

Uptown Funk

Dm

This hit / That ice cold

G7

Michelle Pfeiffer / That white gold

Dm

This one for them hood girls

G7

Them good girls / Straight masterpieces

Dm

Stylin', wilin

G7

Livin' in up in the city

Dm

Got chucks on with Saint Laurent

G7

Gotta kiss myself I'm so pretty

CHORUS

Dm

I'm too hot (hot dang)

G7

Call the po-lice and the fireman

Dm

I'm too hot (hot dang)

G7

Make a dragon wanna retire, man

Dm

I'm too hot (hot dang)

G7

Say my name you know who I am

Dm

I'm too hot (hot dang)

And my band 'bout that money

Break it down...

Dm

Girls hit your hallelujah (ooh)

Girls hit your hallelujah (ooh)

Girls hit your hallelujah (ooh)

'Cause Uptown Funk gon' give it to ya

'Cause Uptown Funk gon' give it to ya

'Cause Uptown Funk gon' give it to ya

Saturday night and we in the spot

G7

Don't believe me just watch (Come on)

Dm G7

Don't believe me just watch

Dm G7

Don't believe me just watch

Dm G7

Don't believe me just watch

Dm G7

Don't believe me just watch

Dm

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Don't believe me just watch

Hey, hey, hey, oh!

(this next part is sung acapella but you could use the same progression from the first verse)

Stop / Wait a minute

Fill my cup put some OJ in it

Take a sip, sign a check

Julio, Get the stretch!

Ride to Harlem, Hollywood, Jackson, Mississippi

If we show up, we gon' show out

Smoother than a fresh jar of Skippy

CHORUS