

Dj Khaled "Holla At Me Baby"

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You got the right one, it's wheezy fuckin' baby
And if your woman lookin', I'll let the woman taste me
Okay now I'm with Khaled, we wilin' in Miami
We got a bunch of bitches, we pile 'em in the Phantom

They follow us to mansion but I don't mean the club
I'm talking bout my crib, mama I'm trying to fuck
It's cash money baby, it's young money bitch
Now you can swallow that or you can suck a dick

Okay, tell me shit, Lil Wayne fuck a bitch
Lil' nigga, big money, big gun full of that shit
Nigga I ain't Will Smith, nah, I ain't a Fresh Prince
Nigga I'm a young king, nigga I'm a Bun B

Yup, I go hard, ask my broad
Miss Stevie Wonder, she ain't lookin' at y'all
(She can't see)
The rest goes without me having to say
I say, go, go, go, go
(DJ)

Holla at me, what it do, what it is?
You ain't never seen a playa like this
(Holla at me baby)
I'm a pimp, I'll show her how I live
Take her back then I put it in her wrist
(Holla at me baby)

I'm a monster, I do it real big
You ain't never seen rocks like this
(Holla at me baby)
You can see me from afar, I'm the shit
Scream at me, "What it do, what it is?"
(What it do?)

It's Paul Wall baby, Swishahouse club rocker
Chunk a deuce, sip a deuce, pourin' a big Goose vodka
Lone Star beast straight up out the H
Sure stoppin' all the hate, sippin' on the ski taste

I got the INS on my tail, immigration still harass

'Cause they see me in a foreign ridin' on imported
glass
Gettin' cash is my number one task
Until I'm under the grass, that's why I'm top of the class

I'm a grit boy lookin' for an ass like Ketoy
Leave a bitch back all nutty like Almond Joy
My boy toy IE got to sleep and eat
Got the sweets and who got the freaks?

Beat it up like an ass whipping
The album dropped and there's been a lot of ass
kissing
But I ain't trippin', I'm trill
That's why I'm postin' with Khaled 'cause he real one
A hundred baby, like the bill
Holla at me baby

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Nah homie, you done got it fucked up
You ain't got as much money as us, nope
We sent Campbell in 'cause he got goggles on
And he's pushing something far and it's fucked

Now all I gotta do is push a little button quick fast
And the chopper come out of the stash
Yeah money ain't jewels, motherfucker you lose
I'll make you do the Fuck Sean Comb dance, follow me
now

Who wanna come test the kid?
Have your baby mama bless the team
Shit, I ain't even know she could twerk it like that
She a motherfuckin' sex machine
Holla at me baby

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Stuntin' in a magnum, ridin' with my hat low
Forty-five magnum, barrel full of air holes
Dade County, represent, Dopeboy ever since
Know that I'm a veteran, million dollar residence

Rick Ross, big chips, AK's, flip clips
Off set rims on a rear six inch lips
Started on the benches, rose through the trenches
Now I want my shit bitch, go and check your senses

Known for the Benz's, chrome on the Bentley's
Smokin' on the Mentley's, Dade County big cheese
Flip soft, whip that, Rick Ross rip that
Khaled go hard dawg, talk to 'em Paul Wall

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It's Mr. 3-0-5 a.k.a
Mr. Snort yay, spit rocks, made in Dade
I owe my future to last name Campbell, first name
Luther
The gun-shine state where they shoot ya

Bought him the crib, what it do, what it is?
Bust a clip, flip a brick, hey buddy where's the lick?
That's all we talk about, well welcome to the South
We in, get the bread, then we out, no doubt

Harlas and priests, these boys dirty
They'll fuck your mother, sister, daughter and nieces
Ahora loca, mueve la cadera
Abre la boca y viene la madera

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