

## **Hurricane Chris f/ The Game, Lil Boosie, E-40, Baby & Jadakiss**

### **"Ay Bay Bay Remix"**

Visit "[Ay Bay Bay Remix](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Game):

You can find me in tha a bay bay  
Buckin full of cry-stale V.I.Ped up  
Goin hard in body tap where they throw that cheeze up  
I been about my paper niggas know about my stack  
You dont like that dirty money send yo girl to wipe me  
down  
Million dollars on my neck and wrist shine for a mile  
She wanna see it up close then she gotta walk it out  
Im tha king of this rap shit what the fuck they talkin  
bout  
Niggas cant sell records so they blame it on tha South  
I be all through Shreve-port Louisiana ballin  
Like who the fuck said aint no choppers in New Orleans  
My rims so clean they spinnin like a world-wind  
Pull up at the club bitches textin they girlfriends  
They know who i is they know who i am  
I be flyin through the south in that burgundy land  
Pull up at the light my shit so bright  
She want my number shit call me tonight  
Pick up the phone like

(Hurricane Chris):

Well its the H to tha U double R I C-A-N to tha E Get em  
up, Get em up, Get em up like dapslyrics.com  
A bay bay thats what we say when we pull up in them  
trucks  
Tell my label to cut the check ima gone spend it up  
On the bentley painted yellow like a baby school bus  
26's make em stop when i pull up  
And my pants sag low like i was rockin a pull-up  
When i stop and i pull up ima be already full of Vodka  
I keep that in my cup a bay bay on make me bussa  
And if you try to take my chain ima snatch yo face off  
I got diamonds in my ear the same size as baseballs  
Where they at they lost i dont thank they on my level  
Lil mama thank ima bite her with this alligator sweater  
A bay bay was just the beginning im finna run tha game  
Whoever feel different can holla at Hurricane  
Wanna be talkin but heavy itenary break up yo chest if  
you runnin yo mouth

And every since i dropped that a bay bay i been runnin  
the South

Im in tha club hollerin  
a bay bay, a bay bay, a bay bay, a bay bay, a bay bay  
Im in tha club hollerin

(Boosie):

A bay bay its Lil Boosie  
This for my dawgs who keep that cake and keep that  
oozie  
Holla a bay bay  
One eighty seven two eleven on my side of town  
E'erbody ridin 'round A bay bay fuck naw  
Rubberbands round cash im makin cake  
A bay bay what we gone eat today I want me some  
steak  
Paint the caddy candy green hay bay bay  
Anybody try to hate they gone feel that  
In Baton Rouge keep a big bitch attitude real rude  
L.I.G im real cool don'â,â,â thank that im a lil dude  
Beef'â,â,â to me like bar-b-que its nothing at all  
Thought that ratchet was a fool a bay bay goin off

(Baby):

Say that red hat them red b'â,â,â white b'â,â,â  
23'â,â,â out the Bentley and we stay fly  
hunded g'â,â,â p-r-p'â,â,â hum v'â,â,â  
We d boys getting money on dem 25'â,â,â  
5 star and that'â,â,â me a O G  
Im from the three tha thirteenth off the wild side  
My young G and he a beast the carter 3  
That'â,â,â more stuntin but we hustlin like its do or  
die

A bay bay, a bay bay, a bay bay, a bay bay, a bay bay  
Im in tha club hollerin

(Anne Locc):

Ratchet dancing cross the floor you know the g-way  
Hollerin uuhh up on the mic with the dj  
Im with my G'â,â,â and my thugs and my essays  
Hidin 'â,â behind the shades I been up for bout three  
days  
Cut with curls in my hair got my L'â,â,â in tha air  
Wiastin drank everywhere cuz I cuz I don'â,â,â care  
With my niggas out that lava and you know we bad off  
We the ones up in tha cut with them blunts that make  
you cough  
Chewed all the way down from my head to my feet  
I cant feel my face so please don'â,â,â speak

You wanna know what we do when the club get packed  
Toss my set raise my shirt show that tat up on my back

(Jada):

Yo look at any game 50 large is what I came with  
25 for bottles 25 to make it rain with  
This aint reggie miller ma this is cush and haze mixed  
Don'ââçt sit there and lie to me you aint never taste  
this  
Hope the Lord forgive me gave my Jesus piece a face-  
lift  
Stones is doin the y-toosie in the bracelet  
Aint no stopping that I be where the gwap is at  
Excuse me I be wherever its poppin at  
Now im on the dance floor iced out lights out  
Wifebeater true religion shorts and my nikes out  
Drinkin out the bottle talking much shit Dutchlet  
Every bunny with an arms reach wanna touch kiss  
Yes and when I leave they all following just cuz I was in  
the club hollerin

12e5

Visit [Hurricane Chris f/ The Game, Lil Boosie, E-40, Baby & Jadakiss](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.