

Holla At A Playa

Jae Millz

Remix Baby
Lean Clap
If you bout paper
Holla holla holla at a playa (Better late then never)
Cell phone or pager
If you bout paper
Holla holla holla at a playa
Remix Baby

You can go and tell them other boys not to bother
It's the remix and I'm back with Dr. Carter (what it is)
We talking millions in that six duece inch navy blue mercedes
Oh you ain't know it's Young Molla baby
Your boyfriend is a toyfriend, he ain't getting no paper
Run and tell him later then holla at a playa
If you getting money blow that sour in the ayer
You wish you were the hottest on your side of the equator
Me and Weez down in MIAM
We acting stupid Damn
Call the whip Soulja Boy, doors do the Superman (YOUOO)
Ya that's the superman we call it the Lago
G Star car goes boot us outta stars YO
That boy ain't getting char bro
He in the Monte Carlo
I hit the gears Operation where the fuck the car go
I'm the dawg now with stars like Tony R.O.M.O.
It's the remix but I been dope

Now if you seen me in the coupe and the wrist ice blue
If you trying to get it like me I'm a tell ya what to do
Holla At A Playa Now mami if you with your man and he got cuffs on your hand
When he slipping turn his head
I'm a tell ya what's the plan
Holla at a playa
Ok Baby I'm the shit so can you bring me some tishsha
Air freshener but bitch I'm freshha
I can get ya girl to come and kiss me on the pisser
Get her outta clothes and get her pussy to take a picta
Bitch I'm me
Flow smoke like swisher
Catching lines and hooks, I am like a fisher
Fire like a flicka, tie em like a twista
Boy I clap like Hurricane Chrisa
Who the hell is a well paid nigga
D Wayne Carter but you can call me Mista
D Wayne Carter I got my shit in order
When I say overtime I don't mean to flip quarter
Cause I ain't playing games in em
And I ain't saying names and if I ever say a name it would be Benjamin Frank
I got money in the bank, I got money in the back
Got some under the bed put some money on your head
New Orleans Eastside blood gang
We outlast SOOWHOOO
All red all yellow cornbread fall back
Am I rollin ya bitch I might be
Sleep with the nina like I'm cheating on wifey
Millz had to tell me to stop recycling verses and since I don't write it

I recite it in cursive
What's your name
Mr. Carter (Yeah)
President Carter (YEAH)
Dr. Carter (HAAA)

If you see me when you see me say you see me hey Wayne
Like you got 4 seats at a basketball game (YA)
Holla At A Playa Holla At A Playa but if you a faker
Holla at me neighbor don't holla at my neighbor neighbor YA
Holla At A Playa
Ok
Holla at a playa but don't scream at me
You don't wanna get whipped
So throw some cream at me
Whipped cream guts in the whip that's
An old caddie
I'm a muthafucka but I ain't meeting Karen

The beat hot is snaring
Red on red McClaren
V Callooking like it's from another planet
My diamonds like Chris Brown
They can't stop em from dancing
They just show off wall to wall they go off

Get how you live or die trying
Smoking on that G 5
We call it high flying
As high as a Batman
High Robin don't have an eye problem
Pistol on my hip I got a thigh problem
Rock ya hips Crime Mob em

And let em boy know you would time bomb em
Click Click Boom
Damn Rotten dot com em
Straight Osam em treat em like Hillary
Bully and Obam em
I'm a a up town problem Nigga

I come from the bottom the dirty below

And I'm from up top with armed verses
That dope
And in case ya don't know
I'm the newest on that Young Money team
And I'm gonna bring that nigga Weezy mad more cream

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