

# Hell Yeah (remix)

## Ginuwine

Woah, it's the remix  
Woah, it's the remix  
Woah, it's the remix  
Woah, Genuine  
Chitti chitti bang bang boom like a pow  
Everybody up in the club gettin' wild  
Drinks everywhere, the crowd is real loud  
Looks like we gonna be here for a while  
I'm so drunk, I'm just droolin' at the mouth  
Tryin' to get somebody to take me to my house, so  
So now where my car keys at? And where my money at?  
I'm gonna follow y'all to the, ah, where the honeys at  
Gimme some cheese, eggs, steaks and grits  
And hit the after party with G and them boys Clipse  
Your a ooo ooo ooo  
Look out for the po po  
Ooo ooo ooo  
Smokin' on the dro dro  
In them Air Force One's and all white band new tees  
Plus I got these two honeys tryin' juke on me  
You've got the ignition and girl, I've got the key  
It's the Pide Piper so people follow me  
So fresh, so fly, so sweet, so polite  
So much too many 'cause we ridin' tonight  
And it's that pimp talk, that pimp walk  
It's big pimpin' over here, playa ya just start  
See we're fresh with Air One's, Lexus and big drums  
White shirt, plenty chicks, plenty Kris, big fun  
Ma, you worry none, the minks come with the guns  
The Prada, the Gucci, it's all in the bird fun  
I'm sittin' in my truck, stakin' the club out  
Kill this last sip and go wild the fuck out  
I walk up in the club with my hands in the air  
There's so much coochie in the atmosphere  
So girl quit frontin' and get you ass over here  
And get yourself a cup of this Cran and Belvedere  
I'm all off in the corner with honey's taking flicks  
Baby in the VIP with lots of chicks  
I'm pimped now, low cut and a pic

G and Big Tymers together, that's a hit  
Have you ever seen the thug in the club with a bottle turned up  
Head bobbin' like hell? Yeah  
Have you ever seen the chick in the club with a drink in the cup  
Booty shakin' like hell? Yeah  
Have you seen those Big Tymers pull up in the front of the club  
24's like hell? Yeah  
Have you ever seen 50 thousand strong with their hands in the air  
Up and down like hell? Yeah  
Oh what? It's on me?  
Let's go  
I'm in the club with it on me homie  
And homie you don't know me, I don't want it  
I just want to find a roney to go home with  
Not hold the phone with, spend money on it  
Chick, I'm on gotta have her own shit  
And no, I'm never lonely or alone without that chrome  
And I only keep it on me just in case we don't click  
Don't confuse the club atmosphere, we're strapped in here  
And just might explain malisses mack affair  
55 thousand Prada pink wrist  
Two years ago, nigga never pictured this  
Raise up the Kris, watch the bottle shake up  
Rollie like it was dipped in foundation, makeup  
Nah Ma, this is not your Jacob  
This is what you call presidential cake up  
Shake your money maker until the night break up  
Then be on your way as soon as your ass wake up  
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It's the cash, money y'all, it's The Clipse y'all  
It's Ginuwine y'all, The Pide Piper y'all  
Cash, money y'all, it's The Clipse y'all  
It's Ginuwine y'all, The Pipe Piper y'all

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