

Chingy "Gimme Dat"

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I just want that gushy, gimme dat gushy
I just want that gushy, baby, that's

I got my pockets all swole, big bank rolls
A bad li'l mama, and she ready to go
I'm like, like
I just want that gushy, gimme dat gushy
I just want that gushy, baby that's

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Club packed, know we're be there all night
Tight as hell, jet lag, just got off a flight
But that don't stop me, who? Not me
Pop 1 bottle, pop 2, bottles pop 3
4, 5, 6, chicks in tha V.I.P., 7, 8, 9, naw, they all dimes
O.G.

Louis frames match my Louis kicks on my fifth right?
Dirty lame lookin' at me wrong? Tell 'em get right
Light reflecting off the Bentley watch, now I'm lit right?
Sixes on the candy range just so I can sit right
Hotter if ya chick nice, I can triple his price

On the black boy, got 'em hating, wanna fist fight?
Man don't get ya shit sliced, yeah, I hope the fifth tight
We tryna party, yo homey don't mess up this night
It's a D.T.P. thang, wall to wall, it's hype
Me, Luda and Valentine, we living this life

I got my pockets all swole, big bank rolls
A bad li'l mama, and she ready to go
I'm like, like
I just want that gushy, gimme dat gushy
I just want that gushy

Oh yes, sir, I got my pockets all swole, big bank rolls
A bad li'l mama, and she ready to go

I'm like
I just want that gushy, gimme dat gushy
I just want that gushy, baby, that's

Chingaling, I gotta car full of women
And a truck full of beef, air full of smoke
Le box full of heat, heat it and repeat it eight day
If the cops seein' on mah bumper, everything is okay

What you say, we cruise down the block?
Droolz on my watch, fools on mah truck
So, turn this tune up a notch
'Cause mah whip game's propper, Bentley drop top
Clubs on Luda, drinks on Chaka

Ima mash that woman, smash that woman
Jump, shot, fake and pass that woman
Over to Bobby V. and tell her to swallow he
Oops, did I say that? Good oh, Golly V.
'Cause it's probably three more women in tha cut
Talkin' 'bout tonite, they tryna get fucked up

And who tha hell would I be
If I ain't grant them they wish?
Well, sure as hell, it's not Ludacris

Who is this that got his pockets all swole, big bank rolls
A bad li'l mama, and she ready to go
I'm like
I just want that gushy, gimme dat gushy
I just want that gushy, baby that's

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Mah whip flash, you my catch whip glass
When ya boy dip past, man, ain't none of y'all cold as
me
Mah chick lash, she ain't roll this past
Watch that new six stash
Why can't none of y'all roll like me?

Don't get mad, blame mah momma dem
Plus the Cadillac gangsta grill but don't call me drama
then
My flows listen to 'em, you mah final summit then
Is a couple celebrity chicks, yeah, I'm with them

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