

# Hold The Line (feat. Mr. Lexx & Santogold)

## Major Lazer

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I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya We ah fuck the hottest gyal dem round 'ya  
Girl from down ah country and  
Girl from down ah town ya If you check da phone ya  
Kimona, Simona, and Sonya, Ramona  
Gyal love hear da sound ya?  
Call Kiki and tell him send me a pound ah  
Ah di highest grade because we like smell di aroma  
When me touch de road de gyal'dem say ya 'We ah dem own'  
Feelings a carry fi' Fiona  
True ah mi she say  
Bush to the bone me  
Fresh from California  
Wen me touch them gyal smell da cologne ya  
Hear me now I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make your jeans  
Vibrate like a Nokia Hot gyal here  
Hot gyal here  
A bare hot gyal me wan full up inna di square  
Gyal ah call say come here  
(Come here)  
Me tell dem hold the line and take a chair  
If ya want a girl, nuh bodda worry youte ask me cuz mi share.  
Step up inna de club and  
Watch everybody stare  
We ah fuck di hottest set ah gyal dem round here.  
Year to year a fih we gyal dem have di flare.  
So hear me now I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya Wah dem a call  
I make your jeans  
Vibrate like a Nokia I know my brain is worth bigger than your stock

When I be spitting never want me to stop  
I got that fire in me ready to explode  
And when it happens feel that wrath of my load  
Like 'damn woman' you got me when you get up on top  
Like 'damn how you do it' with that rhythm you got  
Well now I'm driving till you get out on the road  
And why you up why you leave your 'jitterin coat' Baby you better sit down All your talking bout busy bad boys  
forget about me I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya  
I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya, I make ya Wid dem ya call  
I make your jeans  
Vibrate like a Nokia

Songwriters

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