

## **El Pasador**

### **"Hola/Holla"**

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(\*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)

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