

DJ Khaled f/ Cool & Dre, Fat Joe, Lil Wayne, Paul Wall, Pitbull, Rick Ross

"Holla at Me Baby"

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[Cool & Dre]

This is...This is

This is...AND HE GOES BY THE NAME OF

[Lil Wayne]

Yeah you got the right one, It's Weezy Fuckin Baby

And if your woman lookin, I'll let the woman taste me

Okay now I'm with Khaled, we wily in Miami

We got a bunch of bitches, we pile em in the phantom

They follow us to Mansion but I don't mean the club

I'm talking bout my crib, mama I'm trying to fuck

It's Cash Money Baby, It's Young Money Biatch

Now you can swallow that or you can suck a dick

Okay, tell me shit, Lil Wayne fuck a bitch

Lil' nigga, big money, big gun full of that shit

Nigga I ain't Will Smith, Nah, I ain't a fresh prince

Nigga I'm a young king, Nigga I'm a Bun B

Yup, I go hard, ask my broad

Miss Stevie Wonder, she ain't lookin at y'all (She can't see)

The rest goes without me having to say

I say, go, go, go, go (DJ)

[Chorus: Paul Wall]

Holla at me, What it do, What it is

You ain't never seen a playa like this (Holla at me baby)

I'm a pimp, I'll show her how I live

Take her back then I put it in her wrist (Holla at me baby)

I'm a monster, I do it real big

You ain't never seen rocks like this (Holla at me baby)

You can see me from a far I'm the shit

Scream at me What it do, What it is (What It Do)

[Paul Wall]

It's Paul Wall baby, Swishahouse club rocker

Chunk a deuce, sip a deuce, pourin up big goose vodka

Lone star beast straight up out the H

Sure stoppin all the hate, sippin on the ski taste
I got the I-N-S on my tail, immigration still harass
Cause they see me in a foriegn ridin on a pointed glass
Gettin cash is my number one task
Until I'm under the grass, that's why I'm top of the class
I'm a grit boy lookin for an ass like Ketoya
Leave a bitch back all nutty like Almond Joy
My boy Toy I E got to sleep
And we got to see and who got the freaks?
Beat it up like an ass whipping
The album dropped and there's been a lot of ass
kissing
But I ain't trippin, I'm trill
That's why I'm posted with Khaled cause he real one
A hundred baby like a bill, Holla at me baby

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Nah homie, you done got it fucked up
You ain't got as much money as us (Nope)
We sent Campbell in cause he got goggles on
and he's pushing something far and it's fucked
Now all I gotta do is push a little button quick fast
And the chopper come out of the stash
Yeah money ain't jewels motherfucker you lose
I'll make you do the Fuck Sean Comb dance (Follow me
now)
Who wanna come test the kid
Have your baby mama bless the team
Shit, I ain't even know she could twerk it like that
She a motherfuckin sex machine, Holla at me baby

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross]

Stuntin in a magnum ridin with my hat low
Forty-five magnum, barrel full of air holes
Dade County, represent, Dopeboy ever since
Know that I'ma veteran, Million dollar president
Rick Ross, big chips, AK's, flip clips
Off set rims on a rear six inch lips
Started on the benches, rose through the trenches
Now I'm the shit bitch, go and check your senses
Known for the benz's, Chrome on the bentleys
Smokin on the mentleys, Dade county, big cheese
Flip soft, whip that, Rick Ross rip that
Khaled go hard dawg, talk to em Paul Wall

[Chorus]

[Pitbull]

It's Mr. 3-0-5 A.K.A

Mr. Snort yay, spit rocks, made in day

I owe my future to

Last name Campbell, first name Luther

The gun shine stayed, well that shoulda

Bought him the crib, what it do, what it is

Bust a clip, flip a brick, hey buddy where's the lick?

That's all we talk about, well welcome to the south

We in, get our bread then we out, no doubt

Harlas and priests

These boys dirty, they'll fuck your mother, sister,
daughter and nieces

Oye da loca, mueve a la carada, oye da loca, even la
meraya (?)

[Chorus]

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