

# Ooh Wee

Mark Ronson

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, lalalalalalala)

Oooooh weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalalala)  
Oooooh weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalalala)

When I step into the party, all the ladies want to know  
I'm hangin' wit the ballers, yeah, or my nigga Ghost  
I can tell you what they say haters, if you want to know  
They say ooooooh wee  
When I'm roll in my Mercedes, all the ladies want to 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, lalalalalalala)  
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 want to cut up a thug  
Now play something for D.J., 'cause 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"

Oooooh weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalalala)  
Oooooh weee, ooh wee, (la-la-la-la, lalalalalalala)