

Trick Daddy F/ Mystikal

"Holla"

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Uh huh
Is y'all ready?
Is y'all ready??

HOOK 2X:

Holla!
If you real and you know you a G
Holla!
Deep in these streets when you pumpin that D
Holla!
Be in your hood screamin fuck police
Holla!
You keep a gun and you bust for beef

[Verse 1]

Niggas say I'm focused now, they know that's my style
But dogg, I'm on the block with that coke and a smile
I still got the crack heads I.D.
And they know, I collect for the first and fifteenth
I still take cabs to that capsule spot
For them 31 illusions and them purple tops
And the game aint change, niggas is taught different
I'm raised off one rule, never get caught slippin
That's why I eat, sleep, shit with my gat
Bag up, take a piss, fuck a bitch with my gat
And I done sold it all from crack to marijuana
You can't deny it, I'm in hoods like Tom Warner
Beat cop, take away, I keep my shit
They don't know I deliver off the beeps I get
And you snitch ass niggas wanna peep my shit
But I'ma show you how deep into these streets I get

HOOK

[Verse 2]

See what this game made, and *of age I came*
And you up and coming rappers know you young to this
game
I went from Marcy to Hollywood, I'm back again
I don't need no applaud, to clap again
Let alone, no award, from rap to win

Talk drama, get yourself wrapped up in
Severe head trauma, get beat with the nine lime-a
Cut your hand off if you fuckin with my product
That slayed shit, I'm on the grave shift
We all know fucked up money don't pay rent
You short with my ones, you short one thumb
You can't, come up short where the fuck I'm from
We got, dues to pay, new tools to spray
Who's to say, Bleek won't make news today
You know the ooze'll spray if you refuse to pay
And I move the yae nigga day by day

HOOK

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