

Ghetto Model

Master P

I see something I want, and poppy that's you
So I'll just be up front, I'm trying to roll with you
I see you eyeing me, as I am eyeing you
I guess the real in me, attracts the thug in you
Face like a model, body like a dancer
Turn heads in the club, make you wanna romance her
Drop top candy paint, sitting on spinners
Inureta in the front, in the back is Brenda
Rolita, Lolita
Sipping on tequila baby girl, nice to meet ya
Call me the Mill Man, I love to get paper
And if you single girl, I'd like to date ya
Shake them hips mami, let it dip mami
Rock it like a boat then, work it like a ship mami
Get a grip mami, you're the shit mami
Take you to Joe's, put some'ing on your wrist mami
I love, your whole thugged out side
That all, just drives me wild
Makes me, wanna be with you
Cause the real in me, attracts the thug in you
Soldier boys where y'all at, soldier girls where y'all at
Girl on the flo', like she doing that Mexican dance
Then the girl, wanna freak me
Hit me on my two-
way, say she got some things she wanna teach me
She rubbing on her lip man, touching on my hips man
In V.I.P., almost ripped off my worst band
Whoa, shorty had too many tequilas
But I ain't tripping, cause I'm really starting to feel her
Man this night, it can get like drill
I'm in a throwback jersey, that say P. Miller
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bart-at-unixwarrior.org