It's Me . . . Remix

Swizz Beatz

Voulez vous coucher aves moi bitches! (Showtime!)

Re! remix! (You know what time it is right?)
Re! re-remix! (It's showtime!)
Re! remix! (You know what time it is right?)
Remix! (Grab your steerin' wheel)

(Chillin' in my Beemer)
Sittin' in my Phantom
(Listenin' to Ether)
Listenin' to the anthem
Weezy the badman, one man band man
Ya gyal with me cell phone she don't answer
He's so sweet make her wanna lick the rapper (This is the remix!)
So I let her lick the rapper
She take care of me all my homeboys after
Jump off! Jump off! The girl is a jump off!
I let her snort a mountain and she just jumped off
Jump off! Jump off! You know she a jump off
Pull my dick out and watch her jump on jump off
You make it so hard when it's all so basic
Chevy grill lookin' like a set of new braces
Southside baby, we outside baby
Smokin' on the spinach like Popeye baby
J'adore ah les femmes, yeah I love my riches
Bonjour money, and au revoir bitches
Ill and petite, we do it the biggest
And knew they rats mean we ain't snithces
Now can you tell me how good my french is
Voulez vous coucher aves moi bitches!

Ah!
(OK, now time to bring the big boy out, Kells!)

Hi hi nice to meet ya, it's Kells the freaker
Mr. Bump 'n' grind Mr. song of the weeker
R and B singer, Mr. defeater
Sixteen years and still comin' through your speaker
Mr. Pied Piper bitch I'm on fire
Don't trust me I'm a Billboard shyster

I got Dream girls, what you 'gon do
Got them chicks singin' "And I am tellin' you!"
Up in the club, flossin' like a Don
Album 'bout to drop so you bitches better run
Makin' them moan while havin' sex to the song
After sex, I beat my chest like I'm King Kong
Ice so cleared out everybody move
Haters on D, I'm 'bout to take these fools
Every time I shoot a shot it's like Swizz!
Every time I shoot a shot it's like Swizz!
Every time I shoot a shot it's like Swizz!
I'm in the buildin' and I'm lookin for a bitch!
Walk out the studio man it's a hit!
Back in the studio and do the remix!
I'm in the Mark five with a bad chick!
Hop out five paparazzi goin flick!
Come on!

Hold up, wait a minute! (I'm back off vacation!)
Hold up, wait a minute! (You know what I was doin'!)

Chillin' in the Beeza, wit' my mama mia
She smokin' on Cohiba, on my sun seater
For those of you who don't know that's just a yacht with a deck
You talk about your cars, what you got up on ya neck
I showed you my portfolio, straight disrespect
The rims in, the spot they ask "you couldn't write a check?" no!
You better think about it, yeah you better think about it
You betta hit the damn bar and get a drink up out it
I'm straight loco, don't care bout no po-po
Only big weight, what you think I roll wit Joe for
Wanna talk crazy, go and meet my fo fo
Ra! ra! ra! ra! There go that popo
J-jam in that Enzo! J-jam in that Spider
J-jam in that G-4, bet you can't catch me though
Double Z's on that whip, put the grease on her lips
Took her to the mine come and threw the "D" on that bitch

Freeze
You know who it is,
It's me bitches!

Taking over, the waiting's over
We bringing it back like baking soda
I don't stop squeezing till ya face is over

I'll be on vacation till the case is over
Bottles everywhere, club full of women
Gucci sneaks, a good cuff on a denim
A few birds two look out the three pitches
You cock suckers know who it is, it's me bitches!

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