

Tyga "Holla At Me"

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[Chris Brown:]

Uh, Boom, Boom

We ballin' in the room

Sweepin' up my competition call me Mr. broom

Knockin' niqqaz over, call me bulldozer,

One more drink for these hoes and it's over,

Cause I'm a strike that's something like a cobra,

I know she want my venom, but I ain't gon' leave it in
her,

And right after I get her, she know she with a winner,

And we straight to the crib, I ain't takin' her to dinner,

(Ha) Nigga look at my jewels,

Aviator shades I ain't lookin' at you,

Ah chu, bless me twice,

Be a rich nigga I be shitin' on your life,

Magazine covers, magnem rubbers,

I mean magnum, I don't fuck with stragglers,

Niggaz want drama, Gangsta Grillz bastards

Did you check the caption? lights camera, action

[Chorus: x2]

Holla at Me Boo, Holla at Me Baby, [x3]

I'm Turnt Up, I'm Super Turnt Up

[Chris Brown:]

A nigga beat, beat

And shawty toot, toot,

Blowin' out there brains, car need a new roof,

Lookin' like a superstar, when I roll through

And shawty I'm the truth, so mama what it do?

Now let's ride out, ain't no trippin'

When we dippin' to my hide-out,

Big dipper cause you sippin' on my bottle

Only fuckin' with them A-listin' models,

Now let's get it like...

Low fitted it,

If you done it,

Then I did it

If you kick it,

Then I'm with it

We can do this shit all night

Your minute don't compare to my limit

When I'm in it
And I get it
I'm a give it to you all night,
I'm the shit
Yeah I go hard,
Don't stand in lines nigga I bogart
Fat boy celebrity cause I'm so large
And don't need no battery cause I'm in charge

[Chorus: x2]
Holla at Me Boo, Holla at Me Baby, [x3]
I'm Turnt Up, I'm Super Turnt Up

[Tyga:]
(Ha)
I'm hot mo'fucka, get a plate bitch
Don't say shit, get your face-lift
Rose rich let tha champagne drip,
Niggas swag jack but this L.A. shit
Get it back,
Give it back
Ain't 'bout shit,
Snap back them ain't even rare, where the tag at?,
Wack-ass all up in my ear bitch bag back,
I bag bad bitches mothafuck a Kat Stacks,
Yellow nigga, no cabs
Got the phantom out, no mats,
Get your camera out uh, one flash,
Hot beams steady shot clap your ass,
Aww, T. raw I'm so ahh,
Loc's on, chucks low, black beanie dog,
Patron top wash straight from the liquor store,
I'm turnt up I can't feel my face... so

[Chorus: x2]
Holla @ Me Boo, Holla @ Me Baby, [x3]
I'm Turnt Up, I'm Super Turnt Up
Hey [x3]

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