

Ciara, High Price (Feat. Ludacris)

(Ludacris)

Ciara on the track and she from the, the (A!)
Ludacris once again and I'm from the, the (A!)
Ciara, Ludacris and we gon rep that (A!)
(A, A, A, yep!) Let's Go!

(Ciara-verse 1)

See me in the club
Rockin Christian Louboutin
I should be in Iraq
Shawty, cuz I am the bomb
I got a million-dollar house
On my earlobe
Boy I know you want it
But what do you got on it?

You know me!
(See louis vuittons under my rim)
You know me!
(Yea we all singers but I'm not quite like them)
You know me!
(If he's a buster then you won't see me with him)
Yea I know you want it
But what do you got on it?

(Chorus)

Cuz I'm high price
Better have on a hot pair of nikes
Better buy me anything I like
Cuz I'm already holdin, holdin
High price
Better have on a hot pair of nikes
Better buy me anything I like
Cuz I'm already holdin, holdin
Already
A- A- A- Already (Holdin) (yep!)
A- A- A- A- A- Already (Holdin)
I got money
I, I, I got (Money) (yep!)
Already holdin (Already holdin!)

Verse 2

See me in the drop fresh head fresh up out the hair salon
Booty look softer than a mcdonalds hamburger bun
I got the phantom gold sir on my wrist
Please believe im a ten yeah shawty I'm the shit

You know me!
(See louis vuittons under my rim)
You know me!
(Yea we all singers but I'm not quite like them)
You know me!
(If he's a buster then you won't see me with him)
Yea I know you want it
But what do you got on it?

(Chorus)

Cuz I'm high price
Better have on a hot pair of nikes
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High price
Better have on a hot pair of nikes
Better buy me anything I like
Cuz I'm already holdin, holdin
Already
A- A- A- Already (Holdin) (yep!)
A- A- A- A- A- Already (Holdin)
I got money
I, I, I got (Money) (yep!)
Already holdin (Already holdin!)

Ludacris

Now you can have anything that you want
And imma keep throwin ya, throwin ya, throwin ya stacks
Do everything that he want
Just keep throwin it, throwin it, throwin it back
I'm holdin, holdin a hundred grand in my left hand
Rocks with the right
285 horses, drop-top porsches
Yep I box through the night
Floatin' like a butterfly
Sting like a bee for my honey pie
I'm Southern-Fly
Soon as CiCi sees me
She sings me a lullaby
And other guys can't match up to my bank account
And its hard to see
How I don't work hard for the money
But my money works hard for me (me!)
Let's go on a shopping spree to an expensive place
Then I lick you up and I lick you down
Cuz I love your expensive taste
So sweet, Yes bon appetite'
I'm a freak, you can see me smilin'
Took the money that I got from the verse
Flew me and CiCi to the Fiji Islands
Wildin' all on the beach
All in the sheets, preach!
Straight shots of saki
I'll speaks for my team
No papparazzi you freaks
Big plans
And you know what they say about a man with big hands
And my woman is my number-one fan Hotdamn!