

# Itz Your Fantasy

DJ Quik

Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby  
Who taught you how to do this shit?  
Yeah, you bad than a motherfucker

Tell me, why are you so curious  
And why you keep on starin'  
At the motherfuckin' zipper on these jeans  
That I'm wearin' cause baby what's in there  
Is beyond your wildest dreams  
And although it seems that I'm on the nigga hoe team  
Girl, listen, listen, Mary don't you weep  
I don't come cheap and I'm not just no nigga off the street  
I'm a certified specialized pro  
Who's got a lot of soul when you're swingin'  
Off the end of my pole  
But the matter at hand is the size  
And how it makes ya act  
When you get it up and in between your thighs  
You could squirm and squeal and try to make a deal  
That'll keep me on your jock  
For whenever you get that feelin' for the real  
And when it gets swollen  
You think you'll be controllin' me  
Because I put the pole in your hole, see  
But however it's done, it's 68 and I owe you 1  
I'm doin' it for the thrill of it  
So tell me can you feel it?

Chorus:

Itz your fantasy baby, tell me if you feel it  
You know you wanna feel it  
Itz your fantasy, sing it if you feel it

Okay, let's find a place, somethin' out of dodge  
Like the Quality Inn or the Travelodge  
Since I'm goin' out of my way  
Baby you pay for the spot  
See it's only right since you gettin' the cock  
Now tell me who's gonna get the rubbers?  
First things first, yes I like a bitch  
Who carries Lifestyles in her purse  
So since you know the play  
Close the curtains all the way  
And get ready for a toss and some rib sauce  
With a little weed I could do a good deed  
And as long as you ain't bleedin'  
I can give you what you need  
But I got a little ritual before we make love  
You gotta dish-a-dish-a-scrub  
Wash-a-wash-a-wash-a-rinse in the bathtub  
Hennessy and apple juice to sip on  
Get a little buzzed and we can get our dig on  
So don't trip cause when you  
Takin' off your clothes to reveal it  
I'ma make you feel it

Chorus:

Sing it if ya feel it, itz your fantasy baby  
Touch me if ya feel it, I need to know if you feel it  
Can you feel it baby?

Now put it where you want it, get in where you fit in  
Cause when it comes to hittin' it, splittin' it  
I ain't bullshittin'  
See, you look so good you make me wanna go bare back on ya  
But I ain't hittin' unless I use the whole pack on ya  
Bitch didn't ya know I have more stamina than a horse?  
So don't trip just let the Hen take it's course  
Yeah right now your frontin',  
Shy, actin' like you nervous, naw, turnaround, lay down  
And let me pound on your cervix  
Yeah, it's the Log Ride, like at Magic Mountain  
Take it out your mouth and shoot it like a fountain  
Pull and watch it explode  
Let me change my tire and I'm right back on the road  
Now is this more than you expected?  
You let me drive that coochie and I wrecked it  
So even though I'll never get another chance to kill it  
It's cool just as long as I made you feel it

Chorus:

Itz your fantasy, tell me if you feel it  
You know you love it, sing it if you feel it  
You make me feel it, I know you feel it  
You know you feel it, tell me if you feel it  
Sing it if you feel it  
Yeah, you feel it, I love to make you feel it  
Oohh, you feel it