

# Holy Moly

Matthew E. White

Yeah, as a kid growin' up in Brooklyn  
My pops was a DJ, he had a bunch of records  
Funk, jazz, rhythm and blues, soul, you know what I'm sayin'?  
There was this one gospel record I liked like, like  
Like holy moly, I might get some religion and leave you holy, holy  
Yeah, this rhyme is so fat, it's roly poly  
I give you intimate details so you can get to know me  
These corporate rappers like, "Why this dude pickin' on me?"  
You rap your way to the top but now it's gettin' lonely  
Kids is hungry and you lookin' like a steak from Nick & Tony's  
But don't nobody want your jewels 'cause your shit is phony  
Say word? Your shit is real? Damn, your shit is corny  
Rhymes turn a new page like Mark Foley  
And touch kids like when Larry Clark gave the part to Chloe  
Rest in peace to Harold Hunter, the greatest from New York  
Started out skatin' for Zoo York, word  
Hangin' out at The Gavin, I was very lucky  
To talk to Rash' once I got past Derek Dudley  
Got him on respiration, that's pre-Badu  
Bet you Garnett Reid got a Matt Doo tattoo  
Sometimes I feel like I'm drownin', I gotta tread water  
Head above the water, I always remember headquarters  
Heads up, eyes open, I got my mind focused  
I find hope inside a line, my rhymes define opus  
Sometimes hopeless people fill my thoughts with evil  
My record so hard it broke the needle  
At the Mixtape Awards niggaz act like they don't give a fuck though  
And disrespect the legacy of Justo  
What the blood claat? No, let the blood flow  
You ain't come to pay your respect, then what you come fo'?  
Too many good niggaz die, it's like a stop loss  
Hood niggaz ghetto like fried wings and hot sauce  
How you hard? The cops lettin' 50 shots off  
Baby Jay-Z's with the knockoff Scott Storch beat  
You are not Short, you are not Katt  
You're not a player or a pimp, money stop that  
Learn to master your speech and be eloquent  
Rappers keep peddlin' sweets, the beats weaker than gelatin  
We used to kick up dust, now we settlin'

Rest in peace to Dilla, Weldon, we can't forget you  
Professor X and Proof we miss you, word  
Rest in peace to Shaka, 21 gun salute  
In the air like blak, blak, blak  
You're still here 'cause you're livin' through me  
You're like a gift God has given to me, what?

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