

Ricky

Uffie

If you call me at three
Be ready, and let's meet
On my way up to the studio
I practice on the beat
That's my shit
I got here
You got there
Right on time
Feadz and j-mat on the track
And my voice got to shine
All the time
Call me uffie
Little girl full of static
Making money up in here
To get back
I'm magnetic
I'm a yak
Pacific ocean west side's where I'm at
You know where we are going after that
After that
After that
Cruising east with the boat it's where it's at
And we stop and get to swim with the sharks
With the sharks
With the sharks
With the sharks
I know how to play that
I'm arriving at the house with my face a pussycat
And the ass
You want the big money?
I want the big money
And I'm a get what I want 'cause I am not a dummy
You know you want it shorty, you know you want it baby
And I got people working hard just to make it happen
This how we do, uffie
You got the new uffie
And you got right to complain 'cause I am fucking lazy
But yeah I look right
And yes I smell right
I spending money on this shit
You know I keep it tight
Fuck what you bitches saying
I got dope in my brain
Fuck what you bitches saying
I got dope in my brain
Fuck what you bitches saying
Fuck what you bitches saying
I got dope in my brain
I got
I got
I I got
All the bitches screaming
And the boys on my back
I got all the bitches screaming
And the boys on my back
I got all the bitches screaming
And the boys on my back

I got all the bitches screaming
And the boys on my back
On my back

Who says uffie's a dumb bitch?
I don't go online
I been reading some dumb shit
(Dismissed!) you bitches mad?
Work your palm a weekend
To make enough cred to survive the whole month, and
(This don't feel like work for me)
I bought some clothes and shit
Excellency of the material
You don't get none of this
Oh you're a h&m?
I'm paul smith, bitch (Ding!)
I got a h&e
You got an empty fridge, bitch
(How long this dude been there?) not me, I eat good
Start with fresh orange juice
And finish with grey goose
(Who I gotta fuck to get some cranberries?)
You want the life I live
Doing nothing illegal
But I feel like a thief
Give me everything you got, bitch
With no guns or knife
I'd be the last one here to start up a fight
(We're gonna need bodyguards on this one)
We came to rock the whole room
Give me a loud mic and I'll break up the roof

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Okay so um, where to park the cadillac
It has to be green
Green cadillac on the left side
Get all set, the stage
A alright
Now we're gonna need to train monkeys
Can we train 'em to mix
So we can maybe get the audience to finish the track
Can you do that
Do they work
Anyway, how many monkeys do we have

Is it a few monkeys like a michael jackson video
Do they have like clothes on and shit
Maybe get them sailor costumes
That's what I need

(Not sure, but I tried. the vocals are hard to hear clearly)