

Chris Rock

"Holla"

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Yeah, yea
This shit sound like..
one two o'clock in the mornin with the full moon out
Niggaz in they trucks creepin
With a fresh box of ecstasy pills for these bitches

[Verse One]

Yeah, team select, please collect, G's connect
Thieves nigga direct the trees to the SmokeFest
Wanna take a toke? YES! The newest zone I'm in
I'm like Smithsonian nigga, fuck it call me Napoleon
Wave the torch, cut the head off the Leviathan
The terminology I'm rhymin in cause a frenzy up in
Ireland
Hit ya, I'm gon get ya
And drop the bomb scripture at your barmitzvah
Yo, map shit out, blast through the speakers
With a wifebeater on, Bushe below, a new pair of
sneakers
Street niggaz hang on the sidewalk, that's where I
learned my fly talk
Pimp-strut, and how to skywalk
Moderatin how we establish the whole conglomerate
The way we honor it, you'll never conquer it
See how we wreck, has a global effect, on even Polish
people
Young and restless down to the old and feeble
Peep them, Czechoslovakian to Yugoslavian niggaz
Be all into my bounce so don't be botherin niggaz
So NOW you should feel the whole cathedralish bounce
Put one in your stomach leave you in a fetalish crouch,
nigga
My vernacular is spectacular
Strategic plans'll have you lookin wacker than a postal
office massacre
Is that so? Make moves just like a fatso
Bounce in a minivan Astro after my gat BLOW!

[Chorus]

Aiyyo, get up, get up, get dough (get dough nigga)
Roll up, light up, and smoke that 'dro (smoke 'dro now)

Bitch shake yo' hips and bounce real slow
Niggaz rep yo' hood, I'm with that --
All my nig-gaz (all my niggaz) if you with me (if you
with me)
Yeah I see you (yeah) HOL-LA
(Throw yo' guns in the motherfuckin air, c'mon!)
All my bitch-es, if you're with me (yeah all my bitches
where you at now)
Yeah I see you (you know I see y'all) HOL-LA

[Verse Two]

Yeah, my whole entire mindstate deeper
than astronomy and mathematics like Galileo
Smash you niggaz like mashed potato
Back when niggaz used to rock Ballys and Clarks
I used to watch, little niggaz shouldn't hustle nickel
crack in the park
Barrels spray the brighter flame in the dark
Blood spill stain on the street, that's how niggaz be
leavin they mark
Fuckin with diplomats who love Bailey's
Monopolize and quickly get other money fuckin with
Israelis
So solid how we be symbolic
to a handful of niggaz that be all schemin on the same
wallet
Them type niggaz that be conspirin and kidnappin
Shit happens! Gun clap for you in a GIFT wrappin
You should follow how the style switch up
Like a group of religious niggaz schemin to kill they
arch-bishop
You big pussy nigga actin all hard
Call me atheist, because I don't believe in you God
It's like a grand feast celebratin the bounce of the
century
I tote the recipe quick for any type of discrepancy
Busta Rhymes the great renaissance artist and
architect
Like how a Filippo Brunelleschi portrait is so hard to get
We got the obscure shit for the street
Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now
rock to the beat
Yo, we got the obscure shit for the street
Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now
rock to the beat

[Chorus] w/ slightly different (ad libs)

[Busta Rhymes]

Holla at me now, c'mon!

Yeah.. Busta Rhymes, cookin up a little brown stew

chicken
Dr. Dre niggaz, yea

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