Hollywood

Twinz

(Chorus) x2
She's on her way, about to get paid
But never turning Hollywood
He's on his way, about to get paid
But never turning Hollywood[Neb Love-]
I used to be that way, but now I'm like this
You betta miss me with that shit or catch a mighty blow to lip
Cheeks
Beware I'm here, hooray for N-E-be , no that's not me,
Oh, 'cause I'm in the Cherokee, cruisin with Warren G
Goin to pick up Jah Skill and the Twinz
Five footin till the end of my life, for real
Ya didn't know the sista but she had a record deal
They want to see you at the top, then they want to see you drop
Then they want to call the cops, ring hello?
Wake up, once yo ass go Hollywood ya ass is like fuck
(ya ass is like fuck)
A young buck Knee-Hi told me that Neb changed
But if I'm on the wrong track put me in the right placeWayniac-
I'm just the same muthafucka, who kicked them nuts back in the day
This is how it is when the niggaz gettin paid
You used to treat me different now that you know where I stand
But back up in the days you didn't really give a damn
I had my own thing, me and the homeys from the PAC
We watch each other's back tryin to get our pockets fat
But now its new niggaz poppin all up in our face
From 88 to 93 I couldn't find a trace
I keeped on shit on data just reviewin all the facts
In my mind I designed how to switch and counteract
'cause ain't no Holly and me if it is its gettin stuck
I'm strictly for my paper as these groupies ride my nuts(Chorus) x2
Jah Skills-
What, you can't speak, because I reached my peak,
Why don't you, go bout your business let your mind tweak,
But see ain't nuthin changed on my behalf still got my mics and
Stashed
Niggaz is siamese two faced and they switch it fast
'cause Hollywood can't do nuthin for me but hang me like drapes
Distribute my phat tapes and in my pocket put some papes[Trip Locc-]

And ain't nuthin in Hollywood that could make me want to switch
Could he please, you know what's up with me so Holly these
I'm from the G side, flip flop if you want to
Banned by yo hood and yo city shoulda stayed true
But ya didn't fell victim to the limelight
Never gettin faded 'cause the Locc was just to trump tight[Jah Skills-]
You must be dazed
Ya goin through some type of phase
Behind my back you jaw jack but in my house you want to blaze[Wayniac & Jah Skills-]
So thanks for smokin the click out an shit
All upon her clit
(and all upon his dick)
It makes me sick, but we don't even trip 'cause its the G-Funk
(rail two rules like tree trunks)
Now feel the brew that we funk
(steady on a mission underground that is the sound)
Don't ever get it twisted when the real ones put it down
(Chorus) x5

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