

# Holla

## Busta Rhymes

Yeah, yea  
This shit sound like  
One two o'clock in the morning with the full moon out  
Niggas in they trucks creeping  
With a fresh box of ecstasy pills for these bitches Yeah, team select, please collect, G's connect  
Thieves nigga direct the trees to the SmokeFest  
Want to take a toke? YES! The newest zone I'm in  
I'm like Smithsonian nigga, fuck it call me Napoleon  
Wave the torch, cut the head off the Leviathan  
The terminology I'm rhyming in cause a frenzy up in Ireland  
Hit ya, I'm gon get ya  
And drop the bomb scripture at your barmitzvah  
Yo, map shit out, blast through the speakers  
With a wife beater on, Bushe below, a new pair of sneakers  
Street niggas hang on the sidewalk, that's where I learned my fly talk  
Pimp-strut, and how to skywalk  
Moderating how we establish the whole conglomerate  
The way we honor it, you'll never conquer it  
See how we wreck, has a global effect, on even Polish people  
Young and restless down to the old and feeble  
Peep them, Czechoslovakian to Yugoslavian niggas  
Be all into my bounce so don't be bothering niggas  
So NOW you should feel the whole cathedralish bounce  
Put one in your stomach leave you in a fetalish crouch, nigga  
My vernacular is spectacular  
Strategic plans'll have you looking wacker than a postal office massacre  
Is that so? Make moves just like a fatso  
Bounce in a minivan Astro after my gat blow! [Chorus]  
Hey yo, get up, get up, get dough (get dough nigga)  
Roll up, light up, and smoke that 'dro (smoke 'dro now)  
Bitch shake yo' hips and bounce real slow  
Niggas rep yo' hood, I'm with that  
All my nig-gas (all my niggas) if you with me (if you with me)  
Yeah I see you (yeah) HOL-LA  
(Throw yo' guns in the motherfucking air, c'mon!)  
All my bitch-es, if you're with me (yeah all my bitches where you at now)  
Yeah I see you (you know I see y'all) HOL-LA Yeah, my whole entire mind state deeper  
Than astronomy and mathematics like Galileo  
Smash you niggas like mashed potato

Back when niggas used to rock Ballys and Clarks  
I used to watch, little niggas shouldn't hustle nickel crack in the park  
Barrels spray the brighter flame in the dark  
Blood spill stain on the street, that's how niggas be leaving they mark  
Fucking with diplomats who love Bailey's  
Monopolize and quickly get other money fucking with Israelis  
So solid how we be symbolic  
To a handful of niggas that be all scheming on the same wallet  
Them type niggas that be conspiring and kidnapping  
Shit happens! Gun clap for you in a gift wrapping  
You should follow how the style switch up  
Like a group of religious niggas scheming to kill they arch-bishop  
You big pussy nigga acting all hard  
Call me atheist, because I don't believe in you God  
It's like a grand feast celebrating the bounce of the century  
I tote the recipe quick for any type of discrepancy  
Busta Rhymes the great renaissance artist and architect  
Like how a Felipe portrait is so hard to get  
We got the obscure shit for the street  
Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now rock to the beat  
Yo, we got the obscure shit for the street  
Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now rock to the beat[Chorus][Busta Rhymes]  
Holla at me now, c'mon!  
Yeah, Busta Rhymes, cooking up a little brown stew chicken  
Dr. Dre niggas, yea

Songwriters

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