

Hollywood Holt "Brains"

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If hip hop's deceased, I'm the rhyme of the living dead,
Walking really slow with metaphors oozin' out of my
head.

If you're a wack rapper, I'll be somethin' you dread,
'Cuz I will put you under quicker than a comfortable
bed.

Yall's gonna go crazy off the stuff that I said,
'Cuz it's immaculate compared to most the stuff that
you're fed.

I wanna be thorough so I can stay ahead,
And I'll be flaky and fall off like some skin bein' shed.
But my skin's being she'd 'cuz I'm dead, I'm a zombie,
If you didn't catch the situation previously said.
And with that said, it just means my blood is no longer
red,

And my clothes are really tattered like I lived in a shed.
I don't eat anyone, just the rappers instead,
I go for backpackers and the ones that have some
street cred.

So don't go to sleep 'cuz I might break through your
wall,
And I'ma eat your ass alive while you're layin' in bed.

They say hip hop is dead, so I'm sure it's in hell,
All the rappers on the earth ain't doin' too well,
Have to tag around the zombies killing people on sight,
All the people in the world, you'd best run for your life.
I walk the streets, I walk the streets at night.
I walk the streets, I walk the streets at night.
If you see a zombie comin', nigga run for your life,
I walk the streets, I walk the streets at night.

I'm filled with embalming fluid, AKA Lil' Wayne,
And it's really hard to rap 'cuz all the things up his
brains.

I once was a rapper tryin' to seek me some fame,
But now I'm dead, and I can't recall the way I was slain.
What probably happened was a drive-by on hip hop,
right?

And then I got caught in the crossfire ridin' my bike.
I had to be with him, man, me and hip hop was tight.
I've been ridin' tight with hip hop for most of my life.

And hip hop was popular, he had a lot of cash, right?
Which is probably why there's so many zombies at
night.
So we're just walkin' the streets, lookin' for rappers to
eat,
But about midnight there was no one in sight,
See what I do is take a little off the top like Bo-Ricks,
And leave a rapper packin' shookin' up like Glo-Sticks,
Being a zombie really ain't as bad as you think,
But hip hop is dead, so this rhyme is deceased.

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