

# Whatcha Want

Brokencyde

They got their heads turning  
Everybody's watching  
Twenty-three's glistening  
Chrome'd out, Flossin'

Mic on my chest  
I don't need to wear a t-shirt  
Hoes looking at me like they trying to do some research

Hoe, you don't know me  
Break me out the Kit Kat  
Titties on my lap  
Baby you can take a quick nap

Cause I can play with titties all day  
Yeah, i can play with titties all day

Pocket full of hydro  
Hand full of drugs  
Bottle in my bag  
Let's have some fun

Diamond on my neck  
So you know I'm fresh  
Got a brand new car  
With a brand new check

Rims be shining  
Girls be droppin'  
I can fuck hoes with that  
No problem

Imma crunk kid biatch, no doubt  
Put your motherfucking hands in the sky and bounce

[Chorus]  
I'm at the club, Post it up  
Sipping on goose  
Got girls looking at me like they trying to get loose, like

Whatcha want?  
Tell me whatcha want  
Whatcha want  
Tell me whatcha want girl

We drink straight  
Don't need no chase  
At the beach, Spring Break  
Camera phones in my face like

Whatcha want  
Tell me whatcha want  
Whatcha want  
Tell me what you want girl

Hey hey hey hey hey  
Tell me whatcha want girl (2x)

You know my name  
I'm Phat J  
Looking real good  
So the ladies say

When I walk up in the club  
With the ice be flossing  
Steel on my face cuz paparazzis watching

Everybody loves me  
Like Mr. T  
Something like a lemon baby  
Give it a squeeze

The ladies scream when they hear my band  
The haters talk shit cuz they know they can

Motherfucker!  
You's a hater, You's a hater  
Sorry, but this can't work out in your favor

My behavior is always wild  
People love me because I got the cue white boy style

Don't be jealous  
My photos are highly developed  
And you don't need to tell us  
What we already know  
We got the gangsta flow  
And you know, we rock this  
BC 1,3 motherfucker can't stop this

[Chorus]

Hey hey hey hey hey (2x)