

# 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)

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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 speak 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!