

Who Is Dat

Loon

(I own the club, that's right.
Akon, that's right.
dolla dolla,
especially the strip club
t-pain, convict
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dolla dolla,
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let me talk to em, let me talk to em

I hit the club with a mug so mean
got them niggas like who the fuck is that?
then I hopped up out the car so clean
got them hoes like who the fuck is that?
hit the door like right left back forth
yeah I got the money, nigga that's of course
hit the stage with a b-boy stand
the club owner like who the fuck is that?

pull up in somethin tinted,
two hundred on the dash,
y'all shit rented
hot drop cash, watch the door lift up
this nigga don't look mad,
I'm what you never had

some of this, and some of that
tell that bitch to give me kiss, then I smack her on the ass
throw a stack at her and laugh
this shit to me ain't nothing
how much money do you have? that's not up for discussion
I'll be mad she be not in something

she knows whats up, European on them buttons
I been rich since I was eleven
my grams look like sevens
my killers look like revens
and you better count your blessings

count a peace around my neck
misdemeanor on my wrist
got a felon on my pinky
got you blinky when it gliss

I got strippers on payroll
charges in diagno
yayo like it's mayo
don't play around with me pasos
you should see this steelow, neighborhood neno
bitches call me Dolla, but these niggas call me Debo

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we the realest niggas that you ever saw
don't make me have to come around spread all y'all
the world so small, it's a big golf ball
just like the perky titties, just press them up against the wall
and while we toss dollas, they're just starin at my team
you wishin that nigga had it lookin so clean
track jacket on my back lookin at green
hangin off my ass is some convict jeans

ain't no long feda, gettin lots a chedda
no matter how you look at it, bet I can do better
no need to look better, like a glass of almonral
got a little vendetta, then bring out the heavy
then pull up on the trigga like I'm pullin on these hoes
to magic city nigga anything goes
so impatient can't wait, the club close
I bein the the lambo park beside your door

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shinin like a mother fucker
bbs is black
steve erkle bought a ton
that purple stay stinkin
you talk to that nigga, I got swag, I got juice

see me in that Bentley Coup
right in front of runnin shoop
you be runnin when I shoot,
I be shootin when you runnin

Con got me out the street,
told me "Dolla get that money"
now I'm the club stuntin like la la la la
laughin at these clown niggas like ha ha ha ha

look, you fuckin with a winner
strippin often for the dinner
veteran in the game
you wasn't niggas, just beginners
and my d boy stands bout to pop a rubberband
fuck that fightin in the club
you niggas fuckin up my plans

I'm tryna get a dance, her name and her number
take her to the teli and get some brain in the hummer
you niggas make it rain while dolla make it thunda
album comin soon bitch, get ready for the summer

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