

Mark Ronson & The Business Intl "Ooh Wee"

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Lyrics :

Oh yeah.

[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, 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 scribbles, 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 2X: Nate Dogg]

Oooooo weee, ooh 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]

Hey yo, Hey yo
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]

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