

# 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 world What's your flava?  
Tell me what's your flava

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>