

# A Little Samba

Ugly Duckling

1... 2... 3...

This is just a little samba  
With all the typical drama  
Feel the rhythm of the conga (come on)  
This is just a little samba

Yo man, I'm living grandiose, puffin on an Ambassador  
Paid in full, kill the bull, like a matador  
Flash the cash, make my album cover shinier  
My head's spinning like a discus, and if this is (just a little samba)  
Then I'm straight, with the seven-course meal on my plate  
I put my leftovers in the doggie bag  
I got moves like Mr. Miyagi had  
With the "wax off, wax on, " I'll play you like Zaxxon  
Girls love my songs, sunbathing on the back lawn  
"Ju... look... mahvellous"  
C'mon young lady, get in the car with us, superstar deluxe (hey!)  
I'm always animated cause my game's so tight, that I keep it laminated  
Well, if that's true, why you living with ya mama?  
Shh! It's just a little samba...

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Yo, I make all the mon-ay  
No you don't  
I get all the girls  
No you don't!  
I put it down on fools!  
No you don't (huh?)  
No you don't (man...)  
No you don't!

You might spot me in Versace suits  
When I'm at award shows paparazzi shoot  
I own a fly home, four-car garage  
With rides for me and my entourage  
Hold up, I got a email  
It's a female  
Girls pressing on me like Lee Nail  
I make the hits that you hear on the jukebox (so?)  
Chicks come hotter than Arizona rooftops

I got this one, she's a Playmate  
When I met her she was looking at my gold Dizzy nameplate  
But I had to vacate, I said "I'm gonna miss our date cause my plane's late"  
(Plane?)  
Yeah, I own a plane and I also bought a yacht  
So I scuba in Bermuda when the weather gets hot  
And I travel a lot...  
The why you livin with ya mama?  
Man, it's just a little samba!

This is just a little samba

With all the typical drama  
Feel the rhythm of the conga (come on)  
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I make all the money  
No you don't  
I get all the girls  
No you don't!  
I got my own sitcom!  
No you don't (huh?)  
No you don't (what?)  
No you don't!  
I star in the movies  
No you don't  
I run my own label  
No you don't  
Man, I only date models  
No you don't (huh?)  
No you don't (hey?)  
No you don't!

Man, I got more property than Monopoly  
No you don't

Man, I drive a flying car!  
No, no you don't  
Man, I got two pet sharks...  
Your mom let's you have sharks in the house?  
Man, ge... wha?  
C'mon man, the song's over man