

Chicago The Musical

"Holla"

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[Chorus](Master P) &[Krazy]
(Them boys on that block holla) Whoop Whoop
(Them girls that got it hot holla) Whoop Whoop
(If you runnin' from the cops holla) Whoop Whoop
[Holla] Whoop Whoop [Holla] Whoop Whoop

[Master P]
Call me the trash man cause I put it up in bags
Whodi owe me money, I'ma bust his fuckin' ass
I'm allergic to Dr. Pepper so pass the Dr. Fishner
Hit me on the 2Way whodi I get witcha
Put in on the stove bake it like a pie
Take it to the hood slang it for 16-5
When niggaz snortin' that boy they be passin' that girl
Wrap it up in ziplock, bag it up as furl
Send money to the pen, Mac & C be home soon
Bitches start snitchin' I'ma send 'em to the moon
I can sell a hoe a dream, front a hustla weight
I could never fall off I'm the GHETTO BILL GATES!!

[Chorus]

[Curren\$y]
These little niggaz can't take it anymore
I push thru the club iced out low key wit my P.Miller
velour
Hoes breakin' down the doors uhn
Because the 504 Boyz here, they can't wait til' we get
on
It's Curren\$y the muthafuckin' rookie of the year
This ain't the WNBA ain't no pussy's over here
Yeah I'm makin' figgas fuckin' wit the Ghetto Bill
In a truck wit some rims that's bigger than ferris wheels
holla

[Chorus]

[Krazy]
See this No Limit Army nigga, that's my click
See the hoe that you tongue kissin' use to be my bitch
See these thangs that I'm slangin' nigga, they call

bricks

An this brown shit I'm sniffin' nigga, it got me sick
An this big truck I'm pushin' nigga, my tight whip
Wit a chopper layin' on the seat, that'll make you flip
My alias believe me Doc Holiday
If it's beef, I'm like aids I never go away

[Chorus]

[Master P]

I might let somethin' slide but I won't forget
Tell Double XL(XXL) they could suck my dick
I might be country but I'm ghetto rich
An when it comes to grindin' I started this shit
I put the G in ghetto nigga call me ghetto fab
Started wit some quarters then I flipped it to some
halves
Put the coke in Coca Cola, no bakin' soda
Call me Pistol P cause I slang them granolas

[Chorus]

[T-Bo]

Bitch them thangs just got dropped off, the blocks hot
like hot sauce
So puff puff keep passin' & I promise yall they not lost
Convicted felons load your weapons, they tryna knock
ya top off
For braggin' to them hatin' bitches bout how much your
watch cost
Loose lips sank ships bitch so watch what you sayin'
It's the New No Limit baby they got us under surveilance
An the Feds ain't playin' they kickin' down doors daily
Ain't this a bitch I just got off probation

[Chorus]

[Magic]

I'm tryna get me a whole chicken, chop it down into
dimes
Then flip that bitch quicker than I can flip these rhymes
Now I'm on two birds I'ma flip one more time
An I'm on top done left you bitch niggaz behind
I'm grindin' I'm hustlin', don't trust me when I'm broke
An I don't discrimanate I want the money & the dope
You better hope I wear a mask out or things'll get
bloody
Four to ya tummy real messy & ugly

[Chorus]

[Master P]

If you east coast thuggin' holla {Whoop Whoop}

If you west coast thuggin' holla {Whoop Whoop}

If you midwest thuggin' holla {Whoop Whoop}

If you down south hustlin' holla {whoop whoop}

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