

You Can Get It

Heavy D

If you want it you can have it
Baby come and get it
I'll be right here waiting for you
(Take your time, everything'll be fine)
If you need it you can get it
Anyway you want it
I'll be right here waiting for you

Uhh, straight off the top, I refuse to stop
Chicks cling when I do my thing I got it locked
Officially, I'm yo' big belly da-ddy
Technically, you don't need to be with nobody but me
Ha-va-na ci-gar, Ja-mai-can ni-gga
6 Benz, Cartier tint lens, what?
I dig yo' steez, knock knees, trunk full
Body all lumped up, lifestyle Trumped up
Platinum blonde, hazel eyes chinky
Diamond on the pinky, skin bronze, you with me?
She, good'n'plenty, Benz E-320
Me, I pull over, drop that red Range Rover
Shorty was milkshake thick, sportin silk, mink and
she had it sewn, flowin on her own
She's the type of girl to put her crew on the map
Anything you want, don't wet that, you can get that

Now let me speak about this chick I call hotter than a flame
Seen her chattin with this dame, I had to go and get her name
She with her friends, they at the bar gettin they drinks on
Outfit's off the hook with ice gold links on
Way the skirt is fittin black, who hittin that
I'm kickin game up in my head steadily sittin back (I feel ya)
Now I'm think in the attempt to attack the
shorty that I'm lookin at that's lookin at me
But soon enough I get my nerve up
{?} passes me a drink as Pretty Lou he sparks the herb up
I'm with my Uptown team, makin noise
Heavy D, Soul IV Real and Lost Boyz
Now I feel it's time to go and get my try on
And take shorty home that I got my eye on
Anything that you want you can catch that
Like my man said, don't sweat that

By the way mama
Last night the club was tight, shorty's dead right
But you stood out the most, so I had to play you close
Nuttin less than, black essence, your presence real strong
Dudes all around you frontin hard, gettin they trick on
I ain't mad, I just watch you gas 'em up, then I watch you pass 'em up
Then I step up, now look, you shook
You stuck, what's yo' name, what's yo' digits, what'chu drinkin
My treat and when they steppin you get swept up off yo' feet
My mission, first position, backs I twist 'em listen
Ain't no-bo-dy, like Hea-vy
The all-star, dapper rapper
In conjunction with the funk that keep it blazin out they trunks
What'chu want, sky's the limit, I live it, now is you wit it
Slow flow, Poconos style, I mean I'm chillin

Top billin, anything you want, anything you need
Don't wet that boo, you can get that true

[Chorus: to fade w/ variations and ad libs]