

John The Whistler

"Be My Girl"

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[Intro: sample (Solomon Childs)]

I need you... in a desperate way

All the girl, I've met, were so full of play (uh)

Your brown eyes, converted me (son, son, you see her right there)

And let me know (aww she's right) That you're the right girl for me

(I'm feelin' her, right there, son)

(Man, I gotta go talk to her, son, hold on for a minute, son)

[Solomon Childs]

Excuse me, what's good, girl? You look familiar

Was you on the Ron G. ski trip in '95

I see you 'round the way, pushin' you mans Q-45

And watch you and your home girls, get excited

From the blunt smoking, in the Escalade, sittin' on 25's

By the way, where you from? (get 'em) and can I come?

You gigglin' baby, at the same time, jigglin' baby

You like, I like in Queens, don't laugh

But my sisters used to call me a tomboy

And I was born in Providence, small neighborhood

Ain't much not, and use to date Pretty Lou from the Lost Boyz

So captivated by the way you walk, so caught up by the way you talk

Just could imagine, how you scream and moan, ass big as Miss Jones

[Interlude: Solomon Childs (sample)]

So I'm sayin', you think we can get together?

Spend a little time with each other and maybe you could (be my girl)

I mean, damn ma, look at how we look together (be my girl)

It's like the way you smilin' right now, you got a brother over (be my girl)

I'm tellin' you, we could probably start somethin' new out this (be my girl)

I'm tellin' you, man

[Solomon Childs]

White snow and the alpine, the kid glide
With a gangsta slide, and your beautiful eyes
We could be the next hottest thing (you know)
Since Pebbles and L.A. Reid, NorthFace snow suits
With custom made Menolo ski's
First of all girl, I know you need 24-7 time (it's only
right)
But I'm a hustler, man, I play the blocks too much
And know how you yearn for a thugs touch
Crazy, as gorgeous as you is, you don't even ask for
much
A Corona with a lemon and a Dutch (right)
Pina Coladas when the beach get hot
Cover girl, you got my stomach all caught up in knots
Street rebel or not, put it like this
We got somethin' called Ghetto Love insurance
So you keep it faithful to your boo
And your boo, will keep faithful to you

[Outro: Solomon Childs (sample)]

And then maybe, you can (be my girl)
I'm tellin' you ma, your home girls is even gonna like
me (be my girl)
Even your moms, your aunties, your nana (be my girl)
They all gonna dig us, they gon' like how we look (be
my girl)
They gonna know what's up with the chemistry (be my
girl)
For real, so I'm sayin', so I'm sayin', so I'm sayin' (be
my girl)
(Be my girl, be my girl
I need you... in a desperate way
All the girl, I've met, were so full of play
Your brown eyes, converted me
And let me know, that you're the right girl for me)

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