

Jon Secada

"Lemmehollatcha"

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[Kemo]

Da Hol' 9 mo, time to shine it
4-99 mo
Remix

[Verse 1: Kemo]

Uh, your homeboy tried to play me and I put the
Red dot up on his head like Arabian (like Arabian?)
Yeah Kemo with the shady grin
Hungry like a cryin baby and, 80 Haiti men (Haiti men)
Plus you niggas mad cuz ya lady friend's
All up on my team, givin me brain out the Mercedes-
Benz (she crazy man)
Plus you don't know what 10 of 50 states he in
Maybe in a couple of years kickin it wit Canadians
Fuckin around wit them niggas choppin up they weight
again
Fuckin around wit them razor blades and plates again
Nigga don't make me raise the stakes again
I got kin and friends and niggas in the street, they heat
up ya meat
Now Kemo Feez about to kick up his feet, I kicks you wit
the Elite
I rather spit than serve you up a little chicken feet
Nigga that's a brick of deep, I know you niggas sick of
me
So you catch me with a 5th of liquor beat screamin...

[Hook: Kemo]

URR URR! come herre derty
Lemme holla at cha
URR URR! come herre derty
Lemme holla at cha
URR URR! come herre derty
Lemme holla at cha
Lemme holla at cha derty lemme hear ya say
URR URR! come herre derty
Lemme holla at cha
URR URR! come herre derty
Lemme holla at cha
URR URR! come herre derty

Lemme holla at cha
Lemme holla at cha dertyyyyyyyy

[Verse 2: Kaos]

You and ya partna used to roll Tru's and 4's
12's in the back, G'd up all hoes
Urry week you had a suite up in the hotel
Big boys, they don't owe, sell
Them was the days wit the Bov and the fade
Urybody had a minimual wage, but y'all was straight
gettin paid
Walkin down the block wit ya 2 rocks, slangin
STL hat, got fat
Now you got word you gettin kicked in
And X put you on that, see you got a rat snitchin
But you already know who it is
That's why you moved ya girl and ya kids a week ago
So handle yo busi-ness

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kemo]

I use a steak up on my plate bitch
I'm hungry and I haven't ate shit, so I advocate to hate
shit
Like smokin and knowin what it's laced wit
I emerged from the basement, slappin faces, smilin
faces
Time behind the walls got me on some masturbate shit
Plus I had the guard to get my shank and lacerate shit
Bitch it ain't no mystery, soon as they mention me
I, know its a problem cuz of my criminal history
At, any moment I could be down therre again
Stay up, to all my niggas doin time in the pen
And if they ever have to take me back
I'ma remain a black, thurl motherfucka from the
northside of the tracks
motherfuckas tryin to buy my soul, yo what is this
All up on my fuckin pole, fuck up out my business
(Tired of urbody askin who the hell we signin wit)
Fuck a major label, they ain't ready for this real shit

[Hook]

[Kemo Talking]

Kaos, A.K.A. Kriss Kreingle
Kemo, A.K.A. Young Ike Turner
DJ Kool Aid, A.K.A. The Big Brawl
Lil' Starburst in the house
McFeezee!
Buck Bam Sham

Da Ho! 9
Hella Thurl
STL, that's what I'm talkin bout
Yeah, ha ha ha

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