

## Uh Oh Oreos "Just Like Us"

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You wish you had diamonds on yr chain  
Just like us  
You wish you were the kings of this game  
Just like us  
You wish you could drive a red mustang  
Just like us  
You wish you owned just 'bout everything  
Just like us (2x)

I gotta fiddy dolla bill in my right pocket  
Gonna show you how to get it down pop lock & drop it  
Lookin at yr booty thinkin about all the dirty things  
We gonna do when I buy you a diamond ring  
Hoppin up in da club rollin on 24 dub  
So shawty show me some love  
I promise I'll wear a glove  
Uh-wha-oh oreos deliver the news  
Always pimpin' up tha street with them kick butt shoes  
Brand new pants  
We can dance  
We gonna make you come back  
Show you how to shoot a gat  
Tell a homie where I'm at unless you wanna fight  
Cuz ima show you how to roll aiiight

24's on my rims like jeez  
Ima show you what it's like to dangle them keys  
Up in tha air side to side  
I don't care let's take a ride  
To my crib L.A. hollywood, trick don't play on that guitar  
It won't get you anywhere far  
I got more treasure than jafar

All these diamonds on my chain like woah  
Ima show you what it's like to get a hoe  
Back to yr place  
And out yr face  
When you need some space  
Come get a taste  
Don't let them down  
Show them round  
Up and down

Don't make a sound  
If we get caught  
We gonna get shot  
Baby don't stop  
(Don't stop)

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2 1 8 9 4 7  
Ima show you what it's like in heaven  
6 8 4 9 6 2  
Baby girl I wanna get witchu  
Cuz I like yr style  
Girl get wild  
Let's go ride  
Come back in a while  
Don't be late  
Don't playa hate  
Just concentrate  
Let's plan this date

Here we go arrive at the restaurant  
Orderin up some calamari  
What's that yr allergic girl?  
Damn I'm so sorry  
I apologize get in my ride  
Ima show you my chef  
He's gonna cook us a chicken breast...  
Yes it's the best

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Cuz when I walk up in the club  
I'm lookin for some love  
So shawty show me it  
Before I pack yr shit  
And leave you on the streets

With no more midnight treats  
Ima mess up all yr game  
Bitch don't call me t-pain

I'll call you beyonce  
Maybe be yr fiance  
I know that you want me  
I'm not like all the other G's  
So many girls tryin' to get wiff me  
But all I really want is you baby

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