Holiday

Ruff Ryders

Yeah, L O X, nigga
It don't stop
Keep goin and goin' and goin and goin'
MotherfuckersYou heard it from the P, you oughta know it's the truth
If I get you kidnapped and raped and thrown off a roof
You could nod your head to this like it's only a rap
'Cuz when these bullets hit your ass, I'm like it's only a gatI need a funeral to feel good, I'm hopin' it's yours
Think you religious, heard he got shot in the cross
Holiday Styles, bitch, I broke most of the laws
Fuck with the poor, so flip to the boots, stick to the truthDo anything it takes just to get to this loot
And missin' a tooth, but both of 'em chipped, told you the script
You heard about the trouble, I start most of the shit
When I squeeze ain't no controllin' the wristAnd niggas leave the room when they hear the P flowin' with swiss
I'm an ignorant and negative nigga
I sell crack, bust guns, pop shit and say, I'm better than niggas
You think not, I'll look at your man and level a niggaIf you think a rapper's better why don't you give me his name?
So I can run up on him, tear him up and give you his frame
When it comes to the streets, I'm the nigga to call
Five eight and three quarters, but I'm bigger than y'allIf I left the gun home, I'ma give you the sword
I'm the devil in the flesh, I can't give you the Lord
It don't make no sense for you to pray for your life
I got my niggas in the crib, you oughta pray for your wife(Holiday)
I gotta make it to heaven for goin' through hell
(Holiday)
And I don't care if I sell, y'all know what I sell(Holiday)
I use my left hand when I'm loadin' the shells
(Holiday)
'Cuz I know it ain't right, that's why I'm blowin' a LYo, I do it all for my niggas, even ride wit' a bomb
Get shot, die in his arm, and give him my last
It's a million dollar bail, I'ma get it in cash
I sell crack like it's '88, I live in the pastYou know the P carry the gun, live in the mask
Tell niggas show me the money and gimme the stash
I like Malibu and pineapple, fiftys of hash
Hundreds of dro, wear my clothes a week in a rowSleep on the floor, catch me right next to the door
I'm Holiday Styles and that's what the weaponry for
And I probably won't blow for the fact that I'm hard
But I'm good with ten million in the back of the carEither that or get life and lift the rack in the yard
Gettin' jewels from the old timers, stashin' the cards

But jail ain't part of the plans
I keep weight on the scale 'cuz I feel I get further with gramsIn my last few bars, I run through niggas like my last few cars
And crash 'em up
The boy mighta went platinum but don't gas him up
I get his length and his width and get his casket cutI don't deal with the snakes and fakes
But I deal with the comas and wakes, I don't make mistakes
Double R now, bitch, you oughta know, I'ma ghost
Blow up your face, blow up the coke and blow up the smoke(Holiday)
I gotta make it to heaven for goin' through hell
(Holiday)
And I don't care if I sell, y'all know what I sell(Holiday)
I use my left hand when I'm loadin' the shells
(Holiday)
'Cuz I know it ain't right, that's why I'm blowin' a L(Holiday)
I gotta make it to heaven for goin' through hell
(Holiday)
And I don't care if I sell, y'all know what I sell(Holiday)
I use my left hand when I'm loadin' the shells
(Holiday)
'Cuz I know it ain't right, that's why I'm blowin' a L

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