Mastaminds Website Song Lyrics-Whatever Kind You Like

Verse 1:

Live fast die young, f\*ck it I’ll have fun; Life’s a breeze like palm trees sitting under the sun: Cigars and rum light the Cuban with my thumb, half a bottle in my hands

My eyes look like a plumb; Big moves I’m making, breaking rules and shaking

All bets I’m taking, for Reggie to have relations with women in different nations

African and Asian, Caribbean, Indian European relating; Latin and Jamaican

Serving a Persian, deep in the middle east getting laid in a turban; All cultures I’m searching, I’m just so fly; I testify my music is dope make you get so high;

Higher than a private island off the coast of Dubai getting riches clocking bitches like the Sultan of Brunei, Cause I’m that guy with skills that money just can’t buy;

So want you tell me what you like and baby just don’t lie.

Chorus:

What type of drink you like? (Whatever Kind You Like)

What type of food you like? (Whatever Kind You Like)

What type of dude you like? (You’re the Kind I Like)

Alright, well stick with me and Everything will be right

Repeat

Bridge:

I’d rather be with you, Said I’d rather be with you

I’d rather be with you, Said I’d rather be with you

Verse 2:

I took a flight straight to Cayman, boat ride to Cuba; caught in a triangle with hoes in the Bermuda; Got lost in Aruba, found a sex tutor, who likes to do it under water so she turned me on to scuba; Took off my clothes, kicked off my Pumas; Pulled out my Flintstone to “yabba dabba do her”; Long live the ruler, a fiend for action and getting my name moaned in a foreign accent; hot sex and passion, baby I’m long lasting; never change my ways, chick I’m old fashion; I’m not into flashing so save that sh\*t;

I’ll make a flick with your chick like I’m Ray J b\*tch. Then I flip, hit the club on some Bay Bay tip, and I switch & pitch my disc to the DJ quick, say play that hit;

Here is another hit I be jamming with my headboard slamming, money thousand dollar gambling come on!

Chorus

Verse 3:

I use to play hoops, now I spot and recruit; the finest women on my team

Make them stand and salute; Cause only tricks pay tribute now give me my loot

I rep the Boot: One shot I’ll make you a mute; spit my lyrics off the wall Peter Parker could shoot; I move silent but deadly like a chick when she poots;

In hot pursuit like Alex Haley, tracing my roots, from pimps and prostitutes having disputes; I’m so hung, Connie Chung couldn’t give you the scoop, stick my root up into Eve while she feeds Adam fruit. You want live and direct baby I am the proof, These square women think I’m bad so I dress in a suit; as I sip Absolute, I never dilute

What’s in my cup, baby what, I ain’t trying to commute I stay in route, looking for some girls to pollute, I mix some OJ and Tupac and fiend for the Juice.

Chorus