

# 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)

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, "Whattup?" 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

You're too blind to see it (Ray Charles)