Yung Berg "Sexy Lady Remix"

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[Yung Berg]

Yeah - so you know we had to do a remix right? Rob Holladay, told you we was gon' be famous nigga~! Ahh!! Yeah - Y, B's, still I told y'all my album was crazy Do our dance with us It's the remix, shorty bring it back It's the remix, Jim Jones on the track It's the remix, shorty bring it back Rich Boy, Yung Berg, bring it back, c'mon

[Intro: Junior - sung] + (Yung Berg) Hey sexy lady (yeah) it was nice to know you (it was nice to know ya) But I gotta move onnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn-ahonnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn Hey sexy lady (hey sexy lady) it was nice to know you (it was nice to know ya) But I gotta move onnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn-ahonnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn (I told y'all!) Hey sexy lady~!

[Jim Jones]

I'm bad

It's hot days in December We down Miami, drop tops in the winter We off ocean, the Coupe doors open And front wet woolies off Superman potion Casino slang, try and kick game She was flyer than a plane from her toes to the Gucci frame (She was fly) Damn, but I'm sittin on two hundred thou' I can't front cause I'm diggin IiI' momma's style London bag by Thomas Wylde, Vuitton shoe by Extreme Hole Fall edition with the mean sole, pencil jeans look painted on One night, the next day I'm gone 5 A.M. in the morn' Drunk and high off Patron, momma it's on

Momma is you grown? It's the X-rated show

And if you got a man he's now your excellent foe

[Chorus One: Junior - sung] + (Yung Berg) Hey sexy lady, it was nice to know you (it was nice to know ya)

But I gotta move onnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn-ah-onnnnnnnn

Hey sexy lady, it was nice to know you (it was nice to know ya)

But I gotta move - WHEN WE SING THIS SONG (yeah) WE GON' HAVE SOME FUN (yeah) Hey sexy lady~!

[Yung Berg]

Yo, so quiet down I'm in the mode for pimpin Yellowed denimous watch, call it Flotus Simpson Young boy, so he like older women But the young girls they know the bid'ness Meet me at Pimp Leach {?}, then go to Zini Or catch me on the tube like I Dream of Jeannie Snap two times and I'm in a new city {*snap snap*} Two mo' times and I'm back in my city {*snap snap*} (SEXY LADY~!) Chi city, fly with me Shorty wan' ride with me in the S-550 ... They call me Young 50 Beats like Dre, flow like Biggie Bop like Diddy, you can't match this I don't roleplay, let my girl do the actin Yeah, and shall I say Au revoir, adios from the Y.B. gang, g'night!

[Rich Boy - over Chorus]
Ay, sexy lady
Rich Bwoi, new money, locked
{*laughing*} Ay...

Hop in the ride baby the interior's soft
Let's go to my palace or up to my loft
Let me upgrade ya, nothin too major
Put ya in some Fendi just to add a lil' flavor
You musta got that pretty tan on South Beach
I can fly ya out the country where the phones don't

reach

Or come to Alabama where I'm + BIGGER + than the mayor

Hoes lickin at the lamb like a Life Saver
Talkin 'bout bread, well I'm a whole loaf
I can be the butter, let that ass be the toast
Or I can be your master and sit up on the throne
Have you walkin 'round in a leash and some thongs
Smellin my cologne, my manstick be long
You can get it now you ain't gotta wait long
Ain't nuttin like a slim wiz with a pretty face
And sexy lady I'ma give you first taste, roll with me

[Yung Berg]

It's the remix, shorty bring it back
It's the remix, Jones on the track
It's the remix, Rich bring it back
Sexy lady, Rob Holla' on the track, c'mon!
(SEXY LADY~!) This is a Y.B.M.G. product
Wild wild rock to what's good
Ari, my levels soundin right right now
That's what's crackin - loco! Hunnid! Junior!
The album comin soon, look what you made me
Ay, this to all my ex-girlfriends out there
Gotta move ah-ah-on, ah-ah-on
Ah uh-ah uh-ah, ah-ah-on...
{*instrumental to end*}

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