

# Holla @ Cha' Boy

## Ice Cube

I knew you niggaz would be back  
See, see, you need to fuck with me you know I mean?  
Yeah, you need to holla at your boy, man  
Stop fuckin' with them punk niggaz, man, with that shit  
That's what you get  
That shit stepped on nigga, that's what you get  
I got that raw, I got that, uh  
Twenty-fo' seven  
(Holla @ your boy)  
What you need baby?  
Come on with it, come on with it  
(Holla @ your boy)  
I got it all day, in the hallway  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Sick of that blow up  
(Holla @ your boy)  
That's what you get for fuckin' with them niggaz  
Come and see me for that real O.G.  
He a O-Z, I'm a whole ki  
Dope as a motherfucker, son, a whole [Incomprehensible]  
Bitches fiend for it, then they lean for it  
It ain't cocaine, but they wanna still blow it  
What you need, what you need  
Hoes offer me the pink slip and the deed  
Treat it just like weed  
Hit the right end, then pass it to her friend  
I'm a hustler, you a customer  
Them other niggaz you like, straight fuckin' ya  
Some of 'em lyin', most of 'em trickin'  
Others are dyin', some of 'em victims  
When you come from South Central LA  
That shit is like dirt weed, a nigga got a headache  
If you want it raw, now  
Make the call now, look me up, nigga  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Fiendin' for that good shit  
Take a look, bitch, what you need, baby  
(Holla @ your boy)  
I got it all day

In the hallway on Broadway  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Sick of that blow up  
Gettin' stepped on, nigga, come on home  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Ice Cube, back then they used to fuck me  
Now that I'm hot, these bitches still love me  
'Cause I'm far from ugly  
Everywhere I go, they wanna kiss and hug me  
They say "Dopeman, dopeman  
I got your money don't turn into Konnan"  
Don't wanna see the G-hand  
I am the man from here to Cleveland  
Don't get mad, I get even  
Try to shake the van, think you're sleepin'

Oh, my God, this nigga's leakin'  
Somebody best to call the deacon  
Any dose is a overdose  
Leave your punk-ass dead or a comatose  
And if you don't wanna listen  
My shit'll crack you out like Tyrone Biggums  
If you want it raw, now  
Make the call now, look me up, nigga  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Fiendin' for that good shit  
Take a look, bitch, what you need, baby  
(Holla @ your boy)  
I got it all day  
In the hallway on Broadway  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Sick of that blow up  
Gettin' stepped on, nigga, come on home  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Holla, yeah  
But don't two-way a nigga  
Bitch, that ain't nothin' but a transcript  
Dumb bitch  
(I'll holla)  
Don't two-way a nigga man  
(I'll holla)  
Damn  
If you want it raw, now  
Make the call now, look me up, nigga  
(Holla @ your boy)

Fiendin' for that good shit  
Take a look, bitch, what you need, baby  
(Holla @ your boy)  
I got it all day  
In the hallway on Broadway  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Sick of that blow up  
Gettin' stepped on, nigga, come on home  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Twenty years  
I've been servin' you fiends  
For twenty years  
(Holla @ your boy)  
Why would you fuck with anybody else, ha?  
(Holla @ your boy)  
That's why you're fucked up right now, ain't it?  
(Holla @ your boy)  
You need to get at me  
You know I got it and I know you want it  
(Holla @ your boy)o  
Come on, Cube, let me rap on here  
I'm, I'm just tryin' to sack somethin' up

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