

# DJ Khaled, How Many Times (ft. Lil Wayne, Chris Brown)

[Chris Brown:]

Pour a cup for the bitches that ain't scared to get down  
Get down, get down  
How many times I got 'em?  
Light another for the bitch who's just only in town for the weekend

[Chris Brown:]

How many times I gotta tell that ass to come over?  
I'll fuck you right, have you walking from side to side  
You know how a nigga feel 'bout wasting time  
You know how I feel about waiting in line  
You know he ain't it, girl you're wasting your time  
You'll only ditch him for a moment in time, take it in stride  
How many times I gotta tell that ass to come over?  
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How many times I gotta tell that ass to come over?  
I'll fuck you right, have you walking from side to side  
How many times?

[Lil Wayne:]

How many times I gotta tell your ass to come over?  
How many times I gotta tell you I gotta chauffeur?  
Think about it, think it over, everything is gon' be kosher  
Call me when you getting closer  
If you take a taxi, how much I owe ya?  
Don't send me no naked pictures  
If I can't get naked with ya  
This dick is our recognition  
I don't mind paying that commission  
Is you with the shit or nah?  
If we ain't fucking then bitch, bon voyage  
How many times? I said how many times?  
Too many times and bitch I ain't got time

[Chris Brown:]

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[Big Sean:]

Okay phone off the hook, yeah that bitch won't stop blinking  
I'll pick up for you though on the second ring  
You've been drinking and drinking, you're drinking for fun  
And you drink for a reason  
Yeah leave your boyfriend and call me when you're leaving  
Calling shots refereeing, no drama  
Pussy so wet I'mma need Dramamine and mattress Aquafining  
Boy I light the block up, young Billie Jeaning  
I'm dodging the leeches, I'm signing agreements  
I'm signing new artists, I sell out arenas  
Swimming with the dolphins on the Dan Marino  
Wine mixing, this shit like the Catalina  
B-I-G, minus Puff and Lil Cease  
I'm on my grind, 3 AM text like I need ya  
Dream about the pussy, fuck it I'm a dreamer  
Hold me down but don't hold me back like I need you to, damn

I wrote myself a million dollar check in fifth grade  
I put it on the wall and promised it'd be this way  
She fuck me like she want the rent paid  
Like she want that Oscar De La Renta  
I slow it down like it's her favourite ballad  
Then go back up at it like I hadn't had it  
Straight up

[Chris Brown:]

How many times I gotta tell that ass to come over?  
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How many times?  
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Get down, get down  
How many times I got 'em?  
Light another for the bitch who's just only in town for the weekend

[Chris Brown:]

I see these bitches in supperclub  
Niggas got me throwing bottles up  
Bottles with all of my homies  
I'm feeling generous, throwing my money  
She said she wanted the molly love  
I gave her the dick but I'm not in love  
I call out, "Bingo!" the minute I'm boning  
Soon as I'm done, kick her out in the morning  
Got xans when I turn up, it's a party, bust it open  
Pop that pussy in a circle, go retarded, pop it for me  
She got that booty galore, gripping it, backing me up  
You wanna fuck with a thug  
Now I see all these bitches got ass and they throwing  
Damn, it's just a matter of time 'fore I'm gone  
Drinking Ciroc and I know that she got it for free  
I hit up Diddy, he told me he did it  
He said that the liquor just bring out the freaks  
Them bitches lit, dropping that ass to a split  
Talking 'bout me, I'm the shit  
I just get down for the money, the bitches, and cars  
And my niggas, they whipping the bricks

[Chris Brown:]

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