

# Holidae In

## Chingy ft. Ludacris & Snoop Dogg

Bomb ass pussy  
Bomb, oh, you got that bomb, know you got it  
Bomb, oh, you got some bomb-ass pussy  
Bomb, I know you got that bomb, bomb pussy  
[Chorus x 2](What you doin'?) Nothing, chillin' at the Holiday Inn  
(Who you wit'?) Me and my peeps; won't you bring four of your friends?  
(What we gon' do?) Feel on each other, and sip on some Hen  
One thing leading to another; let the party begin  
[Chingy]Peeps call me up, said it's a hotel party  
Just bring the liquor; there's already eight shawties  
I'm on my way (way); let me stop by the store  
Get a twelve pack of Corona plus a ounce of 'dro, ya know?  
Now I'm on Highway 2-7, need a natural graze road  
I'm already blowed; hit third, I'm a be be blowed some mo'  
Pulled up, stop parked, rims still spinning  
Valet lookin' like he in the game and must be winning  
To room four-nine-O I'm headed; on my way up  
There's three girls on the elevator like "wassup"  
I told 'em: "follow me"  
They knew I had it cracking, B  
One said, "ain't you that boy that be on BET?"  
"Yeah, that's me, Ching-a-ling equipped wit' much ding-a-ling."  
Knock on the door; I'm on the scene of things  
Busted in, Henny bottle to the face!  
Fuck it then; feel like my head a toxic waste  
There's some pretty girls in here; I heard 'em whispering  
Talking 'bout "that's that dude that sing 'Right Thurr'; he glistening."  
I ain't come to talk (talk), I ain't come to sit (sit)  
What I came for was to find out who I'm gon' hit; aww, shit  
[Chorus x 2][Chingy]Ma showed up like, "what's the hold up?"  
Man know what get them wraps and roll up  
I took a chick in the bathroom, seeing what's poppin'  
You know what's on my mind, shirts off and panties dropping  
Niggas knocking on the door drunk, actin' silly  
The girl said, "can I be in yo' video?"  
I'm like "yeah!" Oh really?  
Now she naked, strip teasing; me, I'm just cheeing  
She gave me a reason to be a damn heathen

Handled that, told ol' G bring the camera  
Then I thought about no footage while I ram her  
Walked out the bathroom smiling, cats still whiling  
Sharing the next room wit' some girls lookin' like they from an island  
[Chorus x 2][Ludacris]Stop, drop, kaboom! Baby, rub on ya nipples  
Some call me Ludacris, some call me Mr. Wiggles  
Far from little; make ya mammary glands giggle  
Got 'em under control, the bowl of tender vittles  
Doctor giggles, I can't stop until it tickles  
Just play a little "D," and I'll make ya mouth dribble  
Bits and Kibbles, got 'em all after the pickle  
I swing it like a bat, but these balls are not whiffle  
Hit 'em in triples, wit' no strikes, stripes, or whistles  
I ain't felt this good since my wood lived off a thistle  
Sippin' some ripple, I got quarters, dimes, and nickels  
For shizzle dizzle, I'm on a track with the Big Snoop Dizzle  
Let the Henny trickle down the beat wit' a ghetto tempo  
I done blazed the instrumental, laid it plain and simple  
Getting brain in the rental, I done did it again  
My eyes chinky; I'm wit' Chingy at the Holiday Inn  
[Chorus x 2][Snoop Dogg]Yeah, let the party begin, bitch  
Ching-a-ling-ling all the way in St. Louis  
My nigga Chingy disturbing tha peace  
Luda, Luda going hard on you hos  
Yeah, bitch, bring four of ya friends  
Meet me at the Holiday Inn  
Bring a gang of that Hen, some DSOP  
Oh wee, and light that sticky icky  
And we gon' do the damn thing  
Know what I'm talking 'bout?  
We gon' disturb the peace right now  
Yeah, we ain't doing nothing but chillin'  
We chillin' and nuttin'  
Know what I'm talking 'bout? So push the button  
You know what's happenin', fa shizzle, uh-huh  
Yeah, bitch, trying to run from this pimpin'  
You can't out run the pimpin', bitch  
I done told you

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