

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)