

Dolla

"Who The F* Is That?"**

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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 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?

Shininâ€™ 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 runninâ€™ shoop

You be runninâ€™ when I shoot
I be shootinâ€™ when you runnin'
Con got me out the streets
Told me Dolla get that money
Now Iâ€™m the club stuntinâ€™ like la la la
Laughinâ€™ at these clown niggas like ha ha ha ha

Look, you fuckinâ€™ with a winner
Strippinâ€™ lobster for the dinner
Veteran in the game
You wasnâ€™t niggas, just beginners

And my d boy stance bout to pop a rubber band
Fuck that fightinâ€™ in the club
You niggas fuckinâ€™ up my plans

Iâ€™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 cominâ€™ soon, bitch, get ready for the
summer

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Got them hoes like who the fuck is that?

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Yeah I got the money, nigga thatâ€™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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