

Holla At Me

Rasheeda

Yeah
Holla at Bird Beezy, baby
J Pheezy
Where Rasheezy at, nigga?
We gon do this like this nigga, come on

A pimp, a hustler, a gangster, a thug
Money dealer buy out the club
Hit the kitchen and the oven, show the block mo' love
Cooking up 50 bricks for them thugs
It's Birdman bitch, with a strap and a plug
So fly and the Bentley on dubs
Gucci her down, Rasheeda my round
You fuck with her bad, we tear up the town
Do it for the R, with the rocks and pounds
Rocket turn the smile to a frown
Shoot a hundred, bet a thousand, let's bet some
Better house, better whip, connect something
Jazze Pheezy, Bird Beezy, baby
In the Bentley raw blue, baby
Rasheeda I take ya to the car lot
Cop a whip, you the braud from my own block

Gotta love money, holla at me
If you ride with your honey, holla at me
If you really wanna ball, holla at me
We can tear down the mall, holla at me
I can parking lot pimp, holla at me
With the lobster and shrimp, holla at me
Wanna buy out the bar, holla at me
Won't sleep till we fall, holla at me

Who's that chick in the new GT?
Shoes Jimmy Chews, jeans Franky B
Now that's fly, just call me the boss
Gotta love a chicc who can show you how to floss
And as far as your man goes
I don't want him till he gets enough zeros
I keep it G on deck
Do away with a lame like a badass cheque
And happy meals, I don't do that
4 stars plus, homeboy I thought you knew that
Keep the bongo, I rock Bagari
You hoppin' in the cab while I hop in my Pharrari

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What you got inside that Gucci purse?
I love the name, but I'd rather have a coochie first
This my Gucci, and that's your Prada

That's my daddy, and that's my mama
I'm in the alligator shoes, with the belt to match
A pimp can't lose, I'm a certified [?]
\$24k on a flee boy rack
With the diamond in the back, diamond in the back, diamond in the back
Said 200 rocks with the four foot screen
Came a long way from the 215
Rasheeda, J Pheezy, Number 1 Stunna
28's on the [?] hummer
Now give it up to the number one drummer
Mannie Fresh, Jazze Pha, 20 more summers
Yello ice on my wrist and my watch
Turn around baby, and drop it like it's hot

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