

Don Williams

"Holla What's Up"

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[Frost]

Hm-hm-hm-he-he-he-ha-ha-ha-ha

Yeah

Check it out

Ha-ha-ha

N2Deep

Latino Velvet cliqua

Frost

D.B.A.

From the Bay to L.A.

From the Northpole all the way to the muthafuckin

Southpole

This is how we roll

[Frost]

Oh-oh, I'm back in this bitch, baby

With a new steelo and a brand new ride

No matter where you from, throw it up, represent yo
side

Peep out the dum-didi, it's me and Boskolini

Rollin down the street with them nickel-plated chrome
nini

About to hook up with my partners from the Lleyo

Sit down at the table, figure ways to stack the mail

Just another classic tale of a man and his money

Cause you gotta have a con in this land of milk and
honey

[Baby Beesh]

Well, I don't know about y'all, but mayn, I knows about
moi

I keep a deep repertoire and keep some dank in my jar

The coldest Latin to ball, the mack handles the law

I spend a g at the mall and give your breezy a call

And mayn I calls it how I see em from my hustler
mausoleum

From the West coast to the East coast, from the AM to
the PM

What's really.. laced up from the waist up, never see
me goin bankrupt

Wake up and break up a bud so I can blaze up

[CHORUS: Baby Beesh]

That's just the way we get down, we serve it up by the
pound

We stack g's and we clown and if you see us around
Say what's up, partner, I'ma give you some dap
Because we puttin this West coast back on the map

[Jay Tee]

Now please believe it when I tell ya, uncut coke is what I
sell ya

Even if ya out of town that good game should never fail
ya

Call me yankee, bread stackin, boss mackin

Got a superbud up in the Cadillac and

You know I pop that con hella quick to her

You know before I'm gone I sold that dick to her

I like ya just like I liked my last bitch

Jay Tee is who I'm doin business as, biatch

[Bosko]

Slippin ??? hypnosis pull Testarossas out your nana

Piranha, ferocious, put the chains on her

For green guys the mean thighs and d-size

I need my batter till my bread start to rise

Tellin true lies and extort for sport

Got contempt for court, 'biatch' - Too \$hort

Pimp with force like Vader and never paid her a nickel

Mouthpiece that have you fuckin for pickles

[CHORUS]

[Cool Nutz]

Pure bread, posted with a bottle and some bomb head

Smoked a broad out and turned the broad out

Pimpin ain't dead, the broads is just scared

Beat your heels on the track, increase the sack

Be a trendbroker, from the womb, fuck the smokers

The tender chose up and the bread rose up

I was born to rap, secondary to this shit

If the music don't work, I retire, then pimp

Big work, strip club dancin escort

You was perked off the E, dowsed in Hennessy

Fuck your simp tendencies, we bring street remedies

D boys and pimps took flight with Vegas strips

Burned vogues on the turf, screech and peel off

Check my trap money, get scratch and roll off

Be a boss, get the fetti at all cost

Recognize the game, get scrill and then floss

