

# Dolla

## "Who The Fuck Is That"

Visit "[Who The Fuck Is That](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

(feat. Akon & T-pain)

I own the club  
That's right  
Akon, Dolla-Dolla  
Especially the strip club  
Let me talk to em T-Pain  
Let me talk em  
Konvict let me  
Talk to em

Chorus:

I hit the club with a mug  
So mean got them niggas  
Like who the fuck is that  
Then I hop up out the car  
So clean got them hoes  
Like who the fuck is that  
Hit da door like right  
Left back fourth  
Yeah, I got money nigga  
That's of course  
Hit the stage  
With a b-boi stance  
The club owner like  
Who the fuck is that

Pull up in something  
Tented 200 on the dash  
Ya'll shit rented  
I drop cash  
Watch the doors lift up  
This nigga then went mad  
I'm wat you never had  
Some of this some of that  
Tell that bitch  
To give me kiss  
Then I smack her on 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 be mashin out  
Wih something european  
On them buttons  
I been rich since I was 11  
My grams look  
Like 7's my killers  
Look like reverends  
Yea u better count  
Yo blessings  
Convict piece around my neck  
Misdameter on my risk  
Got a fellon on my pinky  
Got you blinking when it glince  
I got strippers on a payroll  
Charges in Diego  
Ya-yo like it's Mayo  
Don't play around with me Paso  
You should see the stello  
Neighborhood nino  
Bithces call me Dolla  
But these niggas call me D-Bo

(Chorus)

Akon:  
Niggas that u ever saw  
Don't make me have to come  
Around and spray at all y'all  
The world so small  
It's big as a golf ball

Just like them perfect titties  
It's pressing against the wall  
And while we tossing dollars  
They be staring at my team  
You wishing that a nigga  
Had looking so clean  
Track jacket on my back  
Looking mint green  
Hanging off my ass  
It's some konvict jeans  
Your no longer better  
Your in a lot of cheddar  
No matter how  
Ya look at it bet  
I can do it better  
No need for lookin better  
Like a glass of armmeretter  
Got a lil Vendetta

Then bring out  
The heavy metel  
Pull up on that trigger  
Like I'm pulling on  
These hoes  
After magic city  
Nigga anything goes  
So impateint  
Can't wait to club close  
I'll be in the lambo  
Poppin side ya don

(Chorus)

Dolla:  
I'm shinning  
Like a motherfucker  
Vvs it blanking  
Steve earkle by the tongue  
That purple steady stankin  
You talking yo the deckin  
I got swag I got juice  
See me in that bentley coupe  
Right from runnin shoot  
You be running when I shoot  
I be shooting where you running  
'Kon got me out the streets  
Told me dolla get the money  
Now I'm the club  
Stuntning like la, la, la, la  
Laughing at these cow niggas  
Like ha, ha, ha, ha  
Look you fucking with a winner  
Stripping lobster for dinner  
Bet you any game  
You other just beginners  
In my d-oy stancebout  
To pop a rubber band  
Fuck that fighting in the club  
You nigga fuckin' up my plans  
I'm tryna get a dance her name  
And her number taker her  
To the telly get some brain  
In the hummer  
You niggas make it rain my dollar  
Make it thunder album coming soon  
Bitch get ready for the summer

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

