

## Dj Clue "Holla Holla"

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[Ja Rule]

The world's most dangerous DJ  
Cluemanati!!!  
Get ready Queens it's dat real shit  
Holla

[Jay Z]

Yeah yeah  
Hovah Hovah  
We takin ova so just Told ya It's murda  
I'm here for that paper playa fuck one time  
I'm here ta break ya playa one nine  
Make ya scream and holla partner  
When I blaaka partner  
When I squeeze niggaz breathe like (breathes)  
We da realest niggaz we killaz niggaz  
We murdaraz

[Vita]

Vita Vita to all of my bitches dats ready to flip dollaz  
dollaz  
Lemme hear you holla holla  
Gunshots pop up like it's murda  
Ja's a murdera  
I'm a murderous bitch  
Semi semi automatic in my Fendi Fendi  
Bag for any any hoez feelin envy envy  
If you chose to but I got some killaz dat'll bury and use  
you  
It's murda

[Black Child]

Nigga this is for the dough dough, hurtin hurtin  
Y'all niggaz is curteous curteous  
When the pound kick, round spit hit the ground quick  
Playa Playa I hate Hate who'se flow flow is so so  
Midget niggaz who flow slow  
Fire fire when I spit, full clip  
Niggaz wet em wet em whoever holdin the coke  
We'll dead em dead em  
All my thug niggaz and thug bitches  
this all it takes for paper if you feelin me

Holla Holla

[Chorus] x 2

All my niggaz thats ready to get dollaz dollaz  
Bitches know who get em a lil hotta hotta  
Come on if you rollin wit me folla folla  
Its murda

[Memphis Bleek]

Niggaz neva neva  
Seen a killa like Bleek  
You could get it get it in a second on these streets  
Now it's Memphis Memphis and my gun bust  
tremendous  
You aint you aint on my dick shorty but yo friend is  
It's murda murda for life  
Me and Ja nigga hold that hold that hold that  
Niggaz ain't ready to die but we did it did it  
Make em feel it feel it all 16 comin from my .45 digits

[Tah Murda]

If you holla Black cal is all about a dolla  
Dollaz Dollaz Nigga I'm from Homocide Hollis  
Hate Hoe'z dat love to swallow swallow  
We original robbers robbers wit revolvers  
Sippin henny and renny and remy wit any  
Wit Tah spittin the semi spittin the semi  
In any anybody could spit it spit it but can he live it live  
it  
It's murda muthafucka don't forget it!

[Chorus] x 2

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah yeah  
Yeah ah yo yo Murda Murda  
Now what you bout to do?  
Lay you out on a stretcher  
I betcha that when I get ya  
I'll make y'all niggaz leak from my lyrical lecture  
And treasure the moment of pleasure but when I wet ya  
(what)  
Split ya cardiovascular up from the bullets we sent ya  
Listen we dishin our flava we cookin da kitchen (what)  
Like we cookin and breakin our la-ast pot we got to piss  
in  
I'm bout to cop an ounce of ? (how many wanna chip in)  
And get a bunch of wild murderin niggaz time is all we  
??

[Ja Rule]

Neva eva before fore  
Whatever reason you think you law  
Lord tell em I'ma nigga that clip it cock it and dead em  
I'ma behead em for no flow  
Wet em if they dry slow  
Funny style niggaz I'll lift like lo loz  
Then pimp yo broke hoez (whoa)  
I'ma I'ma pop pop and leave leave niggaz gagged and  
shot  
Why why the fuck not I'm a murderer murderin any  
and everything thats in my way  
Holla Holla

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