

Dolla

"Who The F*** Is That? (Clean Version)"

Visit "[Who The F*** Is That? \(Clean Version\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I hit the club with a mug so mean
Got them ***** like who the **** is that?
Then I hopped up out the car so clean
Got them **** like who the **** is that?

Hit the door like right left, back forth
Yeah I got the money, ***** that's of course
Hit the stage with a b-boy stance
The club owner like who the **** is that?

Pull up in somethin' tinted, two hundred on the
dash
Y'all all ***** rented, hot drop cash, watch the
doors lift up
This **** then went mad, I'm what you never had
Some of this, and some of that

Tell that **** to give me a kiss, then I smack her on the

Throw a stack at her and laugh
This **** to me ain't nothing
How much money do you have?
That's not up for discussion
I'll be mashing out in something European on
them buttons

I been rich since I was eleven
My grams look like sevens
My killers look like reverends
And you better count your blessings

Konvict piece around my neck
Misdemeanor on my wrist
Got a felon on my pinkie
Got you blinkin' when it gliss

I got strippers on the payroll
Chargers in Diego
Yayo like it's mayo
Don't play around me pesos

You should see this steelow

Neighborhood nino
***** call me Dolla
But these ***** call me Debo

I hit the club with a mug so mean
Got them ***** like who the ***** is that?
Then I hopped up out the car so clean
Got them ***** like who the ***** is that?

I'm like right left, back forth
Yeah I got the money, ***** that's of course
Hit the stage with a b-boy stance
The club owner like who the ***** is that?

Shinin' like a mother*****er
BBS is blankin'
Steve Erkle bought a ton
That purple stay stinkin'
You talk to that ***** , I got swag, I got juice
See me in that Bentley Coup
Right in front of run and shoot

You be runnin' when I shoot
I be shootin' when you runnin'
Con got me out the streets
Told me Dolla get that money
Now I'm in the club stuntin' like la la la la
Laughin' at these clown ***** like ha ha ha ha

Look, you *****in' with a winner
Strippin' lobster for the dinner
Veteran in the game
You wasn't ***** , just beginners

And my d boy stance bout to pop a rubber band
***** that fightin' in the club
You *****in' up my plans

I'm tryna get a dance, her name and her
number
Take her to the teli and get some brain in the hummer
You ***** make it rain while Dolla make it thunda
Album comin' soon, ***** , get ready for the
summer

I hit the club with a mug so mean
Got them ***** like who the ***** is that?
Then I hopped up out the car so clean
Got them ***** like who the ***** is that?

I'm like right left, back forth

Yeah I got the money, **** that's of course
Hit the stage with a b-boy stance
The club owner like ooo wee

Ain't nothin' for me to come through and shut the club
down
Walk through the club me and mug haters down
Drop a stack at the bar, a hundred Louis thirteen
Posted up camouflage down to my feet, feet

They lookin' at me like, who is, who is he?
I straighten up yo boy, he raised in the streets
My name's Ramone and you can spell it when I step in
yo room
Take VI, Chevy go zoom

I hit the club with a mug so mean
Got them ***** like who the **** is that?
Then I hopped up out the car so clean
Got them **** like who the **** is that?

I'm like right left, back forth
Yeah I got the money, **** that's of course
Hit the stage with a b-boy stance
The club owner like who the **** is that?

Visit [Dolla](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.