

What's Your Fantasy (feat. Shawna)

Ludacris

Ludacris:

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Give it to me now, give it to me now

Give it to me now, give it to me now Shawna:

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Give it to me now, give it to me now

Give it to me now, give it to me now Chorus:

Ludacris & Shawna (repeat 2x)

I wanna li li li lick you from your head to your toes

And I wanna move from the bed down to the down to the floor

I wanna ah ah you make it so good I don't wanna leave

But I got le le let me now kno kno know what's your fan-ta-sy

Ludacris:

I wanna get in th Georgia dome on the fifty yard line

When the dirty birds kick fo' three

And if you like it in the club we can do it

In the DJ booth or in the back of the VIP

Whip- cream with cherries and strawberries on top

Lick it don't stop

With the dow lock

While the boat rock we go buy

Robots or they got to wait 'til the show stop

Or how 'bout on the beach with black sand

Lick up your thighs and call me Pac Man

Table top or just give me a lap dance

The rock to the park to the point to the flat lands

That man named Ludacris (woo) in the public bathroom

Or in the back of a classroom

However you want it lover lover, gonna tap that ass some

See I cast 'em and I pass 'em get a tight grip and I grasp 'em

I flash 'em and out last 'em

And if it ain't good, then I trash 'em, while you stash 'em

I'll let 'em free

And tell me what they fantasy

like up on the roof, roof, tell your boyfriend not to be mad at me

Chorus:Ludacris:

I wanna get you in the bath tub

With the candles lit, you give it up, 'til they go out

Or we can do it on stage of the Ludacris concert

'Cause you know it got sold out

Or red carpet dick could just roll out

Go 'head and scream, you can't hold out

We can do it in the pouring rain
Runnin' the train, when it's hot or cold out
How 'bout in the library on top of books
But you can't be too loud
You wanna make a brother beg for it
Give me TLC 'cause you know I be too proud
We can do it in the white house
try to make them turn the lights out
Champaign with my campaign let me do the damn thing
What's my name, what's my name, what's my name,
Aww the sauna, jacuzzi
In the back row at the movie
You can scratch my back and rule me
You can push me or just pull me
On hay in the middle of the barn (woo),
rose pedals on the silk sheets, uh
Eating fresh fruits sweep yo woman right off her feet
Chorus:Ludacris:
I wanna get you in the back seat, windows up
That's the way, you like to fuck
Fogged up, fog alert
Rip the pants and rip the shirt
Ruff sex, make it hurt
In the garden, all in the dirt
Roll around, Georgia Brown, that's the way I like it twerk
Legs jerk, over worked, under-paid, don't be afraid
In the sun or in the shade
On the top of my Escalade
Maybe your girl and my friends can trade
Tag team, off the rope, on the ocean or in the boat
Factories, or hundred spokes
What 'bout in the candy sto', that chocolate chocolate, make it melt
Whips and chains, handcuffs, smack a little bootie up, with my belt
Scream HELP, play my game
Dracula and I'll get my fangs, horse back, I'll get my reins
School teacher let me get my grades
Chorus (repeat 4x):

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>