

## Dolly

# "Round Up"

Visit "[Round Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

Wooh

Yee-Haw!

What the hell is a yee-haw? (Well...)

That's that country shit

Yeah, May, Blu, crazy cat (wheww) yeah

Bob Marley (whewww), hey Mill

That's that country shit..

[Verse: Lady May]

Round up, round up, yeah

You know what we came to do

Dance floor bootylicious

Party with May and Blu

Hot tamales we bum rush the parties

In Denali's, goin to parties in drop-top Ferrari's

Fingernails, toenails, hair and makeup

Studded up my ear with a pair from Jacob's

New faced, dudes chase, mommie lookin' too laced

Honey's iced feelin' like they killin' with the screw face

Me and my crew stay loose off that great goose

Order bottles of Velvi with cranberry and grapefruit

Where's the sex kitten? (grrr)

Start chillin' with stars

And fuck the bars puffin' cigars

[Verse: Blu Cantrell]

12 in the afternoon

Runnin' kinda late I can't wait for you

Gotta have my hair done and my nail done, too

Just like every other girl plans to do (dontcha, dontcha,  
dontcha know)

If you wanna ride it's ok

Keep in mind that I don't have all day

Gotta hurry up before the night slips away

Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know...

[Chorus: Lady May and Blu Cantrell]

Round everybody up

Hit the club and tear it down

If you're up against the wall, then you're in the wrong

place  
Dating players not allowed  
Everybody up in the crowd (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha  
know)  
Don't hesitate come follow me now  
Let me hear you all say!  
Wha, wha, wha, wha, what, what, what - round up,  
round up  
[\*in background] Oh, oh, oh, oh ,oh  
Let me hear you all say!  
Wha, wha, wha, wha, what, what, what - round up,  
round up  
[\*in background] Oh, oh, oh, oh ,oh  
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know

[Verse: Lady May]  
You see my, clique  
We be in the party like it's our shit  
Can't nobody tell us that we not it  
VIP tables, minks and stables, rings in navels  
You know we got that long cash  
Smellin' like money when I walk past  
You know I'm in a hurry; talk fast  
Pimps and players, players and pimps  
Diamonds and links, buyin' me drinks, boy you think  
You know my steezy, pimpin' ain't easy  
You know how many cats wanna get with May Wheezy  
The most glamorous, I'm not your average  
So if I holla, "holla back youngin'" like Fabolous

[Verse: Blu Cantrell]  
We can put our makeup on in the car  
So we can dip on this journey of ours  
Call my homies just to see where they are  
And know that rollin' out (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha  
know)  
You know so

[Chorus]

[Verse: Lady May and Blu Cntrell]  
HEY YOU!!!  
Whatchu standin' on the wall for?  
Know you wanna get on the floor stop actin' hard-core  
Standup, yeah, keep them hands  
Get it crunk up in the club like 'uh huh, uh huh, uh-huh'  
That's why they boys, they boys they love me, love me  
I meet 'em, greet 'em, tease 'em, May wheeze 'em  
I got them beggin' for that "oochie wally, wally"  
Ooh, she's a hottie, hottie  
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know

Wit that 5'6 frame, off the chain  
It's in the fast lane, came to switch up the game  
(switchin' the game)  
From the Dirty South to NY, we be doin' our thing, baby  
Goodbye for now (don't you know?)  
Till we see you again

[Chorus] (2x)

[Outro]  
Yee-Haw!  
What the hell is a hee-haw?

Visit [Dolly](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.