

Fischer-Z

"Holla"

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Gyeah...
All my muthafuckin niggas holla
All my muthafuckin bitches holla
All my niggas holla
All my bitches holla
If you ain't got no snaps holla
If you ain't got no ride holla
Lookin for the hook up holla
Holla, holla

(Verse 1)

You can catch me in the land of the greenest snaps
Stanks from tha strip clubs
Homies packin they straps, check it out
One-Time's kinda corrupt, the hood life's crazy
But I love the hood life, baby it's all gravy
Sunday afternoon, the midnight moon
But I'm thinkin that I gotta get to Compton soon
Got a ounce in my pocket and a cupple of grands
(chin,chin)
Serve a cupple of hours and hit the burger stand
My hands stay tight on the grip you heard
We gotta duck quick, here come the bird (chipp,chipp)
Back on the block, no dope in sock
Got a house-side window where you're slightly knockin
(boom,boom)
Got my tape bumpin Eazy-E and (2)PAC
Check the time on my watch bout 2 o' clock
Call the bitch at the club that I ran into
Holla back, said I come thru and shake it for you
Gyeah...

(Chorus)

All my niggas holla
All my muthafuckin...Gyeah...all my muthafuckin
bitches holla
Gyeah...if you ain't got no money holla
Gyeah...if you ain't got no ride holla
Gyeah...if it's hot out here holla
Gyeah...all my niggas holla
All my bitches holla

Gyeah...

(Verse 2)

Who rap they spots and run they blocks
Who started off soft and turned to rock
If you know what I'm speakin, hook your set
You should know how to get a little extra bag
W.S. leadin a pack, we're greedy like that
In hot sunny county, dippin with a hood rat
9-0, 2-2-0, that's the code
Fuck a bitch, fuck a nigga, it's the gangsta mode
The story has been told by a thousand times
Town of the thug niggas, hoes and crimes
Some niggas rap star and try to shine (bling!)
Some stay in the hood and stay on the line
That's fine with you nigga
Gyeah, I got your corner
If enemies trip you can bet they are goner
True kill niggas got 20 and better
Hood's still tight, collect cards and letters
It's still a Compton thang, whoever the pain brang
Whatever the mind frame, we can play this game
Compton for death and dollars all the same
Uh, never a shame, ya'll know the name
Holla back

(Chorus)

Niggas holla
All my muthafuckin bitches holla
If you ain't got no money holla
If you ain't got no ride holla
All my muthafuckin niggas holla
All my muthafuckin bitches holla
If you ain't got no money holla
Gyeah...Gyeah...

(Verse 3)

I know ya'll lovin this muthafuckin gang-bang-bang
Step up on the stage, strap tight in hand
Givin ya'll sumptin ya'll just can't understand
(??) my masterplan
I'm a thug til the day I can't escape the judge
Or til the One-Time sweep me under the rug
Or til the Lord takes me away from this place
So I won't see my enemies fate
Chase the dream, cause it's all about the way you kick
it
Some hoes won't get down if a nigga wan' lick it
Is that the only way to go
No, 1/2 Oz. is in this
And hey, bitch put your money where your mouth is

Bounce back, cross state, takin the chance
Just to flossin, hook up with the motto and hot dance
Damn, sometimes I wonder, is this all just a bad dream
Or did the hood take me under
Ya'll know the mind frame
Ya'll know how they sheeme
How we play this game
We do it for real nigga
Packin a steel
Uh, all up on the hill

(Chorus)

Uh, all my muthafuckin niggas holla
All my muthafuckin bitches holla
If you ain't got no money holla
If you ain't got no ride holla
All my muthafuckin niggas holla
All my muthafuckin bitches holla
If you ain't got no money holla
If it's hot on the blocks holla
Gyeah...holla back ya'll
Gyeah...holla back ya'll
Gyeah...holla, holla, holla
1/2 Oz., 2000 and 1
For the millenium
Takin over this shit
For real this time
You know how the fuck we do it
Back on that ass
With the gangsta lean
C.M.W.
The underground hero
Comptons Most...Gyeah...
Holla...

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