

## Ricki Lake – Netta

I don't need ya high heels, bitch I'm higher  
Way up where they can't touch me  
See this face, no I don't look tired  
'Cause I don't forget to hydrate  
Who you think I was  
When it's all, right in front of ya  
Tell me what you want  
Guess what, I don't give a shit  
Baby, I dance to my own damn drum  
And if they don't then they dumb-dumb-dumb  
Ooh, she looking good  
She so fire, who is that I see  
Moving all around in the mirror  
Oh my god, it's me  
Baby, I dance to my own damn drum  
And if they don't then they dumb-dumb-dumb  
I'm not gonna teach you how to bake a cake  
I don't need your problems, I'm not RickiLake  
Diamonds on my finger but my hair is fake  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah  
Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-d-d-dumb-dumb  
Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb  
Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-d-d-dumb-dumb  
Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb  
Never overthink  
Have a drink, baby loosen up  
I'ma level up, fill a cup  
Make you fall in love  
Baby, I dance to my own damn drum  
And if they don't then they dumb-dumb-dumb  
Baby, I dance to my own damn drum  
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Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb

Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-d-d-dumb-dumb

Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb

Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-d-d-dumb-dumb

Dumb-d-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych