

Hold The Line (T-Minus 321 Remix)

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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