Aloha

Cool

[Intro - Rico Love (Fat Joe)]Hello...
(Coca)
Aloha...
(Cribs Mania)
It's Love...
(Yeah)
Turn the lights on!
[Chorus - Pleasure P (Fat Joe)]I ain't gotta lie, so don't even trip,
I'm super-duper fly, you know that I'm the shit,
220 on the dash, that .40 on my hip,
Throw up a bunch of cash, make them bitches do the splits,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,
Because they know that I'm the shit,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,
Aloha, (Yeah!) because I'm so fly,
[Verse 1 - Fat Joe]I'm supa dupa fly, you can call me Missy's boo,
Pull up in the SLR, have all the mamis sick of you,
All them college credits, you can throw them things away,
You ain't gonna be needin' a job, you fuckin' with Jose!
Heyy, hello, hello, aloha,
I go hard, I'm so fly, we so hot, they so not,
Shiiiit, them other niggas is lame,
See you on the sidelines, time to put you in the game,
Coca be the name, party's up in Diddy's house,
Pushed her through the door, set to show her what the city 'bout,
Touched a couple blocks, got the dough and skate off,
And just like Bernie, me and my baby made-off
Hello!
[Chorus - Pleasure P (Rico Love)]I ain't gotta lie, so don't even trip,
I'm super-duper fly, you know that I'm the shit,
220 on the dash, that .40 on my hip,
Throw up a bunch of cash, make them bitches do the splits,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha, (Aloha!)
Because they know that I'm the shit,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,

Aloha, (It's Love!) because I'm so fly!
(Turn the lights on!)
[Verse 2 - Rico Love]
Try to play me short, I'm a fuck around and fade a bitch,
Fresh up off the porch on that Kool-Aid and them tater chips,
Don't fuck with lames, 'cause they be on that hater shit,
If you got a problem with me go ahead and say that shit!
I'm scuba-divin' in Jamaica trick,
Put the mic down, I'm on that Anita Baker shit!
Or you could find me on the charts,
Or up in St. Barts racing European cars,
Screamin' "FUCK THE LAW" in by baby mama Roll,
And she my baby mama 'cause them other bitches flaw!
Ohhh, I'm what them other bitches call,
A muthafuckin' pimp, it's pimpin' when I'm involved,
Hello!
[Chorus - Pleasure P]I ain't gotta lie, so don't even trip,
I'm super-duper fly, you know that I'm the shit,
220 on the dash, that .40 on my hip,
Throw up a bunch of cash, make them bitches do the splits,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,
Because they know that I'm the shit,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,
Aloha, because I'm so fly!
[Verse 3 - Fat Joe]Now tell me why these haters wanna see the end of Joe?
Honestly, I'm runnin' out of ways to spend my dough,
I'm burnin' down the stores, I'm such a shopaholic,
Whatcha know it ain't trickin if you really got it!
Louis scarfs, Louis frames, Louis Chucks,
Louis boxers, got all the Louis she wants, yeahhhhh!
And you ain't got nothin' for us,
Millions on the tourin' and the crib ain't got a mortgage,
Yes I'm the rain man, must I remind you?
Throw it in the air, watch her spread it like swine flu!
Haha, they say Joey on some other shit,
And if that bitch start actin' up, I go and grab my other bitch!
[Chorus - Pleasure P]I ain't gotta lie, so don't even trip,
I'm super-duper fly, you know that I'm the shit,
220 on the dash, that .40 on my hip,
Throw up a bunch of cash, make them bitches do the splits,
They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,
Because they know that I'm the shit,

They say
Hello, hello, hello, aloha,
Aloha, because I'm so fly!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/