

Sam Salter

"I Got Me a Model"

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(J.D.)

R.L., E-Dub (huh huh Def Squad) So So Def

(Erick Sermon)

Yo peep the game two industry kids

One of us 'contagious' like Mr. Biggs

Two never fib

True; rest at crib

Live, with a model chick and one kid

You ain't trill

you pimp still

With no game, buying them chicks with small fame

yeah

I'm here boy to bust your bubble

R.L., J.D. and me? I'm E double

(R.L.)

Everybody, they ask me

Who they girl? as she walks past them

She's mine though, and she knows that I'll never let her
go

So she grabs my hand, let's all the fellas know that I'm
her man

She pulls me close and dances slow

Then whispers in my ear let's go

(Chante Moore)

We can do whatever it is that you wanna do

As long as I can spend my whole night with you

(R.L.)

Jump in, my whip, and go back to my crib for some
touching

[Chorus]

It's a nice body

(I got me a model)

She can't look like a shorty

(I got me a model)

She knows how to party

(I got me a model)
I gotta tell somebody
(I got me a model)
She ain't level headed
(I got me a model)
Thinkin' bow legged
(I got me a model)
So why ain't Mama trickin'
(I got me a model)
Fellas get to listen
(I got me a model)

[R.L.]
Check
She's bangin', tonight
I'm speaking of this girl of mine
She got me, no lie
I think I found the love of my life
So sexy, so fly
Ease the way to my six parked outside
She wants me, it's time
Then she looks me in my eyes and says (Let's go)

(Chante Moore)
We can do whatever it is that you wanna do
As long as I can spend my whole nights with you

(R.L.)
Jump in, my whip, and go back to my crib for some
touching

(Chorus)

(Bridge)
She's a chick who you speak to
I let her freak too
Put your hands up high let me know I speak true
I'm a tell you, what you gon' do
Don't you dare let her loose
Listen when she tell you

(Erick Sermon)
Ayo it's me again
Erick Sermon
Say ah that's my friend
When I walk by haters cringe
I shine like rims
When I rock they get's Ugly like Bubba Sparxxx and Tim
Plus when I come through, got my chick with me
Brown skin 5' 10" a buck 50
That's what I'm talkin' bout

And Michael Johnson jumpin out the gate
Chill she says

(Chante Moore)
We can do whatever it is that you wanna do
As long as I can spend my whole night with you

(R.L)
Jump in, my whip, and go back to my crib for some
touching

(Chorus)

(J.D. Talking in background till fade)

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