Holidae In (ft. Ludacris and Snoop Dogg)

Chingy

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 cheesing
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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