

## **Busta Rhymes "Holla"**

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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

Yeah, team select, please collect, G's connect  
Thieves nigga direct the trees to the SmokeFest  
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 rhymin' in 'cause a frenzy up in  
Ireland

Hit ya, I'm gon get ya

And drop the bomb scripture at your bar mitzvah  
Yo, map shit out, blast through the speakers  
With a wife beater on, Bushe 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 skywalk

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!

Aiyyo, get up, get up, get dough (get dough nigga)  
Roll up, light up, and smoke that 'dro (smoke 'dro now)  
Bitch shake yo' hips and bounce real slow  
Niggaz rep yo' hood, I'm with that --  
All my nig-gaz (all my niggaz) if you with me (if you  
with me)

Yeah I see you (yeah) HOL-LA  
(Throw yo' guns in the motherfuckin' air, c'mon! )  
All my bitch's, if you're with me (yeah all my bitches  
where you at now)  
Yeah I see you (you know I see y'all) HOL-LA

Yeah, my whole entire mind state deeper  
Than astronomy and mathematics like Galileo  
Smash you niggaz like mashed potato  
Back when niggaz used to rock Bally's 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  
arch-bishop  
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 Felipe (???) 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  
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Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now  
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Yeah I see you (you know I see y'all) HOL-LA

Holla at me now, c'mon!

Yeah... Busta Rhymes, cookin' up a little brown stew  
chicken

Dr. Dre niggaz, yea

Yeah, I understand that you're not happy

But that's your wife

And I'm your mistress

So you gotta go back home

But before you do

Let me swallow you

Let me lick you in all the right places

I want you to come all over me

And when you do I bath you

And then we'll get out of the tub

And I'll fuck you

And I'll lick your ass

And I'll braid your hair

And you can fuck me any way you please

We can do almost anything

But once we finish

And you're happy here

You have to go back home to your wife

But don't you ever forget

That I'm your wife in law

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