

Holy Moly

The Pastels

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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