

A Bay Bay

Hurricane Chris

Ay bay bay(ay)

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Ay bay bay(ay)Ay bay bay(ay)

Ay bay bay(ay)

Ay bay bay(ay)[Chorus]

You wanna know wat we say in da club (ay bay bay)

Whites folks gangsta and them thugz (ay bay bay)

Stuntin wit a stack of dem dubz (ay bay bay)

Ridin' in a lac wit a mug (ay bay bay)

I'm in da club hollerin'

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

I'm in da club holerin'

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

Ay bay bay

I'm in da club hollerin'When I holler ay bay bay

I finna get my groove on

It's so hot up in da club

Dat I ain't got no shoes on

I'm holdin' up a big stack of dem

Hundreds in a rubba band

Girl don't ask me for no cash

Cause I'm not dat other man

Everybody trippin' cause im limp'in'

When I'm walkin' and im pimpin' when im talkin'

I don't trick on chick dats talkin'

Dem boyz in da back dey be rollin'up dey doughdy

And then dey blow it till dey chokin'

Dats wat godly came outWhen I see a bad chick I'm hollerin out(ay bay bay)

I hope y'all ain't wit ya boyfriends
Cause I don't care what dey say
And I don't care what he say or she say
I'm in da DJ booth takin' pictures wit da DJ[Repeat: x2]
You wanna know what we say
When clubs get crunk (what)
Ay bay bay let it play
Dats my song turn it up[Chorus]Now if you lookin' for me baby you can find me
Bangin' in da Chevy candy painted swangin nine deep
Ten cars creep wit my people right behind me
I showed dem my chain now
She hollerin boy you blindin me
I show my mouth piece
To dem freaks now da eyein me
Oh you got a problem well I hope you ain't tryin me,
throw the car in park
Then I reach under my seat
Hop out with my hand under my shirt
Dats where dat iron be
Yellow bone chirpin' me
She trying to see where I'ma be.
You gonna let me get up in
Your mouth well dats where I'ma be
I don't pop trunk wit lights dats
Where dey choppa be, straight to the hotel
All da bad chick followin' me
I know you like my style, I ain't trippin
I'm just tryin' to see, girl is you drunk
Well tell me why you leanin' all on me
And if you thinkin' I'ma stunt you trippin
I pull up in an expedition wit da roof missin[Chorus]I'm in da club hollerin'
Ay bay bay let it play, dats my song turn it up
I'm in da club hot, crunk, sweatin, burnin' up
Im bouncin through the crowd
Buckin and hollerin what's up
I done fell out on da dance floor
And now I can't get up
J's on your feet but you cant get these
Louis Vuitton brown white, and yellow
Trick please
I'll go to St.Louis let my chain hang low
Canary yellow diamonds mixed wit rose gold
I shine real bright in da light because I'm a star
Eight shots of patrons now I'm standin' on da bar
Probably get drunk as a skunk

N put da keys in da wrong car[Chorus]Ay bay bay let it play

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