

## Styles P "Holiday"

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Yeah, L-O-X nigga  
It don't stop  
It keep goin', goin' and goin' and goin'  
Fuckers

You heard it from the P, you oughta know it's the truth  
I get you kidnapped and raped and thrown off a roof  
You could nod your head to this like it's only a rap  
'Cause when these bullets hit yo' ass, I'm like it's only a  
gat

I need a funeral to feel good, I'm hopin' it's yours  
Think he religious? Heard he got shot in the cross  
Holiday Styles, bitch, I broke most of the laws  
Fuck with the Porsche or flip to the boots, stick to the  
truth

Do anything it takes, just to get me this loot  
And missin' a tooth but both of 'em chipped, toaster is  
gripped  
You heard about the trouble, I start most of the shit  
When I squeeze, ain't no controllin' the wrist

And niggas leave the room when they hear the P flowin'  
to Swizz  
I'm an ignorant and negative nigga  
I sell crack, bust guns, pop shit and say I'm better than  
niggas  
You think not, I'll look at your man and level a nigga

If you think a rapper's better, why don't you give me his  
name  
So I can run up on him, tear him up and give you his  
frame  
When it comes to the streets, I'm the nigga to call  
Five eight and three quarters but I'm bigger than y'all

If I left the gun home, I'ma give you the sword  
I'm the devil in the flesh, I can't give you the Lord  
It don't make no sense for you to pray for your life  
I got my niggas in the crib, you oughta pray for your

wife

Holiday

I gotta make it to heaven for goin' through hell

Holiday

And I don't care if I sell, y'all know what I sell

Holiday

I use my left hand when I'm loadin' the shells

Holiday

'Cuz I know it ain't right, that's why I'm blowin' a L

Yo, I do it all for my niggas, even ride wit a bomb

Get shot, die in his arm and give him my last

It's a million dollar bail, I'ma get it in cash

I sell crack like it's '88, I live in the past

You know the P carry the gun, live in the Maz'

Tell niggas, show me the money and gimme the stash

I like Malibu and pineapple, fifties of hash

Hundreds of 'dro, wear my clothes a week in a row

Sleep on the floor, catch me right next to the dog

I'm Holiday Styles and that's what the weaponry for

And I probably won't blow for the fact that I'm hard

But I'm good with ten million, in the back of the car

Either that or get life and lift the rack in the yard

Gettin' jewels from the old timers, stashin' the cards

But jail ain't part of the plans

I keep weight on the scale 'cuz I feel, I get further with grams

In my last few bars, I run through niggas like my last few cars

And crash 'em up, the boy mighta went platinum but don't gas him up

I get his length and his width and get his casket cut

I don't deal with the snakes and fakes

But I deal with the comas and wakes

I don't make mistakes

Double R now, bitch, you oughta know I'ma ghost

Blow up your face, blow up the coke and blow up the smoke

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