

What's Your Flava?

Craig David

What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Ooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Ooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
I met this fly girl in a club
Went by the name of Pecan Deluxe
This ice-cream was high maintenance
When I took her out, nearly cost me twenty bucks
I met this chick named Walnut Whip
Nearly made me sick to the point of throwing up
So I called Chocolate Chip
With the sweet toffee crisp and I still can't get enough You're what I want (uh)
You're what I need (come on)
I wanna taste ya (taste ya)
And take you home with me
You look so good (oh)
Good enough to eat
I wonder if I could peel your wrapper
I could be your fantasy
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Ooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Ooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava Uh, I take them in the middle of July
With the drop top down and the park when its simmering
These ice creams looking so fly that I just can't lie
It all seems too bewildering
They got these grown men running round
Screaming out, acting worse than children

But who flow better
Know better
Stack cheddar
Get more tongues wetter
Than this ice-cream veteran? You're what I want (ow)
You're what I need (you're what I need)
I wanna taste ya (taste ya)
And take you home with me (take ya home with me)
You look so good (you look so good)
Good enough to eat
I wonder if I could peel your wrapper
I could be your fantasy What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Oooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Oooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava Girl, what's your flava
What's your flava, what's your flava
Tell me what's your flava
Tell me what's your... Hey, I'm taking them apple and cinnamon
Girls, I'm feeling them can't stop licking them
That's why they got me dribbling
Hot fudge sauce and it's all over my Timberlands
I take them caramel with a hint of vanilla
With a little chocolate sprinklings
They make me spend my dividends
These sweet things make me feel like a kid again You're what I want (ow)
You're what I need (you're what I need)
I wanna taste ya (taste ya)
And take you home with me (take ya home with me)
You look so good (you look so good)
Good enough to eat
I wonder if I could peel your wrapper
I could be your fantasy What's your flava? (come on)
Tell me what's your flava (mmm)
Oooh
What's your flava? (yeah)
Tell me what's your flava (i wanna taste ya)
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Oooh
What's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
(Tell me what's your flava) I want chocolate girl
I want toffee girl

I want vanilla girl
To rock my worldWhat's your flava?
Tell me what's your flava
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>