

Holla At Me (Ft. Tyga)

Chris Brown

Uh, Boom, Boom
We ballin' in the room
Sweepin' up my competition call me Mr. Broom
Knockin' niggas over, call me bulldozer
One more drink for these niggas and it's over
'Cause I'm a strike that something like a cobra
I know she want my venom, but I ain't gon' leave it in her
And right after I get her, she know she with a winner
And we straight to the crib, I ain't takin' her to dinner
Ha, Nigga look at my jewels
Aviator shades I ain't lookin' at you
Achoo, bless me twice
Be a rich nigga I be shittin' on your life
Magazine covers, Magnem rubbers
I mean Magnum, I don't fuck with stragglers
Niggas want Drama, Gangsta Grill bastards
Did you check the caption lights camera actionHolla at me boo, Holla at me beh
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I'm turned up, I'm super turned up
I'm turned up, I'm super turned upHolla at me boo, Holla at me beh
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Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh
I'm turned up, I'm super turned up
I'm turned up, I'm super turned upA nigga beat, beat
And shawty toot, toot
Blowin' out their brains, car need a new roof
Lookin' like a superstar, when I roll through
And shawty I'm the truth, so mama what it do
Now let's ride out, ain't no trippin'
When we dippin' to my hideout
Big dipper 'cause you sippin' on my bottle
Only fuckin' with them A-listin' models
Now let's get it like
Low did it, if you done it
Then I did it
If you kick it
Then I'm with it
We can do this shit all night

Your minute don't compare to my limit
When I'm in it and I get it
I'm a give it to you all night
I'm the shit, yeah I go hard
Don't stand in lines nigga I bogart
Fat boy celebrity 'cause I'm so large
And don't need no battery cause I'm in chargeHolla at me boo, Holla at me beh
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I'm turned up, I'm super turned up
I'm turned up, I'm super turned upI'm hot motherfucker, get a plate bitch
Don't say shit, get your face lift
Rozay bitch let the champagne drip
Niggas swag jack, but this L.A. Shit
Get it back, give it back ain't 'bout shit
Snap back them ain't even rare where the tag a what
Wack ass all up in my ear bitch bag back
I bag bad bitches motherfucker Kat Stacks
Yellow nigga, no cabs
Got the phantom out, no mats
Get your camera out uh, one flash
Hot beams steady shot clap your ass
Aw, T. Raw I'm so uh
Loc's on, chucks low, black beanie dog
Patron top wash straight from the liquor store
I'm turned up I can't feel my face soHolla at me boo, Holla at me beh
Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh
Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh
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Songwriters

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