

Hola

Snow Tha Product

Well if it ain't that hot spitta, guap getta, that's snow
All in the hospital they go
Hop in the Benz, Jetta or Rolls
Whether ballin' or broke I'm-a kill em all slow
And I be walkin' with a bunch of swag
Fuck that word, fuck, I'm back
She just like Kirko, yep it bangs
And I'm beatin' motherfuckers like a punching bag
When I walk up in the club and these boys wanna look pink
Wetter than a tub, and in time I'm rollin' up
You can check on all my funds
And you know I'm comin' up
'Cause I made a couple fuckin' hundred grand in a month
And I got the rubber bands that'll snap right back
And I got the upper hand cause I came right back
And like I never ever left cause I'm sick like that
Cali-swag with the pistol grip pump on my lap
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Tron and vodka, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Yo, um, um, hola, whats up
Got the purple and the double cup
And I'm so high, got em all lookin' up
And I bet every guy in the club wanna touch
Little chick in the shades and the smile and the chucks
Bet they all blind, if they not, look it up
'Cause the girl with the crunk group of girls yellin' what
Throwin' bows, gettin' drunk, better tussle in club
They be yellin' break it out, hold that drank
Break it down, smoke that dank
Gonna make it loud, what y'all think
Got purple clouds, and my ?
Got em messed up, these girls stay trippin'
But not this girl, 'cause this girl stay pimpin'
And I was always taught get in where you fit in
And I fit in really well in like every single city
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka

Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Tron and vodka, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup Yo, look, um, I be knowin' everyone wanna come alive
When I derive and I be spittin' that fire
Everybody got that look in their eyes
When I get down on stage and then I get a little higher
'Cause I buy y'all bars
Y'all thought y'all stars
My crew don't ever get tired
'Cause they wired
Liquor buy yours
Higher just as my little picture on the flyer
Chicks stay shocked how we steppin' about
Cars with no top how we gettin' around
Thought y'all hot, we coolin' em down
And my guns gon' clap while we checkin' the sounds
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Hola, hola, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Tron and vodka, bitch que pasa, break out the patron and vodka
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up
Break it out, toke it up, mix that shit up in my cup

Songwriters

Borrero, Marco / Feliciano, Claudia
Published by
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>