

## Timbo King

### "Aloha"

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f/ Young Brook

{\*animal sounds\*

[Young Broo]

It's paradiseÂ...yeah uh huhÂ...Young Brook babyÂ...  
ah yeahÂ...

Yo yo, we smoke Barry's like we in Hawaii

Dippin' in the CLK it's hard to find me

Then the phone ring it's Bo King

He wanna know 'bout the whole thing

18 karat bars, Fort Knox gold rings

We puppet masters, pullin' the strings, doin' the damn  
thing

I make it happen over night 50 G's stacked in

So for the weekend I'm relaxin'

Scam on the next plan to make it happen

For show that money you gotta cartwheel and back  
flipÂ...

[Interlude: Young Brook (Timbo King)]

Yeah Young Brook, Fort Knox shitÂ...

Aloha (Timbo King)

Play that shit back for meÂ...

Welcome (Timbo King)

[Timbo King]

Yo yo, my uncle Wu put me on the Kold Krush

Now I'm at the fever lookin' like the gold rush

Chain swingin', bitches wanna love, phone ringin'

Cuz back then Dappa Dan now on some fly shit

Ride die 8-4-5 live shit, you should see us

Bo King, Young Brook, move like crooks be

So shies see the ice bezels

Not three, now shells fly

Murder occur, all over evil paper

Sex, crack a Beck's, fuck the pussy

till it's soaken wet, G's up, hoes love me

[Hook: Young Brook]

It's Young Brook, Bo King

And you know the song the hoes sing

Aloha baby yeah every time the phone rings

Aloha baby yeah every time the phone ring

Young Brook yeah...

[Young Brook]

Yo, ya sweet niggaz got the game sour

I caught the kite when me and Tre was in Maui

Blowin' out Cali, taking it back like 86 Bally's

Trap you in an alley, pop your top like Ali

I'm on your block with my shines out

Pop shit I pop them nines out

I keep it real everywhere I go

Just like I keep a steel everywhere I go

On the strip tryna see a mill when that paper flow

Get that, double that and watch that paper grow

[Hook: Young Brook]

It's Young Brook, Bo King

And you know the song the hoes sing

Aloha baby yeah every time the phone ring

[Timbo King]

Hawaiian skunk with the dust bizarre inside a Dutch  
cigar

At a luau, cool out, dip dip dive put a lap or two

We on some Don Juan Perignon same shit the actor do

Separate the real from the fake

This year another mill on my plate

Cuz we dealin' with weight

We love niggaz but they dealin' with hate

Thought we was gone, nah Pah

Still in yo face, hot steel in yo face

We go to war like we suppose to

This ain't the booth or some motherfuckin' Pro Tools

Bang for mines, Brooklyn danger signs

Gettin' murked same place you slang your dimes

[Hook: Young Brook]

It's Young Brook, Bo King

And you know the song the hoes sing

Aloha baby yeah every time the phone rings

Aloha baby yeah every time the phone ring

[Outro: Timbo King]

Palm trees and coconut waterÂ...

From Brooklyn to Hawaii we cover the order, yeahÂ...

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