

## Rochelle

### "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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