

## WWE John Cena & Trademarc "Hollyhood To Hollywood"

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(Small World)

Blame, blame, whose dat with you again?

(The ride, the ride)

Yes black, where's my jewels at?

(Uptown, uptown, uptown, uptown...)

(Wyclef Jean)

Yo, let's get back to the hardcore right now

Underground hip-hop yo (\*foreign singing\*)

This one's a gangsta tune, whassup Fosha?

I'ma send this one out to all the refugee gangs around  
the world

Signal, signal, y'all need to chill with the driveby's

It was the Fourth of July I heard the cherry bomb bang

Stay in the house that's the sound of the gangs, Clef

By the time we figured out what happened

I was in an ambulance tellin my cousin keep breathing

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

Don't wear your colours here, that cemetery gear

I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite

(but that ain't right y'all)

**DON'T WEAR YOUR COLOURS HERE!**

That cemetery gear (California, California)

I got my gun and nine from Hollywood, to your neck of  
the hood

(Wyclef Jean)

True, true, yo Hollywood got a lot of kids twisted

Jumpin in and out of limo's thinkin is his ass really  
gifted

The only gift y'all possess is workin with the triple six's

Y'all disguise yourself with bandanas and diamond  
necklaces

Mosta y'all can't even go back to the hood where y'all  
grew up

Actin like y'all drink alcohol and all y'all do is throw up

Talk about when y'all blow up y'all gonna visit the  
project floors

But the last time they saw y'all was 1984

Now y'all wonder, why they got all hoodies screamin

"freeze"

Get out the navigator, Godfather III's in the DVD  
They hoppin, they take your car for a spin  
It's cold outside so all you feel is the wind  
There's no celly phone, so you can't phone home  
Oh lord, here come those criminals Maleeg & Jerome  
("Yo, who you know here, you got family over here?")  
He a rap artist  
("I don't care, he got the wrong colours over here, no  
fear")  
Now you look shook like that Mobb Deep song  
I'm surprised, cause on all y'all records you was Al  
Capone  
And come to find out that you never held a chrome  
And you escaped the draft and never bust a shot in  
Vietnam  
Now you standin in the form amongst the children of  
the corn  
Like the Sun of Man stood with a crown made of thorns  
The only difference is for you there'll be no  
resurrection  
Cause it's a traffic jam, they got you locked up in a  
intersection

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

Don't wear your colours here, that cemetery gear  
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite  
(but that ain't right y'all)  
DON'T WEAR YOUR COLOURS HERE! (Colours)  
That cemetery gear (Chicago, Chicago)  
I got my gun and nine from Hollywood, to your neck of  
the hood

(Small World)

Yo, Hollywood has half-man be hollow to you  
How could you have slipped through  
While I was detecting the trick that's in you  
Pretending you pitbull, when really your candy-ass is  
poodle  
We wouldn't of hit you, hammers have already been  
Cocked and cleaned, yo, it was who?  
It's click-up, click-up, north cackus, commence to stick  
up  
That's what's within us, cack and lack, clap, buck killers  
quicker  
Stick up the forest misters then head up to chickens  
with 'em  
Adrenaline's givin, when I riff with the fifth to your chin-  
in  
You never knew bout how we play these innings  
But you about to play the commission

Waves are spinning, I'm out the glaze I'm sh...ing  
The real is missing but the fraud is evident  
Ever so clear, but you got the nerd to come around  
here with pounds of fear  
Your colours wrong you must rock edible dons with that  
huh?  
Damn Paul, what's that huh?  
Let me get that, with the quick snatch  
If it's a little man in you then I better put the trick back  
And if it's anything killers is fearing, I know my clit  
stacked for realer

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

Don't wear your colours here, that cemetery gear  
I got my gun and nine, killing's my appetite  
(but that ain't right y'all)  
**DON'T WEAR YOUR COLOURS HERE!** (Colours)  
That cemetery gear (Detroit, Detroit)  
I got my gun and nine from Hollywood, to your neck of  
the hood

(Outro: Wyclef Jean)

Tell the FBI that I won't be home tonight  
Tell the Secret Service I won't be home tonight  
Colours, put away your colours whoa, colours...

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