

Holidae In (feat. 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 Inn
(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 Hen
One thing leading to another let the party begin
(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae Inn
(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 Hen
One thing leading to another let the party beginPeeps call me up said it's a ho-tel 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 the Natural
Bridge road
I'm already blowed, get thurr I'm a get blowed some mo'
Pulled up, stop parked, rims still spinning
Vallet look like he in the game and must be winning
To 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 B.E.T?"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 about, "That's that dude that sing, 'Right Thurr' he glistening"
I ain't come to talk, talk, I ain't come to sit, sit
What I came for was to find out who I'm gon' hit, aww shit(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin, at the Holidae Inn
(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 Hen
One thing leading to another let the party begin(Whachu doin'?)

Nothing chillin' at the Holiday Inn
 (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 Hen
 One thing leading to another let the party begin
 Ma, showed up, "Hey, 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 dropping
 Niggaz 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 heathen
 Handled that, told ol' G, bring the camera
 Then I thought about, no footage as 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 Holiday Inn
 (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 Hen
 One thing leading to another let the party begin
 (Whachu doin'?)
 Nothing chillin' at the Holiday Inn
 (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 Hen
 One thing leading to another let the party begin
 Stop, drop, kaboom! Baby rub on ya nipples
 Some call me Ludacris, some call me Mr. Wiggles
 Far from little, make ya mammary glands jiggle
 Got 'em under control, the bowl of tender bittles
 Doctor 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 whiffle
 Hit '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
 Fo shizzle dizzle, I'm on a track with the Big Snoop Dizzle
 Let 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 Holiday Inn
 (Whachu doin'?)
 Nothing chillin', at the Holiday Inn
 (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 Hen
 One thing leading to another let the party begin
 (Whachu doin'?)
 Nothing chillin' at the Holiday Inn

(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 Hen
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 the peace
Luda, Luda, going hard on you hoes Yeah bitch, bring four of ya friends
Meet me at the Holidae Inn
Bring a gang of that Hen, 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 out run the pimpin' bitch, I done told you

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>