

Mariah Carey ft. T-Pain, Migrate

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce
Keep it movin... Bounce
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Once again nothin' jumpin' up in yo place,
Sick of your berry buzzin' all in my face,
Way too much to tolerate,
Time to roll,
Y'all know I gots to migrate.
Speed dial connecting me to Rae-Rae (Hey)
Click in Shawntae and Mae-Mae (Hey)
Treat it as a holiday,
Cause he's a wrap,
Y'all know I had to migrate.
See I'm on my way home,
Cause my jeans, yeah they fit,
But it might benefit
Me to throw something on,
To feature my hips,
Accentuate my ****
And steal the show.
Soon as we walk through the door,
Fellas be grabbin' at us like yo,
Tryin' to get us going off the Patron,
We sippin' Grigio... slow.
If your neck and your wrist coordinate,
Hair braided or faded okay,
We can move this back to my place,
It's time to migrate.
From my car into the club we migrate,
From the bar to V.I.P. we migrate,
From the party to the after party, migrate,
After party to hotel, migrate.
As we proceed getting buzzed,
The envious ones,
Hatin' but they can't take they eyes off us,
But we don't see none of that,
They playin' my jam,
And the floor is packed,
So ya'll need to migrate up out the door.
We clickin' glasses,
Compliments of the club,
Raise they status,
So you know they show us love,
Everywhere we go,
They gon' flock,
Them boys migrate to where it's hot.
(It's hot, it's hot)
Soon as we walk through the door,
Fellas be grabbin' at us like yo,
Tryin' to get us going off the Patron,
We sippin' Grigio... slow.
If you're inked up, thuggin'
That's what I like,
Face body and Lamborghini outside,
Obviously boy you're qualified,
Otherwise, migrate.
From my car into the club we migrate,
From the bar to V.I.P. we migrate,
From the party to the after party, migrate,
After party to hotel, migrate.
[T-Pain: Rap]
This is where it begins

And ends at the very same time,
T-Pain the main man of the hour,
Got a flow that'll flex yo tire,
Got stacks plus I'm back with Mariah.

[Mariah laughs]

[?]

But I gotta migrate to bar,
From the bar to the flo',
From the flo' to the car,
From the car to the crib,
Then back to the club,
We can migrate it all night,
And mini coupe sittin on dubs.
Whatcha waitin' on,
I can't stand in one place,
I need that Patron and I,
Hate when I don't get it my way,
So don't wait for me to buy drinks,
Or you gon' dehydrate,
It's time to migrate.
Soon as I'm walkin' through the door,
They know I'm from the 8-5-0,
I need three bottles of that Patron,
I can make the Chevrolet grease up slow,
If your... and your... coordinate,
Tell it to me like it ain't OK,
We can move this back to my place,
Shawty best believe, it's time to migrate.
Soon as we walk through the door,
Fellas be grabbin' at us like yo,
Tryin' to get us going off the Patron,
We sippin' Grigio... slow.
If you're inked up, thuggin'
That's what I like,
Face body and Lamborghini outside,
Obviously boy you're qualified,
Otherwise, Migrate.

(Bye)

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