

Blackburn Fiona

"Hollywood"

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Verse 1 *(Numskull)*

Once upon a time, steppin on the scene
a dope-related youngsta, rappin hella clean
a cool type of stance, don't trip where he's from
to make interestin it's me Nummy-Num
I lived on Ave. what no one ever had
broke wit no b-i's feelin hella sad
I lied
I stole
always hella bold
but I make no progress, never reachin no goals
my potnas they used to, smash and bash
talkin trash wit no remorse cappin on my raps
even worse than that to make me feel low
they drunk all they Hin, and smoked all the dope
and girls used to say "Num you're so cute"
"but you get's no action cuz you have no loot"
well one day walkin down Six-Duce
I seen a brother wit Shelly he's lookin hella juiced
he said "Here ye here ye, check out my thang"
"if you can rap real good and got songs you can hang"
"I already got a rapper Dru Down I'm bout to start"
"you can rap on his tape if you can rip it apart"
so I ran home and wrote a new song
the tape went platinum it didn't take hella long
got a couple of checks and I, brokes out
moved to Hollywood, now they think I sold out.

(Chorus-Luniz, Cydal & T Luni)

Uh.
When you makin mo mail then they could
hata think you goin Hollywood
Never would, Hollywood.
When you move up out the hood
hata think you goin Hollywood.
Uh-huh, uh-huh.

Verse 2 *(T Luni)*

All right stop what ya doin
cuz I'm about to ruin
the image of the game that ya used to
I look bummy
but peeps I'm makin money see
so yo world are you ready for me
now gather 'round, I'm the new playa in town
if you got no grip then me, then I lay you down
I drink up all the Hennessy you got on your shelf
so step aside, it's time to introduce myself
I'm T the Luni
surrounded by doobies
condoms and groupies, love me more then they do
Lucchi
(you do your thang)
an all the notches in the top ten
please allow me to do it
I'm a freak, I like the girls wit the boom
I once got busy in the studio bathroom
I'm crazy
straight gangsta mack
I only stay if baby got back
I'm serious
they wanna swallow me like licorice
I never faze back, girls they too ticklish
an wouldn't ride no hoochie in the hood
they think I'm too good, rumor has it that I'm
Hollywood.

(Chorus) x1

Verse 3 *(Cydal)*

I can't be broke
I inhale too much bomb smoke
the game is savage, makin cabbage in the city of dope
when I'm home I'm writtin songs, an I don't stop
nobody step up, or press up, when I set up shop
I used to stand in the crowd, watch the dope fiends an
wonder
man who them fools in the ice cream van
that's Nummy-Num and Yuk trick, don't you hear the
music?
playas always haven't, but playa hatas use it
been out for the cash since the day I was born
til I changed it, rearranged it to a street game form
I write a rhyme, anger feedin 'em
every show you see me in
deep in M.O.B., cuz ain't no folks surviving greediness
fiends being wild, so they need to be tamed
so I keep 'em all in shackles, cuz they gotta be chained

then I'm back to the honey comb
where hustlas get they money gone
Oakland ain't no joke, we all no it ain't no funny bone
a public enemy
not even a friend of me
the Mobb, will stand beyond the click that y'all pretend
to be
so don't be givin me this and that about the hood
cuz they know it's all good
I never could go Hollywood.

(Chorus) x1

Verse 4 *(Yukmouth)*

I play the landlord, you be the apartment
you all know my name Smoke-A-Lot I gotta spark it
to get yo bitch started
who roll the hardest
me as the artist I gotta come out the largest
Yuk, I squat a Lexo's an Num's squattin Pala's
it ain't about who ballin cuz we all clockin dollars
that's why
I packed as an eagle
people be lookin at me smokingly roll by bomb-beagles
rap is like a kilo, of cocaine
illegal business and we in this dope game
buying so-an-so I'm a playa, I'm a mack
huh, but to me you "geek-geek" off crack
I smoke sacks wit the purple heads around from the
Town
put that backyard boogie down,
you puffin wit Yuk, you know I blow greenery
you wanna be like me the Ice Creamery
if yo ass ain't know by now I hits the scenery
so cleanery, sittin on chrome eighteneries
I smoke a beedie, a tampa to the wood
mainly what I write is for the homies in the hood
Hollywood.

(Chorus) x1

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