

# High Price (featuring Ludacris)

## Ciara

[Ludacris]

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)

Let's Go[Ciara]

See me in the club rocking 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 Vuittons 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?[Chorus:]

Cause I'm high price

Better have on a hot pair of Nikes,

Better buy me anything I like

Cause I'm already holding, holding

High price

Better have on a hot pair of Nikes,

Better buy me anything I like

Cause I'm already holding, holdingAlready,

Already (holding)

Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah Already (holding)

I got money,

I, I, I got (Money)

Already holding (Already holding)[Ciara]

See me in the drop-head, fresh up out the hair salon

Booty look softer than a McDonald's hamburger bun

I got the edible dessert on my wrist

Please believe I'm a ten, yeah shawty I'm the shitYou know me

See the Vuittons 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?[Chorus]Already,

Already (holding)

Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah Already (holding)  
I got money,  
I, I, I got (Money)  
Already holding (Already holding)[Ludacris]  
Now you can have anything that you want  
And I'ma keep throwing ya, throwing ya, throwing ya stacks  
Do everything that he want  
Just keep throwing it, throwing it, throwing it back  
I'm holding, holding a hundred grand in my left hand  
Rocks with the right  
285 horses, drop-top Porsche's  
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 its 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  
Cause 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 paparazzi 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![Chorus]Already,  
Already (holding)  
Already (holding)  
I got money,  
I, I, I got (Money)  
Already holding (Already holding)[Ludacris]  
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)

Let's Go

Songwriters

Bridges, Christopher Brian / Stewart, Christopher / Nash, Terius  
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