

Westside Connection "It's The Holidayz"

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Tell ya people that I'm comin' by
(Yeah, yeah)
Got that shit that'll get ya high
(Holla at a pimp)
Talkin' shit 'cuz I'm off tonight
And you really wanna feel alright

Cook somethin' serve somethin', like George Girv
somethin'
Fingaroll Michael Irv somethin', smoke sometin'
'Cuz it's the holidayz, get ya dolla daze, pop a colla
plaze
I'm come through wit' the brand new light blue
Ready to eat n' shit, niggas can't compete my shit
Got the whole family on the law, so mine's be jealous

Like that nigga marcellous but don't get overzealous
And try to ball wit' a nigga who play double headas 'cuz
I'll pull out the double wettas
Cock 'em back and treat you like you neva met us
So this year fill ya heart wit' cheer or disappear nigga
Holla if ya clear nigga, it's Ice Cube you can call me tha
Grinch
I got your Christmas list but I ain't buyin' you shit

Tell ya people that I'm comin' by
(Yeah, yeah)
Got that shit that'll get ya high
(I'm on my way)
Talkin' shit 'cuz I'm off tonight
And you really wanna feel alright

I wanna know what you gonna do for the holidayz?
(You know, I'm comin' through for the holidayz)
What you gonna do for the holidayz?
(I'm comin' through to scoop you for the holidayz)

Westside Connect gang-ga-gang
Connect gang-ga-gang
Connect gang-ga-gang

Ba boom, guess who stepped in the room

Off the liquor loc C-walkin' under the missteltoe
Shoppin' cookies, bag full of Goodies
Smokin' out your city with this blue berry sticky icky
WC off the hinges my witness
And them high switchez for a Ghetto fucking Christmas
Hit the block flossin', I got's to rap
Three wheelin' with the Konjak on my bud nya

Gangsta Gangsta got 'em lookin' my way
'Cuz I got the new "West Class" in the drive-way
Bendin' the corner, put it up on ya
Like threelik swing, swing, bling bling
Mad hoggin, bouncin, sippin' beer
Blindin' niggaz wit' the carrots in my ear
Another currin' out the gate, stack them big heads
Dub tryin' get me Tween some scared nya

Tell ya people that I'm comin' by
(Skip, skip)
Got that shit that'll get ya high
(Don't trip)
Talkin' shit 'cuz I'm off tonight
And you really wanna feel alright

I wanna know what you gonna do for the holidaze?
(Say what I'm comin' through for the holidaze)
What you gonna do for the holidaze?
(I'm comin' through to fuck you for the holidaze)

Holla at a pimp, holla at a pimp

It's that time of year I got a Sack of Scrizzla
And means for the whitening sabber and Chinchilla
I know my momma cooked, I can hardly wait
I'm hungry so when I come through hand me a plate
Or that down hun southern cook connect jam
Now easy on the ham, but heavy on the candy jam
I see you lookin' at me bugged out
(No doubt)

Pull up in a bentley straight Thugged out
Heavy metal, extreme ghetto and bugs
And only converse on my pedal 'cuz all I wear is chucks
While I'm greasin' G all down on my drawers
And you know I plained up like Santa Claus
I grind and do what I do to make a not
And the Cali weather ain't the only thing that's hot
Chicken Hawkin', I stay away from guys that snitchin'
And though it's sunny I'm still around hoes 'cuz I'm
pitchin'

Tell ya people that I'm comin' by
(Yeah, yeah)
Got that shit that'll get ya high
(I'm do or die)
Talkin' shit 'cuz I'm off tonight
And you really wanna feel alright

I wanna know what you gonna do for the holiday?
(What you wanna do? I'm comin' through for the
holiday)
What you gonna do for the holiday?
(I'm comin' through to drink a brew for the holiday)

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