

## Corey Hart

### "Holla Back"

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[AZ]

Yeah.. it's 2G  
Brooklyn-Queens connection  
Y'all bout to feel somethin, y'all never felt before  
Aiiyo G, you know I'm like a trey-eight special  
I'm close range  
Fuckin with you I gotta get AK material, banana clip  
style  
Let's do this, let's do this

[Tito]

Blow the spot like tea kettle whistles  
Federal slugs, the lead'll kiss you  
Infrared burners'll never miss you  
All digital, hard physical, spittle you riddle you  
Priest prayin over your body while you in critical  
Come in a few, give out a doz this what the semi do  
See what the Henny and RÃ©my do  
BGF, Black Gorilla Family jet, Black Godfather finesse  
Fifty caliber hole surroundin your chest  
Bentley blue steel armored cars with boulder baguettes  
We live in effect, blaze a gun while poppin a Tec  
Recognize killers, nigga, pop a collar to that  
Gorilla breed to the death, that's the shit that I rep  
Code of silence, addicted to havin fattened the  
violence  
AK-47 rapidly firin, got love for bloodshed and the  
sirens  
Take banana clips to my gun, to keep my shit off  
balance  
My heart filled with malice

[Chorus: Kool G Rap - repeat 2X]

Yo, if you livin thug, holla back (Holla back)  
My bitches strippin in the clubs, let the dollars stack  
(Let em stack y'all)  
This one's for all my OG's and street scholar cats (All  
my street cats)  
And if a nigga act up, funeral parlor cat  
Pop a collar to that (Pop a collar to that)

[Nawz]

Yo, wavin cash, gun in the stash, the click on smash  
From rockets that blast, yo we in your pockets for cash  
Burgundy mask, bullets like a surgery slash  
Internally burn your staff and dismember your ass  
Coroners bag from autops' to medical lab  
I leave you leakin like Carlito watch your memory flash  
Quicksand for fam, tied a fuckin brick to your hands  
I'm sicker with the Henny liquor with the clip to your  
man

When it's on it's on, do your moms bodily harm  
Firstborn'll be your first gone, beef goes on  
Permanent cash, put you in the tourniquet fast  
Feed you glass and use you to fertilize the grass  
Puff green when we fiendin to murder ya whole team  
For cream, the infrared beams'll shatter your dreams  
I flatter your queen and rip her right out of her jeans  
Intervene and it's the homicide scene for your team

[Chorus]

[AZ]

From hideous acts on the one gettin rid of the gats  
A nigga back, no parole, now how pretty is that?  
The city is trapped, bottles popped, Phillie is cracked  
Niggaz is strapped, half bent, illin, spillin they 'gnac  
Cars tinted, my rap image too large to mimick  
We mob in it, fake niggaz dissolve in minutes  
It's codes to it, real killers they know music  
Even hoes on the low at the shows lose it  
Courvoisier-sippin, this slim nigga stay flippin  
My ways different, duck when the AK spittin  
It's more to it, verbal wisely, all fluent  
In real life this is how the dogs do it  
Double-edged sword, rep for y'all seein the board  
See y'all home soon, it's better than seein the morgue  
So what's the conflict, who wanna Don with this?  
For the streets strictly we got the bombest shit

[Chorus]

[Kool G Rap]

Two violent niggaz sit at the round table, in brown  
sables  
Chains hangin down to the navel  
Brooklyn and Queens connect get down fatal  
Hold the four-pound stable  
Won't hesitate to rock a clown's cradle  
Get put in the dirt like ground cable  
Found from bloodhound nasals  
Or deep in the river get found naval

That shit y'all spit sound fable  
"American Me" style, knife in the anal; who 'round to  
save you?  
I leave you from waist down disabled  
Face split like a round bagel  
Found in a hospital gown witcha crown stapled  
Wrong one to tangle with, a gym star, spangle your shit  
Use your handkerchief to strangle your bitch  
Single niggaz out on the strip and bang in a clip  
Slugs from a Desert Eagle mingle the click  
A force of habit, for me to let it rip across your attic  
Never violent with a silent but I toss your cabbage

[Chorus]

(Beotch!)

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