

Glitter Kicks

"Holiday"

Visit "[Holiday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: Phiness

We came here to party, join together everybody
Let's celebrate (it's a party goin on)
It's a holiday (it's a party goin on)
We came here to party, throw your hands up everybody
Let's celebrate (it's a party goin on)
It's a holiday (it's a party goin on)

[Vinnie]

Once again, it's on, it's been awhile since you heard the style

Yes it took a little time but now we worth your while
To all of you from my crew who been waitin so long, this

track caps off at that official Naughty bomb shit

The Ill-town party rhyme sayer

Depletin MC's like the ozone layer

May acquire my desires and like vintage wine
we shall sell no rhyme, before it's time

I'm, the Nineteen Naughty Nine MC

Microphone controller, master of ceremonies

So remember why you hate me

I'm Naughty By Nature you're Severed By Association

Which meanin that you FAKE ASS NIGGAZ who
connected to them

SNAKE ASS NIGGAZ, don't come up in my FACE, ASS
NIGGAZ

You try to keep on rhymin like you didn't know

Naughty By Nature came to save ya from them

BULLSHIT shows

Chorus

[Treach]

The Feds pick up the balance, watchin everything that
we touch

But yeah I see the D stuck in the V-S-E-and-G truck

They watchin us, plan on knockin us, threw binoculars

My nigga I connect the bottom LOCK to the top of us

You take the topic, ain't no profit

But give me a picture, and a compass, and I'll do a
Nostradamus
Find that ass on a quick spot, catch you slippin
like ice and silk solks, the cover of your album
be the back of milkbox
See I'm an iffer hit a shitter like an old timer
Momma, I dig a vagina like a gold miner
I'ma, rebel rhymer time trauma minus your momma
equal a lot less drama, let me talk to you mami
Maybe you could come to Dirty Jerz, New Jeru, witcha
crew
You bring that ass, I'll bring the brew
And hit some Thug Passion, and roast some D
From incense to hash'n, niggaz HOT, talkin bout
crashin

Chorus

[Phiness]

Do we (uh-huh, uh-huh)

Do we

Do we, dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum

[Vinnie]

So yo the moral of the story in this game called rap
Either we all gon' clap, or somebody gon' get clapped
And I'm not down with that, sure as my name's Vin Rock
In '99 I will officially re-open up the block
And dedicate my life to preservation of hip-hop
I'm tired of seein the people of my culture gettin shot
And now I must step up because I know that's all we got
I must do it, pursue it, before all the maggots make it
rot
Hip-Hop, it ain't gon' die, it's gon' diversify
And as long as I'm alive, I'm gon' promote the I
And no matter how many people try to use or difuse it
It ain't nuttin like hip-hop music!!

Chorus 2X

[Phiness]

Do we .. doo-wee

Do we .. doo-wee-yeah..

Do we, dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum

Visit [Glitter Kicks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.