

LA Models

Hudson Thames

She started Sunday drinking Rose with her homies at the Nice Guy
Sippin' on some bubbly
Ended up with Leo over at the Chateau doin' white lines
Like the Wolf of Wall Street
She's at my door, we're on the floor
We've done this dance about a thousand times
While I was sleepin', she was creepin'
'Round the city in her thigh highs, thigh highs

I don't know, but baby, I've been told
These LA models gonna steal my soul
Drinks get stronger and the nights get old
Tell my mama I ain't comin' home
From Monday to Sunday
I can't say no
I don't know, but baby, I've been told
These LA models gonna steal my soul

She dates a lawyer that's a pretty good employer when you're 18
Mama get that money
Yeah he's older but it's better than promoters at The Roxy
Smile like you love me
But at my shows she knows the words
And every note she sings along with me
Then drops my label just to try to get a table
And some free drinks, on me

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These LA models gonna steal my soul
Drinks get stronger and the nights get old
Tell my mama I ain't comin' home
From Monday to Sunday
I can't say no
I don't know, but baby, I've been told
These LA models gonna steal my soul

She's got me down on both my knees
You've never seen a better teeth
That kiss tastes so liquor sweet
Every time I try to leave
Need her like a bad disease
These blue eyes my mama stole
Have never had much self control
It takes two to rock and roll
Maybe I'm the weaker soul
Heaven only knows

I don't know, but baby, I've been told
These LA models gonna steal my soul (my soul)
Drinks get stronger and the nights get old
Tell my mama I ain't comin' home (I ain't comin' home)
From Monday to Sunday
I can't say no (I can't say no)
I don't know, but baby, I've been told (yeah I've been told)
These LA models gonna steal my soul

Oh no, no, no, no, no

These LA models gonna steal your soul
And I know, I know, I know
These LA models gonna steal your soul