I Wanna Holla

Trina

{Yo
Wassa shey? Where ya?
I'm in Kansas City man
Nigga, you trippin' man
You need to get out here, Dough
There's some crazy babies out here, Dough
I might have found my next baby while I'm here, nigga
I'm here with one with one of the baddest orgies in the world, Dough
Man, I'm ain't comin' out there, now Beagh, don't try to be cribby
Fuck there nigga, we'll see them crackin'
Fuck 'em man, I won't comin'
Hey, ya'll wanna go to South Beach}
Hey mami, I wanna holla
Uh, uh, no way papi, I got my own dollars
Mami you lookin' like my new baby, mama
Ah, papichulo
I see you all you want is mami chulo, so I'm straight
Hey mami
I'm young, rich an' I'm thuggin' it
An' girl, I don't give a fuck who your husband is
I gotta have you on my seat, five, six, thighs thick
Little ghetto queen, we'll get our freak on like Missy
Drink cristy, be pissy, smoke cripty, be wit me
Let's flee the big body
Take it to the house, to the house party
That's right, I'm a holla mami
I'm a hop in the Benz, you follow, mami
I wanna play at the playground, mami
Shut up and lay down, mami
Hey mami, I wanna holla
Uh, uh, no way papi, I got my own dollars
Mami you lookin' like my new baby, mama
Ah, papichulo
I see you all you want is mami chulo, so I'm straight
Oh, now wanna chase me
You wanna take me
To the diamond district an' lace me
You wanna fly me to Hawaii

Anything I want, you'll buy me

You just met me, but you sweat me
You wanna freeze my wrist an' brigette me
You wanna fuck me, you wanna touch me
You wanna lock me down, handcuff me
That's cool but I got my own cash
You can keep your bread, I got long hair
Now that just sounds like game to me
You ain't half the player that you claim to be
Hey mami, I wanna holla
Uh, uh, no way papi, I got my own dollars
Mami you lookin' like my new baby, mama
Ah, papichulo
I see you all you want is mami chulo, so I'm straight
Hey mami, I wanna holla
Lil mama, if it's 'bout a dollar
I'll break you all proper
I stay sittin' on plenty b's
Whatya want? Ten, fifteen, twenty g's
That's stay, we can shop for Prada shit
Ain't nothing to a player, but a scholarship
So leave the lights on and the cameras on
Slim waist, lil thick, lil amazon
So let's those panties on, lay down girlfriend
Once I get this on, I wanna take you home
And ride it, ride it, back it up an' slip an' slide it
Hey mami, I wanna holla
Uh, uh, no way papi, I got my own dollars
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