

The Juliana Theory

"Ooh Wee"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah (Nate Dogg)]
(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

[Ghostface Killah]
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 scribes, Anthony Acid, rockin' the show
Special guest: Starks Mark Bronson
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 2X: Nate Dogg]
Oooooh weee, ohh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalala)

[Nate Dogg]
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
Ooooooooooh 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

[Trife]

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 2X]

[Saigon]

To the bang bang boogie, up jump the funk
When I bang big bullets, I buck up a chump
I love to get a bitch that's stuck up the hump
Act thug, then my bullet get's stuck up your rump
Like boom, ya'll heard, I bust and that's my word
So if you get out of line then, that your ass is mine
And I'mma run up in your house, put it in your mouth
I might be new to the game (what?)
But it's a damn shame, what a brother bout to do to the
game
I got Mark Ron' backin' me up
I'm already on a song with Nate Dogg, that's why you
wanna hate, dog?
Here's a warning, when Mark bring the horns in
Say the wrong thing, and you won't see the morning
You gon' get dealt with man, yo Nate, man
let's ride on these bitches, come on

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