

Holla at Your Boy

Drag-On

Uhh, man it's been like three years I can't wait no more
I can't smoke no more but I can taste the raw
Like OHH-WEE, I get steel for the love of my booms
And girls be like (Drag, where you been so long?)
I'm like OOH, WEE, I'm still here baby
I just finished three albums, e'ything's all gravy
I'm still leanin on niggaz, actin like it can't happen
I put my gun in your mouth, turn your teeth platinum
Ain't no more one-on-ones, nigga it's guns-on-guns,
knives-on-knives
You murder my mans, we murder your wives
OOH, WEE, come yell at your boy
But if I catch her feelin me, would you bell at your boy?
I got a new drink, it's called 'Gang Related'
Alize is red, Hypnotiq is blue
Put a little Henny in it to bring out the THUG in you
But don't hate on your boy Drag, Drag got love for you,
c'mon

OHH, WEE, holla at your boy
Y'all want noise? Come holla at your boy
All my ladies, come holla at your boy
All my thug niggaz come holla at your boy
I said OOH, WEE, holla at your boy
Y'all want noise? Come holla at your boy
All my ladies, come holla at your boy
All my thug niggaz come holla at your boy

I said OOH, WEE, shorty you
(Who me?) Yeah, and the rest of your crew
Come holla at your boy, I'm still here baby, I'm still
in the grind
I'm happy that I'm still on your mind
Let me treat you real good and take you up out the hood
Show you a new lifestyle, then pull out the Lifestyles
Oh yeah I'm a movie star now, I done kickboxed with
Wesley
And got into a fight with Jet Li
Now you tell me what's really good - what's really
poppin
I go in any project and see what's really hood
Like what's crackin homie? I'm hotter than the block
with cracks on me
That's on my man, caught my ratchet for me
OHH, WEE, come holla at your boy
Come to the bar, pop a bottle with your boy
I reigned/rained in it, don't make me shower on you
boys
And I know your head nigga, so I got power over you boy
so

Where my shorties at? Where my thugs at?
C'mon, holla at your boy, where the love at?
Bitches lookin like they wanna put it on my ass
I'm in this club e'ry week ma, just put it on my tab

It ain't nothin, I got a tab bigger than that fat nigga
on "Cheers"

C'mon ma, sit in this chair (c'mon)

Chicks showin me they tongue rings, they belly buttons

Lookin 16 like R. Kelly ain't nuttin

I don't play those games, make sure she show her ID

Before she come, hot steppin in this V.I.P. - you hear
me?

She old enough, tell her holla at her boy

Cause I ain't got no time for cops holla'in at your boy

I said

I said OOH, WEE, holla at your boy

Y'all want noise? Come holla at your boy

All my ladies, come holla at your boy

All my thug niggaz come holla at your boy

I said OOH, WEE