

Ray Charles

Chiddy Bang

(Ray Charles) ooh boy, open your eyes
A girl like me ain't waitin' all night
ooh boy, better think twice
i got that honey, that sugar, that spice (Ray Charles)
ooh boy, open your eyes A girl like me ain't waitin' all night
ooh boy, better think twice
i got that honey, that sugar, that spice (Ray Charles)
Yeah, hey yo I'm feeling' like Ray Chales
I got my shades on, i don't know where they
you couldn't find me even if you had a radar
And i spit rapidly AK, AR
I make the music with soul of the blind man
They be amazed how i get them ladies to climb in
And they try to do it, but they're blind to the fact
That they're stuck in a trap and stayin' right where they at
But I'm Ray Charles, missed A call
Talkin' to my dime and i miss 8 calls
And i spit tough, bet you Imma last Great Wall
I'm goin' ape y'all, I'm the new Ray Charles
I don't need no walking no walking stick, cost a grip I get out the mouthwash if you talkin' ----
And i can hear the evil, but i wont see it And if the blunt go out, you better reheat it
I got my black shades on, smokin' 'til it's numbhead to he sky, feelin' so on Ray chales, i-i'm Ray
Charles
Ray chales, i-i'm Ray Charles I got the black J's on, dancin' to my song lookin' so fly and I'm
feelin' so gone
Ray chales, i-i'm Ray Charles
Ray chales, i-i'm Ray Charles (Ray Charles) ooh boy, open your eyes
A girl like me ain't waitin' all night
ooh boy, better think twice
i got that honey, that sugar, that spice
And i think I'm a preheated oven
They hear me spit, they think they know
me like they cousin
But it's okay, we at the door that mean's we're buzzin'
Now that's McDonald's and baby I think I'm lovin'
But you know that size doesn't fit
MC Hammer with this shit, like why the fuck would i quite
Let's hire 40 people and get like 40 cars
And I wouldn't even drive cause I would be Ray Charles
See us and say "whattup?" like how the ---- is he talkin'
He don't even trip, like how the ---- is he walkin'
I'm blind man, yeah, like the Three Blind Mice

And them haters, Imma throw it on 'em
tell 'em I don't need no walkin' stick, my shit costs a grip
I get the mouthwash out if you talkin' ----
And i hear the evil, but i won't see it
And if the blunt go out, you better reheat
I got my black shades on, smokin' 'til it's numb
head to the sky, feelin' so on
Ray chales, i-i'm Ray Charles
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I got the black J's on, dancin' to my song
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Your're to blind to see it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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