

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