

Holidae Inn (ft. Ludacris & Snoop Dogg)

Chingy

Bomb ass pussy
Ma ooh, you got that bomb, know you got it
Ma ooh, you got some bomb ass pussy
Ma, I know you got that bomb bomb pussy(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In
(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 Henn'
One thing leading to another, let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In
(Who you wit?)
Me and my peeps won't you bring four of your friends
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Feel on each other and sip on some Henn'
One thing leading to another, let the party beginPeeps call me up, said it's a hotel party
Just bring the liquor, there's already eight shawties
I'm on my way, let me stop by the store
Get a 12 pack of Corona, plus an ounce of 'dro, ya know?Now I'm on highway 270, needin' Natural Bridge
Road
I'm already blowed, hit third I'm a get blowed some mo'
Pulled up, stop parked, rims still spinning
Valet look like he in the game and must be winningTo room 490 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?"Ya 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 wasteThere'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, I ain't come to sit
What I came for was to find out who I'm gon' hit, aww shit(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In
(Who you wit?)
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One thing leading to another, let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In

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 (What we gon' do?)
 Feel on each other and sip on some Henn'
 One thing leading to another, let the party beginMa 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 droppingNiggaz 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 heathenHandled that, told ol' G, bring tha 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(Whachu doin'?)
 Nothing chillin' at the Holidaye In
 (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 Henn'
 One thing leading to another, let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)
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 (Who you wit?)
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 (What we gon' do?)
 Feel on each other and sip on some Henn'
 One thing leading to another, let the party beginStop, 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 biddlesDoctor 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 whiffleHit '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 DizzleLet 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 Holidaye In(Whachu doin'?)
 Nothing chillin' at the Holidaye In
 (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 Henn'
 One thing leading to another, let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)

Nothing chillin' at the Holidae In
(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 Henn'
One thing leading to another, let the party begin 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 hoes
Yeah bitch, bring four of ya friends
Meet me at the Holidae In
Bring a gang of that Henn', some D S O P Oh wee, and light that sticky icky
And we gone do the damn thing
Now 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 outrun the pimpin' bitch, I done told you
You can hide in Atlanta, you can hide in St. Louis

Songwriters

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