

# Chingy, Holidae In (Clean)

(Intro: Snoop Dogg)

Bomb ass UHHH

Ma ooh you got that bomb, know you got it

Ma ooh, you got some bomb ass UHHH

Ma I know you got that bomb bomb UHH

(Chorus: Snoop) + (Girl)

(Whachu doin?) Nothing chillin at the Holidae Inn

(Who you wit?) Me and my peeps won't you bring four of your friends

(What we gon' do?) Feel on each other and sip on some

\* one thing leading to another let the party begin

(Chorus: Chingy) + (Girl)

(Whachu doin?) Nothing chillin at the Holidae Inn

(Who you wit?) Me and my peeps won't you bring four of your friends

(What we gon' do?) Feel on each other and sip on some

\* One thing leading to another let the party begin

(Verse 1: Chingy)

Peeps call me up {\*phone ring\*} said it's a ho-tel party

Just bring the liquor there's already eight shawties

I'm on my way (way) let me stop by the store

Get a 12 pack of Corona, plus an ounce of 'dro, ya know?

Now I'm on Highway 270 to Natural Bridge Road

I'm already blowed, hit third I'm a be be blowed some mo'

Pulled up, stop parked, rims still spinning

Valet look like he in the game and must be winning

To room 490 I'm headed, on my way up

There's three girls on the elevator like wassup

I told em follow me they knew I had it cracking B

One said ain't you that boy that be on BET?

Ya that's me, Ching-a-ling equipped wit much ding-a-ling

Knock on the door I'm on the scene of things

Busted in, Henny bottle to the face!

Ugh then, feel like my head a toxic waste

There's some pretty girls in herre, I heard em whispering

Talking bout that's that dude that sing 'Right Thurr' he glistening

I ain't come to talk (talk) I ain't come to sit (sit)

What I came for was to find out who I'm gon hit, aww shit

(Chorus: Snoop + Chingy)

(Verse 2: Chingy)

Ma showed up like what's the hold up?

Man know what get them wraps and roll up

I took a chick in the bathroom seeing what's poppin

You know what's on my mind, shirts off and panties dropping

Niggaz knocking on the door drunk, and silly

The girl said can I be in yo video I'm like yeah!, oh really?

Now she naked strip teasing, me I'm just cheeing

She gave me a reason to be a damn heathen

Handled that, told ol' G, bring tha camera

Then I thought about, no footage while I ram her

Walked out the bathroom smiling, cats still whiling

Sharing the next room wit some girls lookin like they from an island

(Chorus: Snoop + Chingy)

(Verse 3: Ludacris)

Stop, drop, KABOOM!, baby rub on ya \*

Some call me Ludacris, some call me Mr. Wiggles

Far from little, make ya mammary glands giggle

Got 'em under control, the bowl of tender biddles

Doc-tor giggles, I can't stop until it tickles

Just play a little D and I'll make ya mouth dribble  
Bits and Kibbles, got 'em all after the pickle  
I swing it like a bat, but these balls are not whiffle  
Hit 'em in triples, wit no strikes, stripes, or whistles  
I ain't felt this good, since my wood lived off a thistle  
Sippin' some ripple, I got quarters, dimes, and nickels  
For shizzle dizzle, I'm on a track with the Big Snoop Dizzle  
Let the Henny trickle, down the beat, wit a ghetto tempo  
I done blazed the instrumental, laid it plain and simple  
Getting brain in the rental, I done did it again  
My eyes chinky, I'm wit Chingy, at the Holiday In

(Chorus: Snoop + Chingy)

(Outro: Snoop Dogg)

Yeah, let the party begin, \*  
Ching-a-ling Ling, all the way in St. Louis  
My nigga Chingy, Disturbing Tha Peace  
Luda, Luda, going hard on you hoes  
Yeah bitch, bring four of ya friends  
Meet me at the Holiday In  
Bring a gang of that Hen, some DSOP  
Oh wee, and light that sticky icky  
And we gone do the damn thing  
Now what I'm talking bout  
We gon' disturb the peace right now  
Yeah we ain't doing nothing but chillin'  
We chillin' and nuttin'  
Know what I'm talking bout, so push the button  
You know what's happenin', fa shizzle, uh huh  
Yeah bitch, trying to run from this pimpin'  
You can't out run the pimpin' bitch, I done told you