Holla @ Me

C-Murder

[Chris Brown:]Uh, Boom, Boom
We ballin' in the room
Sweepin' up my competition call me Mr. broom
knockin' niqqaz over, call me bulldozer,
one more drink for these *** 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,
(Chris brown laughs)
Nigga look at my jewels,
aviator shades I ain't lookin' at you,
Ah chu, bless me twice,
be a rich nigga I be shitin' on your life,
magazine covers, magnem rubbers,
I mean magnum, I don't fuck with stragglers,
niggaz want drama, Gangsta Grillz bastards
did you check the caption ? lights camera, action
Holla at Me Boo, Holla at Me Baby, (x3)
I'm Turnt Up, I'm Super Turnt Up (x2)
a nigga beat, beat
and shawty toot, toot,
blowin' out there brains, car need a new roof,
lookin' like a superstar, when I roll thru
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 hide-out,
big dipper cause you sippin' on my bottle
only fuckin' with them A-listin' models,
now let's get it like ..
(?) 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 charge
Holla at Me Boo, Holla at Me Baby, (x3)
I'm Turnt Up, I'm Super Turnt Up (x2)
[Tyga:](Ha)
I'm hot mo'fucka, get a plate bitch
Don't say shit, get your face-lift
rose rich let tha 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 at ?,
wack-ass all up in my ear bitch bag back,
I bag bad bitches mo'fucka Kat Stacks,
(TYGA Laughs)
yellow nigga, no cabs
Got the phantom out, no mats,
get your camera out uh, one flash,
hot beams steady shot clap your ass,
Aww, T. raw I'm so ahh,
loc's on, chucks low, black beanie dog,
patron top wash straight from the liquor store,
I'm turnt up I can't feel my face .. so
Holla at Me Boo, Holla at Me Baby, (x3)
I'm Turnt Up, I'm Super Turnt Up (x2)
Hey (x3)
[Song Fades:]

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