

What's Your Flava

Craig David

What's your flava
Tell me what's your flava (4x)
I met this fly girl in the club
Went by the name of pecan deluxe
This ice cream was high maintenance
When I took her out,
Man it cost me 20 bucks
Met this chick named walnut whip
Nearly made me sick to the point of throwing up
So I called chocolate chip
With the sweet toffe crisp
And I still can't get enough
You're what I want
You're what I need
I wanna taste you (taste you) take you home with me
You look so good
Good enough to eat
I wonder if I can peel your wrapper
If I can be your fantasy

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I take 'em in the middle of July
With the drop top down in the park
When it's summerin'
These ice creams looking so fly
That I just can't lie
It all seems too bewildering
They got these grown men,
running round..
screaming out..
acting worse than children..
but who flow..
better know..
better stack cheddar..
get more tongue..
better than this ice-cream..
better than...

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Hey, I'm taking 'em, apple and cinnamon
Girls aren't feeling em cant stop drippin' 'em
Thats why they got me dribbling
Hot fudge sauce on the soles of my timberlands.
I them caramel with a hint of vanilla
Wit a little chocolate sprinkling

That make me spend my dividends
These sweet things make me feel like a kid again

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Be your fantasy

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