Hollyhood to Hollywood

Wyclef Jean

Blame, blame blame, whose that with you again?
(The ride, the ride)
Yes black, where's my jewels at?
(Uptown)
Yo, let's get back to the hardcore right now
Underground hip-hop yoThis one's a gangsta tune, whassup Fosha?
I'm a send this one out to all the refugee gangs around the world
Signal, signal, y'all need to chill with the driveby's
It was the Fourth of July I heard the cherry bomb bang
Stay in the house that's the sound of the gangs, Clef
By the time we figured out what happened
I was in an ambulance tellin' my cousin, "Keep breathing"Don't wear your colors here, that cemetery gear
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite
(But that ain't right y'all)
Don't wear your colors here, that cemetery gear
(California, California)
I got my gun and nine from Hollywood, to your neck of the hood
(True, true)Yo, Hollywood got a lot of kids twisted
Jumpin' in and out of limos thinkin' it's them that's really gifted
The only gift y'all possess is workin' with the triple six's
Y'all disguise yourself with bandannas and diamond necklaces
Mosta y'all can't even go back to the hood where y'all grew up
Actin' like y'all drink alcohol when all y'all do is throw up
Talk about when y'all blow up y'all gonna visit the project floors
But the last time they saw y'all was 1984Now y'all wonder, why they got all hoodies screamin' "Freeze"
Get out the Navigator, Godfather 3's in the DVD they hoppin'
They take your car for a spin, it's cold outside so all you feel is the wind
There's no celly phone, so you can't phone home
Oh lord, here come those criminals, Maleeg and Jerome
("Yo, who you know here, you got family over here?")
He a rap artist
("I don't care, he got the wrong colors over here, no fear")Now you look shook like that Mobb Deep song
I'm surprised, 'cause on all y'all records you was Al Capone
And come to find out that you never held a chrome
And you escaped the draft and never bust a shot in Vietnam
Now you standin' in the form amongst the children of the corn
Like the Son of Man stood with a crown made of thorns
The only difference is for you there'll be no resurrection
'Cause it's a traffic jam, they got you locked up in a intersectionDon't wear your colors here, that cemetery gear

(Colors)
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite
(But that ain't right y'all)
Don't wear your colors here
(Colors)
That cemetery gear
(Chicago, Chicago)
I got my gun and nine from Hollywood, to your neck of the hoodYo, Hollywood has half-man be hollow to you
How could you have slipped through
While I was detecting the trick that's in you
Pretending you pitbull, when really your candy-ass is poodle
We wouldn't of hit you, hammers have already been
Cocked and cleaned, yo, it was who?
It's click-up, click-up, north cackus, commence to stick up
That's what's within us, cack and lack, clap, buck killers quickerStick up the forest misters then head up to chickens with 'em
Adrenaline's givin', when I riff with the fifth to your chin-in
You never knew bout how we play these innings
But you about to play the commission
Waves are spinning, I'm out the glaze I'm shing
The real is missing but the fraud is evident, ever so clear
But you got the nerd to come around here with pounds of fearYour colors wrong, you must rock edible dons with that huh?
Damn Paul, what's that huh? Let me get that, with the quick snatch
If it's a little man in you then I better put the trick back
And if it's anything killers is fearing, I know my clip stacked for realerDon't wear your colors here, that cemetery gear
(Colors)
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite
(But that ain't right y'all)
Don't wear your colors here
(Colors)
That cemetery gear
(Detroit, Detroit)
I got my gun and nine from Hollywood, to your neck of the hoodTell the FBI that I won't be home tonight
Tell the Secret Service I won't be home tonight
Colors, put away your colors woh, colors

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