

Aloha (x Pleasure P x Rico Love)

Fat Joe

I ain't got a lot
Sooo don't even trip
I'm supa dupa fly
You know that I'm the shit
T-twenty on the dash
Got forty on my hip
Throw up a bunch of cash
Make that record do the spins
They say hello hello hello aloha
Cause they know I'm the shit
They say hello hello hello aloha
Aloha
Cause I'm so fly I'm supa dupa fly
You can call my missy's boo
Pull up in the SLR
Have all the mammals sick of you
All them college credits
You can throw them things away
You ain't gonna be needin' a job
You fuckin' with Jose
Hey hello hello aloha
I go hard
I'm so fly
We so hot
They so not
Them other niggas is lame
Seened you on the sidelines time to put you in the game
Coca be the name
Parties up in Diddys house
Push them through the door say show em what the city about
Touch a couple blocks got the dough and skate off
And just like Bernie me and my baby made-off
Hello I ain't got a lot
Sooo don't even trip
I'm supa dupa fly
You know that I'm the shit
T-twenty on the dash
Got forty on my hip
Throw up a bunch of cash

Make that record do the spins
They say hello hello hello aloha
Cause they know I'm the shit
They say hello hello hello aloha
Aloha
Cause I'm so fly Try to play me short
And imma have to fade it quick
Fresh up off the porch on that kool aid and them tater chips
Don't fool with lames 'cause they be on that hata ish
If you gotta problem wit me go ahead say that shish
I'm scuba divin' in Jamaica trick
Put the mic down I'm on now don't needa bake a shish
Or you can find me on the charts
Or up in St. Broads racin' European cars
Speedin' pass the law hit my baby mama raw
And she my baby mama 'cause them other chickens flaw
Ooh now baby gurl I'm watcha call
A supa dupa pimp there's pimpin' when I'm involved hello I ain't got a lot
Sooo don't even trip
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You know that I'm the shit
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Got forty on my hip
Throw up a bunch of cash
Make that record do the spins
They say hello hello hello aloha
Cause they know I'm the shit
They say hello hello hello aloha
Aloha
Cause I'm so fly Now tell me why these hata's wanna see the end of joe
Honestly I'm runnin' outta ways to spend my dough
I'm burnin' down the stores
I'm such a shopaholic
What you know it ain't trickin' 'if you really got it
Louis scarfs, Louis frames, Louis chucks
Louis boxers, got all the Louis she wants yeeeahhh
And you ain't got nothin' for us
Millions from tourin' and the crib ain't gotta mortgage
Yes I'm the rain man
Must I remind you
Throw it in the air
Watch her spread it like the swine flu
Haha they say joey on some other shit
And if that bitch start actin' up
I go and grab my other bitch I ain't got a lot

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Cause they know I'm the shit
They say hello hello hello aloha
Aloha
Cause I'm so fly

Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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