

# Holla At Me (Feat. Tyga)

Chris Brown

Uh, Boom, Boom  
We ballin' in the room  
Sweepin' up my competition call me Mr. Broom  
Knockin' niggas over, call me bulldozer  
One more drink for these niggas 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  
Ha, Nigga look at my jewels  
Aviator shades I ain't lookin' at you  
Achoo, bless me twice  
Be a rich nigga I be shittin' on your life  
Magazine covers, Magnem rubbers  
I mean Magnum, I don't fuck with stragglers  
Niggas want Drama, Gangsta Grill bastards  
Did you check the caption lights camera actionHolla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
I'm turned up, I'm super turned up  
I'm turned up, I'm super turned upHolla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
I'm turned up, I'm super turned up  
I'm turned up, I'm super turned upA nigga beat, beat  
And shawty toot, toot  
Blowin' out their brains, car need a new roof  
Lookin' like a superstar, when I roll through  
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 hideout  
Big dipper 'cause you sippin' on my bottle  
Only fuckin' with them A-listin' models  
Now let's get it like  
Low 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 beh  
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 I'm turned up, I'm super turned up  
 I'm turned up, I'm super turned up  
 I'm hot motherfucker, get a plate bitch  
 Don't say shit, get your face lift  
 Rozay bitch let the 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 a what  
 Wack ass all up in my ear bitch bag back  
 I bag bad bitches motherfucker Kat Stacks  
 Yellow nigga, no cabs  
 Got the phantom out, no mats  
 Get your camera out uh, one flash  
 Hot beams steady shot clap your ass  
 Aw, T. Raw I'm so uh  
 Loc's on, chucks low, black beanie dog  
 Patron top wash straight from the liquor store  
 I'm turned up I can't feel my face so  
 Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
 Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
 Holla at me boo, Holla at me beh  
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Songwriters

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