

## Alice Babs

### "Wooday"

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

Ballin records no what I'm saying  
Home Bass Entertainment  
69 Boyz and Beelow ya heard me  
This how we say it down here, wooday  
Wuz up all my woodays, ha, ha, ha  
Let's show 'em how we do this here thing down south

Chorus repeat 2x

Them boyz down south be hollin' WOODAY!  
Rollin' big bodies and screaming WOODAY!  
You see a tight girl then holla WOODAY!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, wooday

Verse 1: Beelow

Whoa now its Beelow ballin' hard and bezzed out  
Big bodies all the time even shine with the lights out  
Flipping bees daily, You baller blockin' but can't fade  
me  
Gotta make 'em holla wooday every time the DJ played  
me  
Ain't no thanking me, that's how we bring it down south  
In the pent and black on with the grills in mouth  
Ghetto millionaire, done bought my hoes a play tag  
Done hooked up with the 69 boyz be got damn  
Just bought a new suburban cause I like the way it look  
When I play with them assassyn's you gone say its off  
the hook  
Wooday that's how I talk  
"Unt ugh", that's what we say  
Big bodies how we ride and platinum is what we play  
Three thousand out the shoot, mean mugging is hollin  
what  
Ya boy on fire, I'm not P but I lights it up  
So when ya'll be hollin' shawty, its cool  
Now what you say  
Way down south we scream wooday

Chorus repeats 2x

Them boyz down south be hollin' WOODAY  
Rollin' big bodies and screaming WOODAY  
You see a tight girl then holla WOODAY  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, wooday

Verse 2:

Jumping out the game whoa  
What about a hundred or better  
Flossin' in them bodies make yo girl get wetter  
You ain't no better when I'm doing when I do what I do  
Scream whoa to them hoes then I'm knocking them  
boots  
I ain't tripping unt ugh that's how we do it down south  
Three chunks in our pocket with them golds in our  
mouth  
Hoes get on them blocks, got 'em hotter than Wayne  
That's how I'm coming up in this game so I'm doing my  
thang

Chorus: repeat 2x

Them boyz down south be hollin' WOODAY!  
Rollin' big bodies and screaming WOODAY!  
You see a tight girl then holla WOODAY!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, wooday

Verse 3: Thrill Da Playa

We be down like 4 flat vogues on gold d's  
Thrill and Beelow, but we needs mo cheese  
Pull some hoes like grass get mowed down  
Cause like ballin g's we be laying them hoes down  
See we don't be playing round my nigga we all out  
Get 'cha head in the Mercedes we ball out  
In the 90's it was bout G-Money and Beelow  
But now its bout 69 and Beelow  
And we tight like Betty and Fred enough said  
A million, ha, nigga that ain't enough bread  
You ain't heard we bread, down south we cost mo  
Independent so you KNOW! We floss mo  
From Florida to the ATL out to the Bu  
Me and all my woodays is stoned out for the new  
And everytime you see us we beam we on shine  
Home Bass is ballin forever we gone grind

Chorus repeats 4x

Them boyz down south be hollin' WOODAY!  
Rollin' big bodies and screaming WOODAY!  
You see a tight girl then holla WOODAY!

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wooday

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

---

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