

Chingy "Holiday Inn"

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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 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

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Peeps 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 2-7 need a natural graze road
I'm already blowed, hit third I'm a be be blowed some
mo'
Pulled up, stop parked, rims still spinning
Valet 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 waste

There'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

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Ma 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
dropping

Niggaz knocking on the door drunk, and 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 tha camera

Then I thought about it, 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

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Stop, 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 biddles

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
For sizzle 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 In

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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 Holiday In
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 sizzle
Yeah bitch, trying to run from this pimpin'
You can't out run the pimpin' bitch, I done told you

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