

# Ya Boy "Holla At Ya Boy"

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This is...

[Verse 1: Ya Boy]

Yea... eh

Bay area stand up... hip hop

You're looking at the future

Young wild nigga might mess around and shoot ya

Came in the game like cane for the (? tuda's?)

Bout to rearrange things... I ain't the same as you  
losers

I dun seen it all from guns this tall ta bodies getting  
dumped

Niggas slumped on the wall from crack in the sack

And them cracks in the walls ta hopping out spending

50 racks in the mall

Yeaa holla at ya boy baby... I'm not like them

22 Black coupe black rim... ice grin... ice neck... ice wrist

Looking for a nice bitch

Whip cost a 100 grand the trip is priceless

[Chorus: Cool and Dre]

I got work er'ywhere

Homie tell me what you need

I got people down south that'll let it go for cheap

I got people up top with a plug on the Biz

I got people in the bay

Nigga tell me what it is

You ain't gotta shop around

Ha holla at ya boy... (ha) holla at ya boy... (ha) holla at  
ya boy

You ain't gotta shop around

Ha holla at ya boy... (ha) holla at ya boy... (ha) holla at  
ya boy

[Verse 2: Ya Boy]

If he rep that bay why his swag that way?

Man the bar so fresh plus I'm cool like DRE

Yo my sound so new... like it's still in the wrapper

The rumors so true, yes I'm killin these rappers

Headed down south with a car full of clappers

Inside my trunk all white like pampers

Get it off quickly... headed back swiftly

Heard them boys on me but they'll never get me... no  
Who the truth mama let them know  
That I keep two nines like Gretzy tho  
The young nigga with the peschi flow  
That's good fella... catch me in the hood fella... get it  
understood fella

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Ya Boy]

Ay you want it I got it  
You need it come holla  
I got er'ything covered from the top to the bottom  
Er'ything come hot from the shots to the dollars  
I got my Miami niggas rockin in they impalas  
I got my Atlanta niggas trappin clockin they dollas  
I got my New York niggas goin hard they wildin  
Even the Midwest boys hold it down they ridin  
I got killaz up in Cali, ya'll don't want no problems  
You ain't gotta make a move just holla at me  
Mama do what you do just holla at me  
He got a mouth full of jewels tell me who could it be?  
Who they want, who they came to see?... It's Y B

[Chorus]

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