

Flo-Rida

"In The Ayer"

Visit "[In The Ayer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the a.m.
Y'all don't understand
Make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the a.m.
Y'all don't understand
Make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer

Hey this my jam
Y'all don't understand
I'll make you understand
What's pumpin' in my CD player, player
Party all night like yayer, yayer
Shawty got her hands in the ayer, ayer
Make me want to take it dare

Then I go, here I go, here this my song
DJ bring it back, I'm in my zone
I keep payed for that cop and them bones
When they guap until the early mornin'

I need that coke when I'm up in the club
Even my Chevy that pull up on dubs
Give me that drop ya know bass like the drug
Ya momma hot if she might show me love
Oh hot damn
Celebrate to the A.M.
My love is so much it's got me saying

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the a.m.
Y'all don't understand
Make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the a.m.
Y'all don't understand

Make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer

Hey I just might start, the way
Like I'm in a ball game, do my thing
Hands up high, got money in the bank
I'm so fly, 7/40 7 flang
Rock it, don't stop it

How I got my name
Baby keep poppin', you might get the thing
Walk the red carpet, won't see you the same
I give the startin' now give it more mayne

Fly with me, fly with me
The rider representing gotta fly with me
Make me, throw it up, box
In the, in the club
Go ahead and pull it up
Gotta wonder how it does get buck

You're showin' off that stare, stare
I'm hood so it's really unfair, fair
Look good, shorty gonna get bare, bare
We trip Mama City like the mayor, mayor

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the a.m.
Y'all don't understand
Make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer
Throw my hands in the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer
Ayer, ay-ayer, ayer

Aye, now stop
Whoa, put your hands in the air
It's a stick-up, stick-up, stick-up
A stick-up, touch the ceiling baby

(Throw my hands in the)
Put your hands up
(Throw my your hands in the)
Put your hands up
(Throw my hands in the)
Put your, put your hands in the
(Throw my hands in the ayer, ayer)

Put your hands up, to the sky, to the sky
Wave them, wave them round and round and side to
side, side to side
It's a party, shawty go on and touch the roof, touch the

roof
And we got them bottles poppin' at my booth

So throw your hands in the ayer
Touch the ceiling baby
Feel it, feel it baby
Throw your hands up

Oh hot damn, this is my jam
Keep me partying till the a.m.
Y'all don't understand
Make me throw my hands
In the ayer, ay-ayer, ayer, ay-ayer

Ayer, ay-ayer, ayer
Throw them hands up

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.