

Chingy Feat. Snoop Dogg & Ludacris "Holidae In (Clean Version)"

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Bomb, bomb, bomb
Ma ooh you got that bomb, know you got it
Ma ooh, you got some bomb thang
Ma I know you got that bomb bomb

(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
One thing leading to another let the party begin

(Whachu doin'?)
Nothing chillin' at the Holidae Inn
(Who you wit?)
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Peeps call me up, said it's a hotel party
Just bring the there's already eight shawties
(Whoa)
I'm on my way, let me stop by the store
(Way)
Get a 12 pack of, plus an, ya know?

Now I'm on Highway 270, the Natural Bridge Road
I'm already, get thurr I'm a get 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

Then, feel like my head a

There's some pretty girls in herre, 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
(Talk, sit)
What I came for was to find out who I'm gon hit, aww
shh

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Ma showed up, "Hey, what's the hold up?"
Man know what get them
I, seeing what's poppin'
You know what's on my mind dropping?

(Ooo)
Knocking on the door, actin' silly
(Yeah)
The girl said, "Can I be in yo video", I'm like, "Yeah, oh
really?"
Now she naked me I'm just cheesing
(Ooo)
She gave me a reason to be a damn
(Ohh)

Handled that, told ol' G, bring tha camera
Then I thought about, no footage as I
(Ooo)
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

(Ooo)

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' 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 Holidae Inn

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One thing leading to another let the party begin

Yeah, let the party begin

Ching-a-ling Ling, all the way in St. Louis

Chingy, disturbing tha peace

Luda, Luda

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