

# 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 spreeds, 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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