Model

ZaA

How ya'll say it up north? No homo
I looked in the mirror this morning, bro
And I said I'm finna give this rapping shit up, bro
Bitch, I look too handsome to be rapping
Bitch, I'm a model
Bitch, I'm a model, called a photographer
Dressed like I'm going to a photo shoot, partner
Bitch, I'm a model, millionaire posture
Jewelry cost me over one million dollars
Bitch, I'm a model, G Q starter
Everything I do watch these other niggas follow
Bitch, I'm a model, no nigga hotter
Later on tonight I'm fucking somebody's daughter
I look so good, good, good, good, good
And I am from the hood, hood, hood, hood, hood
These hoes pouring love, love, love, love, love
My gear is off the hook, hook, hook, hook, hook
I look like a model, 7 days a week
I am too clean, hell na, I can't speak
12 hundred on the jeans, 5 hundred on the feet
3 goon chains a hundred 40 thousand dollars each
400 20 thousand, I can show you the receipt
You can tell how I walk, I was made for T.V.
You can tell by the jewels, I am somebody
I am the sharpest nigga living, who the fuck you supposed to be
Bitch, I'm a model, called a photographer
Dressed like I'm going to a photo shoot, partner
Bitch, I'm a model, millionaire posture
Jewelry cost me over one million dollars
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Everything I do watch these other niggas follow
Bitch, I'm a model, no nigga hotter
Later on tonight I'm fucking somebody's daughter
Look like I am on the run, run, run, run way
And I am the shit what else the fuck I'm posed to say
You can catch me in that Maserati later on today
With 200 thou worth of jewelry on, ok
And who is my designer? I don't really wanna say
And I only do 40 when I'm on the highway

So you can see that candy, candy, candy candy, spray
And I want you to see this handsome, handsome, handsome face
And I had hoes way before I was rich
But now that I got money I got millions I can pick
'Cause money make most of these broads fuck quick
And I am so fly I can't help it
Bitch, I'm a model, called a photographer
Dressed like I'm going to a photo shoot, partner
Bitch, I'm a model, millionaire posture
Jewelry cost me over one million dollars
Bitch, I'm a model, G Q starter
Everything I do watch these other niggas follow
Bitch, I'm a model, no nigga hotter
Later on tonight I'm fucking somebody's daughter
I need to be on the cover of a fucking magazine
'Cause I am the handsomest nigga you fucking seen
I am so dope put me on the triple beam
Ammo on my waste I got them racks up in my jeans
Call me Mr. Lysol the boy is so clean
Catch me in the club you would think I'm on a bean
I am really loaded 60,000 in my jeans
And I feel safe, I got shooters on my team
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