

## Mc Eiht "Holla"

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Gyeah...  
All my muthafuckin niggas holla  
All my muthafuckin bitches holla  
All my niggas holla  
All my bitches holla  
If you ain't got no snaps holla  
If you ain't got no ride holla  
Lookin for the hook up holla  
Holla, holla

(Verse 1)

You can catch me in the land of the greenest snaps  
Stanks from tha strip clubs  
Homies packin they straps, check it out  
One-Time's kinda corrupt, the hood life's crazy  
But I love the hood life, baby it's all gravy  
Sunday afternoon, the midnight moon  
But I'm thinkin that I gotta get to Compton soon  
Got a ounce in my pocket and a cupple of grands  
(chin,chin)  
Serve a cupple of hours and hit the burger stand  
My hands stay tight on the grip you heard  
We gotta duck quick, here come the bird (chipp,chipp)  
Back on the block, no dope in sock  
Got a house-side window where you're slightly knockin  
(boom,boom)  
Got my tape bumpin Eazy-E and (2)PAC  
Check the time on my watch bout 2 o' clock  
Call the bitch at the club that I ran into  
Holla back, said I come thru and shake it for you  
Gyeah...

(Chorus)

All my niggas holla  
All my muthafuckin...Gyeah...all my muthafuckin  
bitches holla  
Gyeah...if you ain't got no money holla  
Gyeah...if you ain't got no ride holla  
Gyeah...if it's hot out here holla  
Gyeah...all my niggas holla  
All my bitches holla

Gyeah...

(Verse 2)

Who rap they spots and run they blocks  
Who started off soft and turned to rock  
If you know what I'm speakin, hook your set  
You should know how to get a little extra bag  
W.S. leadin a pack, we're greedy like that  
In hot sunny county, dippin with a hood rat  
9-0, 2-2-0, that's the code  
Fuck a bitch, fuck a nigga, it's the gangsta mode  
The story has been told by a thousand times  
Town of the thug niggas, hoes and crimes  
Some niggas rap star and try to shine (bling!)  
Some stay in the hood and stay on the line  
That's fine with you nigga  
Gyeah, I got your corner  
If enemies trip you can bet they are goner  
True kill niggas got 20 and better  
Hood's still tight, collect cards and letters  
It's still a Compton thang, whoever the pain brang  
Whatever the mind frame, we can play this game  
Compton for death and dollars all the same  
Uh, never a shame, ya'll know the name  
Holla back

(Chorus)

Niggas holla  
All my muthafuckin bitches holla  
If you ain't got no money holla  
If you ain't got no ride holla  
All my muthafuckin niggas holla  
All my muthafuckin bitches holla  
If you ain't got no money holla  
Gyeah...Gyeah...

(Verse 3)

I know ya'll lovin this muthafuckin gang-bang-bang  
Step up on the stage, strap tight in hand  
Givin ya'll sumptin ya'll just can't understand  
(??) my masterplan  
I'm a thug til the day I can't escape the judge  
Or til the One-Time sweep me under the rug  
Or til the Lord takes me away from this place  
So I won't see my enemies fate  
Chase the dream, cause it's all about the way you kick  
it  
Some hoes won't get down if a nigga wan' lick it  
Is that the only way to go  
No, 1/2 Oz. is in this  
And hey, bitch put your money where your mouth is

Bounce back, cross state, takin the chance  
Just to flossin, hook up with the motto and hot dance  
Damn, sometimes I wonder, is this all just a bad dream  
Or did the hood take me under  
Ya'll know the mind frame  
Ya'll know how they sheeme  
How we play this game  
We do it for real nigga  
Packin a steel  
Uh, all up on the hill

(Chorus)

Uh, all my muthafuckin niggas holla  
All my muthafuckin bitches holla  
If you ain't got no money holla  
If you ain't got no ride holla  
All my muthafuckin niggas holla  
All my muthafuckin bitches holla  
If you ain't got no money holla  
If it's hot on the blocks holla  
Gyeah...holla back ya'll  
Gyeah...holla back ya'll  
Gyeah...holla, holla, holla  
1/2 Oz., 2000 and 1  
For the millenium  
Takin over this shit  
For real this time  
You know how the fuck we do it  
Back on that ass  
With the gangsta lean  
C.M.W.  
The underground hero  
Comptons Most...Gyeah...  
Holla...

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