

DJ Tomekk Afrob**"Round Up"**

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[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?

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