

C Note

"Holla At Botany"

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(feat. Pimp C)

[Hook:]

I hollered at Botany, Courtney came with the love
We coming down mayn, blowing cuzin and bud - 3x
We hollered at Botany, Courtney came with the love
We hollered at Botany, Courtney came with the love

[C-Note:]

Got's to holler at Botany, cause they showed me love
Plus they showed me how to get it, and they down to
buzz

Wasn't another crew around, that was touching us
Wasn't another crew down, that can fuck with us
Up early in the morning, and we hit the spot
Can't wait till school out, then we hit the block
Call us big shot niggaz, but we run from cops
And boys won't stop, till we hit the top
No mo' slanging rocks, now they on my wrist
We was at Screw house, jotting down the list
That's when I grabbed the mic, it went some'ing like
this

I told him I was the coldest, with the mic in my fist
Then I kicked a freestyle, and then mean while
We was thinking bout, all the money we gon pile
Fresh out the dope game, up in the rap game
We got the whole world, feeling Screwed Up mayn

[Hook]

[C-Note:]

Now I told ya we gon do it, now we did it and we done it
But you can't see me, with the diamond out woman
On the Boulevard fronting, in some'ing brand new
Got the rims big as Shaq, 26 on the shoe
Boys roll candy red, boys roll candy blue
I'll roll candy black, cause you know I keep it true
Tattoo, say I represent them Clover boys
Talk down, then you know we fucking over boys
I'ma pop my roof, I'ma pop my trunk
I'ma keep on smoking, on these baseball blunts

Got that drank by the jug, got the dro by the pound
Hear my Nextel chirp, cause we be town to town
Got the K a hundred rounds, and we down to spit
You can meet us in the street, keep talking that shit
And I'm tired of boys hating, on the Screwed Up Click
Thinking they did shit first, when we started this shit

[Hook]

[Pimp C:]

Everyday a holiday, night times is bright
Spent my last fifteen years, getting money with my mic
Yeah it's UGK for life, I'm still riding with Bun
Dirty money in my pocket, riding dirty with guns
All hundreds no ones, up under my paper stack
Got a Bentley and a Rolls, but I still love Lacs
Purple in my sack, keep a magnum for they back
Coming down on Willie D, Bush Bill and D-Act
We all young ghetto boys, I rep the South
Port Arthur Texas, the real trill ville no doubt
Riding in a glass house, glad to see another day
R.I.P. one time, for that H-A-W-K
If your people locked up, you need to send em money
Cause it's never too late, to stop acting funny
My car candy red, I'm dripping period blood
Gotta holla at Botany, them niggaz out here coming up

[Hook]

[talking:]

Coming down, Third Coast mayn we in here
Screwed Up Click representer, off top
Pop that trunk, banging mayn swanging mayn

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