

Kesha

"The Sleazy Remix"

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I don't need you and your brand new Benz
Or your boozy friends
And I don't need love looking like diamonds
Looking like diamonds

Get sleazy

[Andre 3000]

We started out so cute in our baby pictures
That mommy shot for our daddy so that he wouldn't
forget you
He forgot anyway, but hey, one day he'll remember
If not he's human, I'm human, you human, we'll forgive
him
God gives him his ultimatum, can't see how momma
hates him
He's such a cool ass guy, then wonder why she date
him
I'm only 8, I'm not old enough, guess it's complicated
Two parent dwellings, expelling have got so
underrated
I only say this in cadence so it don't get negated
I was gon' save it for later but later look like maybe
This crazy lady named Kesha is guessing my Mercedes
Would be all new and through through, but its the
1980s
But now that we are cool cool, she sippin' Irish Baileys
She say "Stacks, you're true blue?"
I said "Nah, I'm Navy"
I call her Kesha, she like it, because it's hood to her
She call me Andre 6000 cause I'm good to her

[Kesha]

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You can't imagine the immensity of the f*ck I'm not
giving
About your money and man servant at the mansion you
live in
And I don't wanna go places where all my ladies can't
get in
Just grab a bottle, some boys, and let's take it back to
my basement

And get sleazy, sick of all your lines, so cheesy
Sorry daddy, but I'm not that easy
I'm not gonna sit here while you circle jerk it and work it
Imma take it back to where my man and my girls is

Sleazy, get sleazy, get sleazy, get sleazy, 'cause imma
get
Sleazy, get sleazy, get sleazy, get sleazy, 'cause imma
get

I don't need you and your brand new Benz
Or your boojy friends
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Looking like diamonds

Rat-a-tat-tat on your dum-dum drum
The beat's so fat gonna make me come
Um, um, um, over to your place!

Rat-a-tat-tat on your dum-dum drum
The beat's so fat, gonna make me come
Um, um, um, over to your place!

I don't mean to critique on your seduction technique
But your money's not impressing me, it's kinda weak
That you really think you're gonna get my rocks off
Get my top and socks off, by showing me the dollars in
your drop box

Me and all my friends, we don't buy bottles, we bring
'em
We take the drinks from the tables when you get up
and leave 'em
And I don't care if you stare and you call us scummy

Cause we ain't after your affection,
and sure as hell not your money, honey

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