

# 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 yo This 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 1984 Now 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 intersection Don'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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