have you in my arms to hold on
Slanted out Benz, just getting our roll on
Look, me and you from Harlem to the South, so
Let's Slip 'N Slide, ma and take it to the house, come on

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If you want me, you gotta wine and dine me
And cop me the biggest diamond you can find me
Some Liberace shit that'll blind me, real shiny
Ten karats or better, nigga 'nuff, you tying me up
Cop me the ice blue Chacarda
Park the Bentley or larger in my front yard and
Shoppin spree, coppin Frankie B's
Baby please, I stays wit major cheese
Give me the extra set of Mercedes keys
Plus the Asti Martin for 80 G's
If you want me
It take a lot of cream, a lot of bling
Boy, I'm 'bout a lot of things, uh

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