

Ray Charles (Clean)

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)(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 feelin' like Ray Charles
I got my shades on, I don't know where they are
You couldn't find me even if you had a radar
And I spit rapidly AKAR
I make the music with the soul of a blind man
They be amazed how I get them ladies that cry, "yeah"
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, Miss A calls
Talkin' to my dime and I miss 8 calls
And I spit tough, bet you I'mma last Great Wall
I'm goin' ape y'all, I'm the new Ray Charles
I don't need no walking stick, my shit cost a grip
I get out the mouthwash if you talkin' shit
And I can hear the evil, but I won't see it
And if the blunt go out, you better reheat it I got my black shades on, smokin' 'til it's numb
Head to the sky, feelin' so on
Ray Charles, I'm-I'm Ray Charles
Ray Charles, I'm-I'm Ray Charles
I got the black J's on, dancin' my the song
Lookin' so fly and I'm feelin' so gone
Ray Charles, I'm-I'm Ray Charles
Ray Charles, I'm-I'm 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 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', it
But you know that size doesn't fit
MC Hammer with this shit, like why the fuck would I quit
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, "What up?" like how the fuck is he talkin'
He don't even trip, like how the fuck is he walkin'
I'm blind man, yeah, like the Three Blind Mice
And them haters, I'mma throw it on 'em
Tell 'em I don't need no walkin' stick, my shit costs a grip
I get out the mouthwash if you talkin' shit
And I can hear the evil, but I won't see it
And if the blunt go out, you better reheat it I got my black shades on, smokin' 'til it's numb
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Ooh boy, better think twice
I got that honey, that sugar, that spice You're too blind to see it (Ray Charles)

Songwriters

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