

## Dolla

# "Who The F\*\*\* Is That? (Explicit Version)"

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

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

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

Tell that bitch to give me a kiss, then I smack her on the  
ass  
Throw a stack at her and laugh  
This shit 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  
Bitches call me Dolla

But these niggas call me Debo

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The club owner like who the fuck is that?

Shinin' like a motherfucker  
BBS is blankin'  
Steve Erkle bought a ton  
That purple stay stinkin'  
You talk to that nigga, I got swag, I got juice  
See me in that Bentley Coup  
Right in front of runnin' shoop

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 the club stuntin' like la la la la  
Laughin' at these clown niggas like ha ha ha ha

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

And my d boy stance bout to pop a rubber band  
Fuck that fightin' in the club  
You niggas fuckin' 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 niggas make it rain while Dolla make it thunda  
Album comin' soon, bitch, get ready for the summer

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I'm like right left, back forth  
Yeah I got the money, nigga 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

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