

Ooh Wee

Mark Ronson, Ghostface Killah, Nate Dogg, Trife & Saigon

(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)
Yo, what's the deal, nigga?
Ain't nuthin' pa, we just here and all that
Tryna get our head rights, get this money right
You know what I'm sayin', you know how it go
Just another day in the hood, yo, yo
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la) Aiyo, what a night, New York City, heard it goin' down
Friday night, midnight, Atlantic City
Slot machines, ding, ding, ding, ding, when they ring off
Lock the doors, that's when ghost just g'd off Cigars, paisley robes
Four bitches guardin' me safely as we walk to the window
The cashier was scared, she asked for my info
The manager arrived with two guards, that's an insult
That's the cause, just because
We talkin' bout 5 million dollars here, this ain't play doh, dough
And your horoscope read, you gon' slay those lows
We got scribes, Anthony Acid, rockin' the show
First five hundred bitches went crazy, he let them on and in
All he did was plug me in, I got the chargin'
Got they bras and ran through they whole apartment
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la) Ooh, wee, ooh wee
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)
Ooh, wee, ooh wee
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la) When I step into the party, all the ladies wanna know
I'm hangin' wit the ballers, yeah, or my nigga, ghost
I can tell you what they say haters, if you wanna know
They say, ooh wee
When I'm roll in my Mercedes, all the ladies wanna roll
Be my Juliet and I can be your Romeo
If you actin' menace I can pick another hoe
Ooh, wee
(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la) In the middle of the summer or even twenty below
I'm a bad muthafucka, I'm way to fuckin' cold
Let me tell you what they say, when I'm pullin' off my drawers
They say ooh wee Aiyo, aiyo, my games here to party, just to cut up a rug
Don't make me wanna cut up a thug
Now, play something for D.J. 'cuz there's nothin' but love
Hosted by the ladies who lookin' for somethin' to rub When we roll out, we roll on dubs, rollin'
up bud
The Theodore Unit, we controllin' the club
Mamies, shakin' they ass, they throwin' it up
Like a B.E.T. commercial, I'm wrappin' it up Ooh, wee, ooh wee

(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)

Ooh, wee, ooh wee

(La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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