

In The Ayer (feat. Fergie and will.i.am)

Flo Rida

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the A.M.
Y'all don't understand, make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayerOh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the A.M.
Y'all don't understand, make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayerHey this is my jam
Y'all don't understand
I'll make you understand
What's pumpin' in my CD player (player)
Party all night like yayer (yayer)
Shawty got a hand in the ayer (ayer)
Make me want to take it da yer
Then I go, here I go, here is my song
DJ bring it back come in my zone
I get paid for them couple bones
The next wop until the early morn
I need that crunk when I'm up in tha club
Even my when my chevy pull up on them dubs
Give me that drop yellow waist like a drug
Lil mama hot and she might show me love
O hot damn
Celebrate to tha A.M.
I love it so much it got me sayinOh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the A.M.
Y'all don't understand, make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayerOh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the A.M.
Y'all don't understand, make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayerHey hey I might just start the wave
Like I'm at a ball game do my thang
Hands up high I got money in tha bank
I'm so fly 747 pain
Rock it no stop it how I got my name
Baby keep poppin you might get tha fame
Walk tha red carpet wont see you the same
I get tha stuntin forget my name
Start with me, ride with me
Represent tha city vibe with me

Make me throw it up ma timid in tha club
Go ahead throw it up gotta wonder
How much to show enough to stare (stare)
I'm hood so it's really unfair (unfair)
Shorty go ahead and get bare (bare)
We aint gonna treat our city like the mayor (mayor) Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the A.M.
Y'all don't understand, make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer
ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer
ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer Alright now stop (oh-oh)
put your hands in the ayer,
it's a stick up (stick up stick up)
it's a stick up, touch the ceiling baby
put your hands in the
put your hands up, put your
put your hands in the
put your hands up to the sky
wave em round and round and side to side it's a party, shawty, go and touch the roof and we got the bottles
poppin so throw your hands in the ayer
touch the ceiling baby Feel it, feel it baby, throw your hands up! Oh hot damn (damn), this is my jam (jam)
Keep me partying till the A.M.
Y'all don't understand, make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer
ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer
ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, (throw your hands up!)

Songwriters

TRAMAR DILLARD, WILL ADAMS, TONY BUTLER Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT
US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>