

# A Bay Bay (the Ratchet Remix)

## Hurricane Chris

Hurricane Chris  
5150 Ratchet  
A Bay Bay (The Ratchet Remix)  
[Chorus 1:]Im in the club hollerin'  
A bay bay [X5]  
Im in the club hollerin'  
A bay bay [X5]  
Im in the club hollerin'  
[The Game:]You can find me in tha a bay bay  
Buckin full of cry-stale V.I.Ped up  
Goin hard in body tap where they throw that cheeze up  
I been about my paper niggas know about my stack  
You dont like that dirty money send yo girl to wipe me down  
Million dollars on my neck and wrist shine for a mile  
She wanna see it up close then she gotta walk it out  
Im tha king of this rap shit f\*\*k they talkin bout  
Niggas cant sell records so they blame it on tha South  
I be all through Shreve-port Louisiana ballin  
Like who the f\*\*k said aint no choppers in New Orleans  
My rims so clean they spinnin like a world-wind  
Pull up at the club bitches textin they girlfriends  
They know who i is they know who i am  
I be flyin through the south in that burgundy land  
Pull up at the light my shit so bright  
She want my number call me tonight  
Pick up the phone like  
[Chorus 2:]A bay bay [X5]  
Im in the club hollerin'  
A bay bay [X5]  
Im in the club hollerin'  
[Lil' Boosie:]A bay bay this here Boosie  
This for my dawgs who keep that cake and keep that oozie  
Holla a bay bay  
One eighty seven two eleven on my side of town  
E'erbody ridin 'round A bay bay f\*\*k naw  
Rubberbands round cash im makin cake  
A bay bay what we gone eat today I want me some steak  
Paint the caddy candy green hay bay bay  
Anybody try to hate they gone feel that cake

In Baton Rouge keep a big attitude real rude  
L.I.G im real cool don't thank that im a lil dude  
A Peter Pan quick knock off the doors off  
Dont get me started ive been retarded watch me mow down  
A bay bay!  
Im straight gangsta  
From my feet and cat down to my ankles  
Cant forget my feet  
Beef's to me like bar-b-que its nothing at all  
Thought that ratchet was a fool a bay bay goin off  
[Chorus 1][E-40:]E-40 from the bay hey bay bay  
Hocker me Ratchet like where you stay  
Im pullin on my chain yankin on my collar  
Just like the Lava House click  
"Pass Me Sum Wata"  
Outta my mind outta my body thumper never loose  
Rollin you can sip that Donald Duck orange juice  
Mean muggs fix your face upside down smile  
Money call the fete chase been doin it for a while  
Phunk Dog on the beat with it jig with it  
Hustlers play for keep with it so I keep my heat with it  
(A bay bay thats my song turn it up) Im with my folks whether they right or wrong tear it up

[Chorus 2]Say that red hat them red b's white b's  
23's out the Bentley and we stay fly  
hunded g's p-r-p's hum v's  
We d boys getting money on dem 25's  
5 star and that's me a O G  
Im from the three tha thirteenth off the wild side  
My young G and he a beast the carter 3  
That's more stuntin but we hustlin like its do or die  
We poppin bottles with these championship rings, models & thangs, monogers & brains  
We bring a few to the east & west wangs  
Show em how I livin and watch em all say yeah!  
[Chorus 2][Angie Locc:]Ratchet dancing cross the floor you know the g-way  
Hollerin uuhh up on the mic with the dj  
Im with my G's and my thugs and my essays  
Hidin `hind the shades I been up for bout three days  
{ You already know what we say when we outta here what? a bay bay a bay bay you can find if you scared} [X2]  
Cut with curls in my hair got my L's in tha air  
Wiastin drank everywhere cuz I cuz I don't care  
With my niggas out that lava and you know we bad off  
We the ones up in tha cut with them blunts that make you cough  
Chewed all the way down from my head to my feet  
I cant feel my face so please don't speak

You wanna know what we do when the club get packed  
Toss my set raise my shirt show that tat up on my back  
[Chorus 1][Hurricane Chris:]Well its the H to tha U double R I C-A-N to tha E Get em up, Get em up, Get em  
up like

A bay bay thats what we say when we pull up in them trucks

Tell my label to cut the check ima gone spend it up  
On the bentley painted yellow like a baby school bus  
26's make em stop when i pull up

And my pants sag low like i was rockin a pull-up  
When i stop and i pull up ima be already full of Vodka  
I keep that in my cup a bay bay on make me buss  
And if you try to take my chain ima snatch yo face off  
I got diamonds in my ear the same size as baseballs  
Where they at they lost i dont thank they on my level  
Lil mama thank ima bite her with this alligator sweater  
A bay bay was just the beginning im finna run tha game

Whoever feel different can holla at Hurricane

Wanna be talkin but heavy itenary break up yo chest if you runnin yo mouth

And every since i dropped that a bay bay i been runnin the South

[Chorus 1][Jadakiss:]Yo look at any game 50 large is what I came with

25 for bottles 25 to make it rain with

This aint reggie miller ma this is cush and haze mixed  
Don't sit there and lie to me you aint never taste this  
Hope the Lord forgive me gave my Jesus piece a face-lift

Stones is doin the y-toosie in the bracelet

Aint no stopping that I be where the gwap is at

Excuse me I be wherever its poppin at

Now im on the dance floor iced out lights out  
Wifebeater true religion shorts and my nikes out  
Drinkin out the bottle talking much shit Dutchlet  
Every bunny with an arms reach wanna touch kiss  
Back to the couch with a section full of honey dips

Black on 26 e-s we fresh

Yes and when I leave they all following just cuz I was in the club hollerin

[Chorus 2]

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