

Hollyhood to Hollywood (feat. Small World)

Wyclef Jean

Yo, let's get back to the hardcore right now
Underground hip-hop yo (*foreign singing*)
This one's a gangsta tune, whassup fosha?
I'mma send this one out to all the refugee gangs around the world
Signal, signal, y'all need to chill with the drive-by's
It was the fourth of July I heard the cherry bomb bang
Stay in the house that's the sound of the gangs, clef
By the time we figured out what happened
I was in an ambulance tellin' my cousin keep breathing
Don't wear your colors here, that cemetery gear
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite
(but that ain't right y'all)
Don't wear your colors here!
That cemetery gear (california, california)
I got my gun and nine from hollywood, to your neck of the hood
True, true, yo hollywood got a lot of kids
twisted
Jumpin' in and out of limo's thinkin' is his ass really gifted
The only gift y'all possess is workin' with the triple six's
Y'all disguise yourself with bandanas and diamond necklaces
Mosta y'all can't even go back to the hood where y'all grew up
Actin like y'all drink alcohol and all y'all do is throw up
Talk about when y'all blow up y'all gonna visit the project floors
But the last time they saw y'all was 1984
Now y'all wonder, why they got on hoodies screamin' "freeze"
Get out the navigator, godfather iii in the dvd
They hop in, they take your car for a spin
It's cold outside so all you feel is the wind
There's no cell-y phone, so you can't phone home
Oh lord, here come those criminals maleek & jerome
("yo, who you know here, you got family over here?")
He a rap artist
("I don't care, he got the wrong colors over here, no fear")
Now you look shook like that mobb deep song
I'm surprised, cause on all y'all records you was al capone
And come to find out that you never held a chrome
And you escaped the draft and never bust a shot in vietnam
Now you standin' in the form amongst the children of the corn
Like the son of man stood with a crown made of thorns
The only difference is for you there'll be no resurrection
Cause it's a traffic jam, they got you locked up in a intersection
Don't wear your colors here, that cemetery gear

I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite
(but that ain't right y'all)
Don't wear your colors here! (colors)
That cemetery gear (chicago, chicago)
I got my gun and nine from hollywood, to your neck of the hoodYo, hollywood has half-man be hollow to you
How could you have slipped through
While I was detecting the trick that's in you
Pretending you pitbull, when really your candy-ass is poodle
We wouldn't of hit you, hammers have already been
Cocked and cleaned, yo, it was who?
It's click-up, click-up, north cackus, commence to stick up
That's what's within us, cack and lack, clap, buck killers quicker
Stick up the forest misters then head up to chickens with 'em
Adrenaline's givin', when I riff with the fifth to your chin-in
You never knew bout how we play these innings
But you about to play the commission
Waves are spinning, I'm out the glaze I'm sh...ing
The real is missing but the fraud is evident
Ever so clear, but you got the nerd to come around here with pounds of fear
Your colors wrong you must rock edible dons with that huh?
Damn paul, what's that huh?
Let me get that, with the quick snatch
If it's a little man in you then I better put the trick back
And if it's anything killers is fearing, I know my clit stacked for realerDon't wear your colors here, that
cemetery gear
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite
(but that ain't right y'all)
Don't wear your colors here! (colors)
That cemetery gear (detroit, detroit)
I got my gun and nine from hollywood, to your neck of the hoodTell the fbi that I won't be home tonight
Tell the secret service I won't be home tonight
Colors, put away your colors whoa, colors

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