

Holla

Busta Rhymes

Yea, yea, this shit sound like
One, two O'clock in the mornin' with the full moon out
Niggaz in they trucks creepin'
With a fresh box of ecstasy pills for these bitches
Yea, team select, please collect, G's connect
Thieves nigga direct the trees to the smoke fest
Wanna 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 gonna get ya
And drop the bomb scripture at your Barmitzvah
Yo, map shit out, blast through the speakers
With a wife beater on, bushes below, a new pair of sneakers
Street niggaz hang on the sidewalk, that's where I learned my fly talk
Pimp strut and how to sky walk
Moderatin' 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 niggaz
Be all into my bounce so don't be botherin', niggaz
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 lookin' wacker than a postal office massacre
Is that so? Make moves just like a fatso
Bounce in a Minivan Astro after my gat blow
Aiiyo, get up, get up, get dough
Roll up, light up, and smoke that 'dro
Bitch shake yo' hips and bounce real slow
Niggaz rep yo' hood, I'm with that
All my niggaz if you with me
Yea, I see you, holla
All my bitches, if you're with me
Yea, I see you, holla
Yea, my whole entire mind state deeper
Than astronomy and mathematics like Galileo

Smash you niggaz like mashed potato
Back when niggaz used to rock Ballys and Clarks
I used to watch, little niggaz 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 niggaz be leavin they mark
Fuckin' with diplomats who love Bailey's
Monopolize and quickly get other money fuckin' with Israelis
So solid how we be symbolic to a handful of niggaz
That be all schemin' on the same wallet
Them type niggaz that be conspirin' and kidnappin'
Shit happens, gun clap for you in a gift wrappin'
You should follow how the style switch up
Like a group of religious niggaz schemin' to kill they ArchBishop
You big pussy nigga actin' all hard
Call me Atheist, because I don't believe in you, God
It's like a grand feast celebratin' 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 Filippo Brunelleschi 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
Aiiyo, get up, get up, get dough
Roll up, light up, and smoke that 'dro
Bitch shake yo' hips and bounce real slow
Niggaz rep yo' hood, I'm with that
All my niggaz if you with me
Yea, I see you, holla
All my bitches, if you're with me
Yea, I see you, holla
Holla at me now, c'mon
Yea, Busta Rhymes, cookin' up a little brown stew chicken
Dr. Dre niggaz, yea

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