

# 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  
lookin' so fly and I'm feelin' so gone  
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(Ray Charles) ooh boy, open your eyes  
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ooh boy, better think twice  
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You're to blind to see it  
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Your're to blind to see it

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