

Holla At Me

Dj Khaled

[Cool & Dre]

This is...This is

This is...AND HE GOES BY THE NAME OF

[Lil Wayne]

Yeah you got the right one, It's Weezy fucking baby
And if your woman looking, I'll let the woman taste me

Okay now I'm with Khaled, we whylin in Miami
We got a bunch of bitches, we pile 'em in the phantom
They follow us to Mansion but I don't mean the club
I'm talking bout my crib, mama I'm trying to fuck
It's Cash Money Baby, It's Young Money Biatch
Now you can swallow that or you can suck a dick

Okay, tell me shit, Lil Wayne fuck a bitch
Lil' nigga, big money, big gun full of that shit
Nigga I ain't Will Smith, nah, I ain't a Fresh Prince
Nigga I'm a young king, nigga I'm a Bun B
Yup, I go hard, ask my broad
Miss Stevie Wonder, she ain't looking at y'all (She can't see)
The rest goes without me having to say
I say, go, go, go, go (DJ)

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

Holla at me, what it do, what it is
You ain't never seen a player like this (Holla at me baby)
I'm a pimp, I'll show her how I live
Take her back then I put it in her wrist (Holla at me baby)
I'm a monster, I do it real big
You ain't never seen rocks like this (Holla at me baby)
You can see me from a far I'm the shit
Scream at me what it do, what it is (What It Do)

[Paul Wall]

It's Paul Wall baby, Swishahouse club rocker
Chunk a deuce, sip a deuce, pouring up big goose vodka
Lone star beast straight up out the H
Sure stopping all the hate, sipping on the ski taste
I got the I-N-S on my tail, immigration still harass
Cause they see me in a foreign riding on a pointed glass

Getting cash is my number one task
Until I'm under the grass, that's why I'm top of the class
I'm a grit boy looking for an ass like Ketoya
Leave a bitch back all nutty like Almond Joy
My boy Toy I E got to sleep
And we got to see and who got the freaks?
Beat it up like an ass whipping
The album dropped and there's been a lot of ass kissing
But I ain't tripping, I'm trill
That's why I'm posted with Khaled cause he real one
A hundred baby like a bill, Holla at me baby

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]
Nah homie, you done got it fucked up
You ain't got as much money as us (Nope)
We sent Campbell in cause he got goggles on
and he's pushing something far and it's fucked
Now all I gotta do is push a little button quick fast
And the chopper come out of the stash
Yeah money ain't jewels motherfucker you lose
I'll make you do the Fuck Sean Comb dance (Follow me now)
Who wanna come test the kid
Have your baby mama bless the team
Shit, I ain't even know she could twerk it like that
She a motherfucking sex machine, Holla at me baby

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross]
Stunting in a magnum riding with my hat low
Forty-five magnum, barrel full of air holes
Dade County, represent, Dopeboy ever since
Know that I'ma veteran, Million dollar president
Rick Ross, big chips, AK's, flip clips
Off set rims on a rear six inch lips
Started on the benches, rose through the trenches
Now I'm the shit bitch, go and check your senses
Known for the benz's, Chrome on the Bentleys
Smoking on the mentleys, Dade county, big cheese
Flip soft, whip that, Rick Ross rip that
Khaled go hard dawg, talk to 'em Paul Wall

[Chorus]

[Pitbull]

Aiyyo

It's Mr. 3-0-5 A.K.A.

Mr. Snort yay, spit rocks, made in Dade

I owe my future to

Last name Campbell, first name Luther

The gun shine stayed, well that suit ya

Bought him the crib, what it do, what it is

Bust a clip, flip a brick, hey buddy where's the lick?

That's all we talk about, well welcome to the south

We in, get our bread then we out, no doubt

Palas and Caprices

These boys dirty, they'll fuck your mother, sister, daughter and nieces

Ahora loca mueva la cadera, abre la boca aye viene la madera

[Chorus]

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