

Hollis To Hollywood

LL Cool J

"All that is gold does not glitter, not all those who wander are lost." Yeah, you know

It be buggin' me out, you know what I'm sayin'?

That rap, how everybody, like, is using metaphors and all that

It seems like everybody's some kind of metaphor freak

Some kind of metaphorical freak or somethin', man

You know what I'm sayin'? Word up

So, you know what I'm saying

You know brother's want to make a movie and all that

You know how I mean, so I figured you know what I'm sayin'

I'd just make a little movie with a chicken ball

Check it If you saw the movie, Wall Street, I guess you know

The way ya stack chips and regulate wild dough

But ain't no G-funk, and far from my era

Tales from the hood, your boyz will feel terror

MC's contaminatin' tracks with feces

You think of pussy until a flick like Species

Hi-tech, ya, my pen got velocity

Jumpin' out the SSL like Virtuosity

And never question what I'm doin' to ya, girl

She let me dive deep like her panties is Waterworld

But all metaphors, the only thing in rap

You brothers need to stop with that [Chorus]

I'm goin' from

Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good?

Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good?

Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good?

Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good? Check it,

I'm makin' Speed like I'm Keanu Reeves

But too many True Lies can make a honey please

She said, I know you want this

Get a Pocahontas

I got Higher Learnin'

And bangin' gets monotonous

Her ass is classic

Cheeks was Jurassic

Servin' a Justice

Poetic the way I last it

I touch ground, real windy, with my lyrics

Make her talk in tongues, and feel the Holy Spirit

Hear it, pulling light strings
Got mad cast a swing
When I do my thing, my ballz is hairy like the Lion King
I'm in the jungle, layin' down my mack
You brothers need to chill with that[Chorus]Take me away
You think I won't, fool?
Take me away
You think I can't, fool?
Take me away
You think I won't, fool?
Take me away
You think I can't, fool?
It's kinda like miniature satellites floatin' in closets
Spyin' in pockets
Jumpin' out of a helicopter into a football stadium filled with cotton candyWe
Word up,
So your man got a good job lovin' ya so much
Boss on his back, comin' home like, 'What the fuck?'
But you be on his side through the thick and all the thin
That's when LL come in
Blast a ass like Apollo 13
Sugar get the cream
Hoppin' dom in every direction
What a scene
He can't understand your best friend's plan
Running game while you chill with the Demolition Man
Good love, have fun, tight hugs and flowers
I have your girl runnin' off to fake baby showers
Better get down before ya cryin' at home
I got her standing on the bed gettin' closer to the Drop Zone
Some brother's won't appreciate that
Ain't it scary when you meet a real mack?
Let's run it back
See the flavors in my lifestyle, chill don't even lie to me
Balls a lethal weapon, dick a menace to society
You ain't a player-hater, kid, you took her off restriction
I make her tell lies and knock the pulp out of fiction
Kid, you know I'm game tight when you hit it tonight
I hope she screams my name right
This word is born kid, you know why?[Chorus]Check it

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