

Elisa

"Hola/Holla"

Visit "[Hola/Holla](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*ad-libs*)

[Happy P]

Oh god, I'm hollin' holla, Happy throwed, that's what
they yelling
When I roll up in my G-4, we came to spend a couple
stacks
Shorts, t-shirts on caps, and we gone drink
Till my people collapse, so line em up
To the end of the bar, I ain't playing slick
Here go a couple of dollars so keep em coming quick
And say what's up ma', she said what's up though
I seen it in her face that the broad was a cut throat
And she's a hustla, she like to stack her chips
And break bread with the click and roll the fancy whips
She told me, ain't nothing fin to stop our shine
And we ain't sipping cristal we sip the roly with lime

(Chorus)

Hola, holla
She make em holla holla - 4x
She dance the salsa
She dance the cumbias
She dance meringue
And she shaking it like she want it, want it

[Low G]

Esempre, game and waballey le got cinuervo
Orlando, with the finest and the malano
Salsedo, and she love it guess it's the pedro
Throw up ecan, and the moon in the sanad
Im-matchable, with the sound it be international
Ecapalo, cause my c-low be wet in tropical
Want to stop me bro, and I led on go pass arrapio
Pawetta, yeah us thugs try incometa
Wet back, this latino who's representing
Wet back, it's latino que representa
E loc e ghetto yo, and what I wanna do
Is see you shake it fast...

(Chorus)

[Baby Beesh]

Now what's your name, what's your name, what's your
name ma-ma
what's your name, what's your name, what's your name
la-la
what's your name, what's your name, what's your name
ma-ma

I wanna know her name...

She's top notch, only be working with hot shots
Looking so famous she's training in hot rock
Dirty dancing drop tops, keeping it on pop
Doing them crunk dances, licking a loli-pop
She make it bang like bazookas, she's sweeter than my
asuka

Hmm, mami chula nobody gone do it cooler
Crimination is passion, she smoke a sweet while she
dancing

Y'all might be staring and glaring but baby ain't even
glancing

She got the real McCoy, now she gone fill your boy
So I'ma feel devoy with some of that thrill and joy
Now Baby Bash you a fool, sipping a margarita
Baby you know I want you but I really don't need you

(Chorus)

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