High Price

Strangetunge

Ciara on the track and she from the, the
(A)
Ludacris once again and I'm from the, the
(A)
Ciara, Ludacris and we gon rep that
(A)
(Ay, Ay, Ay, yep)
Let's go
See me in the club rockin' Christian Louboutin
I should be a Iraq shawty 'cause I am the bomb
I got a million dollar house on my earlobe
Boy, I know you want it but what do you got on it?
You know me, see the vuitons all on my rim
You know me, yeah, we all singers but I'm not quite like them
You know me, if he's a buster then you won't see me with him
Yeah, I know you want it but what do you got on it?
'Cause I'm high price
Better have on a hot pair of Nikes
Better buy me anything I like
'Cause I'm already holdin', holdin'
High price
Better have on a hot pair of Nikes
Better buy me anything I like
'Cause I'm already holdin', holdin'
Already
Ahh, ahh, ahh, already
(Holdin')
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, already
(Holdin')
I got money, I, I, I got
(Money)
Already holdin'
(Already holdin')
See me in the drop head, fresh up out the hair salon
Booty look softer than a McDonalds hamburger bun
I got the edible dessert on my wrist
Please believe I'm a ten, yeah, shawty, I'm the shit
You know me, see the vuitons all on my rim
You know me, yeah, we all singers but I'm not quite like them

You know me, if he's a buster then you won't see me with him
Yeah, I know you want it but what do you got on it?
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Ahh, ahh, ahh, already
(Holdin')
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, already
(Holdin')
I got money, I, I, I got

(Money)
Already holdin'
(Already holdin')
Now you can have anything that you want
And imma keep throwin' ya, throwin' ya, throwin' ya stacks
Do everything that he want
Just keep throwin' it, throwin' it, throwin' it back
I'm holdin', holdin' a hundred grand in my left hand
Rocks with the right, 285 horses, drop top porsches
Yep, I box through the night, floatin' like a butterfly
Sting like a bee for my honey pie, I'm Southern Fly
Soon as CiCi sees me, she sings me a lullaby
And other guys can't match up to my bank account
And it's hard to see
How I don't work hard for the money
But my money works hard for me
(Me)
Let's go on a shopping spree to an expensive place
Then I lick you up and I lick you down
'Cuz I love your expensive taste
So sweet, yes, bon appetite'
I'm a freak, you can see me smilin'
Took the money that I got from the verse
Flew me and CiCi to the Fiji Islands
Wildin' all on the beach, all in the sheets, preach
Straight shots of saki, I'll speaks for my team
No papparazzi, you freaks, big plans
And you know what they say about a man with big hands

And my woman is my number one fan, hot damn
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Better buy me anything I like
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