

Thomas Dante

"Miss California"

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(feat. Pras)

[Pras (Dante)]

Uh, I mean I'm just sittin right here (California)
Ckeekin out these ladies right here, baby you hot
(This is where he saw her)
I mean you sexy, oh my God,
(I long to love her)
Imagine one question: "Where you from anyway?"

[Dante]

She's Miss California, hottest thing in West L.A.
House down by the water, sails her yacht across the
bay
Drives a marinello, hollywoods her favorite scene
Loves to be surrounded with superstars that know her
name

She's a rich girl from the top of the food chain
Love and material things, kinda lonely
'Til i met her at the Grammys, ten mil on a diamond
ring
She invites me, to spend a day on the jet skies
At first it didn't mean a thing, then she told me
I'm the one that she searched for, it was hard to
believe

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In a couple a days she had me a bracelet made
From Harry Hinstons' place, went horseback
Up to the mountain top, showin me the land she's got
Well it's alright but something else is on your mind
Looking past all that shines, now the tears are running
too
All those things are nice but it's not why I'm here

I will wipe away your tears, simply by just loving you.

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[Pras]

Ah, aha, nah, yo yo
Ayyo she first saw me bling at the Source Awards
Toll the money in a fame when the world is yours
Til a ghetto superstar and I love to floss
Talk a player, bring my clique you bring yours
Bros' nah bitches want to Miss Lidas
Breathes cheetas and tell us they don't need us
Midas up in the spot no skiees please believe us
We can get strange Evas, street G's

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[Pras]

Uh uh uh, by the way I lick my lips
Cause you can tell I talk slick
Move like a pimp when I go to pick
Throughs my women like an unfill draft
First round second round, this is a no craft
"Como estas senorita?", cock back Cristal
Sip my corida, have some ice
But never I'm caressin, and you act raw nice
My flight with Paris, street G's

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