

# Holidae Inn (featuring Ludacris and Snoop Dogg)

## Chingy

Bomb ass pussy  
Ma ooh, you got that bomb, know you got it  
Ma ooh, you got some bomb ass pussy  
Ma, I know you got that bomb bomb pussy(Whachu doin'?)  
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In  
(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 Henn'  
One thing leading to another, let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)  
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In  
(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 Henn'  
One thing leading to another, let the party beginPeeps call me up, said it's a hotel party  
Just bring the liquor, there's already eight shawties  
I'm on my way, let me stop by the store  
Get a 12 pack of Corona, plus an ounce of 'dro, ya know?Now I'm on highway 270, needin' Natural Bridge  
Road  
I'm already blowed, hit third I'm a get blowed some mo'  
Pulled up, stop parked, rims still spinning  
Valet look like he in the game and must be winningTo room 490 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?"Ya 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 wasteThere'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, I ain't come to sit  
What I came for was to find out who I'm gon' hit, aww shit(Whachu doin'?)  
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In  
(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 Henn'  
One thing leading to another, let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)  
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In

(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 Henn'  
 One thing leading to another, let the party begin  
 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  
 Niggaz 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 cheesing  
 She gave me a reason to be a damn heathen  
 Handled that, told ol' G, bring tha 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  
 (Whachu doin'?)  
 Nothing chillin' at the Holiday In  
 (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 Henn'  
 One thing leading to another, let the party begin  
 (Whachu doin'?)  
 Nothing chillin' at the Holiday In  
 (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 Henn'  
 One thing leading to another, let the party begin  
 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 biddles  
 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 Henney 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 In  
 (Whachu doin'?)  
 Nothing chillin' at the Holiday In  
 (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 Henn'  
 One thing leading to another, let the party begin  
 (Whachu doin'?)

Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In  
(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 Henn'  
One thing leading to another, let the party begin 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 hoes  
Yeah bitch, bring four of ya friends  
Meet me at the Holidae In  
Bring a gang of that Henn', some D S O P Oh wee, and light that sticky icky  
And we gone do the damn thing  
Now 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 outrun the pimpin' bitch, I done told you  
You can hide in Atlanta, you can hide in St. Louis

Songwriters

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