

## Soundtracks

### "Ooh Wee - Mark Ronson"

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(La-la-la-la, lalalalalala)  
Yo, what's the deal, nigga?  
Ain't nuthin' pa, we just here and all that  
Trynna 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 (la-la-la-la, lalalalalala)  
Yo, yo

Aiyo, what a night, New York City, heard it goin' down  
Friday night, midnight, Atlantic City  
Slot machines, ding-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 scribbes, Anthony Acid, rockin' the show  
Special guest: Starks / Mark Ronson  
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, lalalalalala)

[Chorus]

Oooooo weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalala)

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 ooooooh 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  
Ooooooooh weee (la-la-la-la, lalalalalala)

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 ooooooooooh weeeee

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"

[Chorus]  
Oooooh weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalala)

[Chorus]  
Oooooh weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalala)

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