

# Mark Ronson, Ooh Wee

[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 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, lalalalalala)

[Chorus x2: Nate Dogg]

Oooooh 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]

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 x2]