

High Price

Ciara

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?

'Cause I'm high price

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High price

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'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')

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 speak 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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