

Don't hate on me 'cos I hustle hard  
Took a back seat yeah I'm Rosa Parks  
Now I'm on a mission like Katy fuck that  
Tom Cruise I'm so wavy Call a monsoon  
See me in the club champagne pop  
Two ace I'm a king call that pontoon  
Beats so cold maybe I should get Double on it  
I should get Double on it  
Rough neck don't make me get stubble on it  
Cut cheques don't make me get Russell on it  
Old school don't make me get pukka on it  
Black man's radio don't get me Chris Tucker on it  
Can't touch the swagger MC Cameron it  
Too much plaques like a Westlife nigga  
But they say Dolce Gabbana on it

I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy  
I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy  
I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy  
I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy

She wants shoes, dresses, Tiffany's, no breakfast  
Rings, necklace, so wavy she don't need guest-list  
She just popped right in, spotlight ting  
Rose wine for the whole night bitch  
Christian Lebout's, strip for a dude  
Blusky make a man skip to the loo  
Who told me 'bout them leggings  
Those ain't legs they're weapons  
Wacke them around this Dolce belt and ride me straight to heaven  
If you're a pretty woman, then let me Richard Gere it  
She handles the stick, while I do the steering

I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy  
I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy  
I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy  
I'm wavy, I'm, I'm, I'm wavy

Aviators, she likes the shades  
So come summer it's designer frames  
She likes the place without the thunder  
I ride the wave, Cowabunga...