

Round up

Blu Cantrell

Wooh
Yee-Haw!
What the hell is a yee-haw? (Well...)
That's that country shit
Yeah, May, Blu, crazy cat (wheww) yeah
Bob Marley (whewww), hey Mill
That's that country shit..

Round up, round up, yeah
You know what we came to do
Dance floor bootylicious
Party with May and Blu
Hot tamales we bum rush the parties
In Denali's, goin to parties in drop-top Ferrari's
Fingernails, toenails, hair and makeup
Studded up my ear with a pair from Jacob's
New faced, dudes chase, mommie lookin' too laced
Honey's iced feelin' like they killin' with the screw face
Me and my crew stay loose off that great goose
Order bottles of Velvi with cranberry and grapefruit
Where's the sex kitten? (grrr)
Start chillin' with stars
And fuck the bars puffin' cigars

[Verse: Blu Cantrell]

12 in the afternoon
Runnin' kinda late I can't wait for you
Gotta have my hair done and my nail done, too
Just like every other girl plans to do (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know)
If you wanna ride it's ok
Keep in mind that I don't have all day
Gotta hurry up before the night slips away
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know...

Round everybody up
Hit the club and tear it down
If you're up against the wall, then you're in the wrong place
Dating players not allowed
Everybody up in the crowd (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know)
Don't hesitate come follow me now
Let me hear you all say!
Wha, wha, wha, wha, what, what, what - round up, round up
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Let me hear you all say!
Wha, wha, wha, wha, what, what, what - round up, round up
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know

You see my, clique
We be in the party like it's our shit
Can't nobody tell us that we not it
VIP tables, minks and stables, rings in navels
You know we got that long cash
Smellin' like money when I walk past
You know I'm in a hurry; talk fast
Pimps and players, players and pimps
Diamonds and links, buyin' me drinks, boy you think

You know my steezy, pimpin' ain't easy
You know how many cats wanna get with May Wheezy
The most glamorous, I'm not your average
So if I holla, ''holla back youngin'' like Fabolous

We can put our makeup on in the car
So we can dip on this journey of ours
Call my homies just to see where they are
And know that rollin' out (dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know)
You know so

HEY YOU!!!

Whatchu standin' on the wall for?
Know you wanna get on the floor stop actin' hard-core
Standup, yeah, keep them hands
Get it crunk up in the club like 'uh huh, uh huh, uh-huh'
That's why they boys, they boys they love me, love me
I meet 'em, greet 'em, tease 'em, May wheeze 'em
I got them beggin' for that ''oochie wally, wally''
Ooh, she's a hottie, hottie
Dontcha, dontcha, dontcha know
Wit that 5'6 frame, off the chain
It's in the fast lane, came to switch up the game
(switchin' the game)
From the Dirty South to NY, we be doin' our thing, baby
Goodbye for now (don't you know?)
Till we see you again

(2x)

Yee-Haw!

What the hell is a hee-haw?