

50/50 Twin f/ Archie Lee, Lester Roy

"Hollyhood"

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(*talking*)

Yeah it's the Mista in here, with my nigga Lester Roy
It's GFC Gorilla Funk, what up 50/50 Twin yeah
This how we gon do it, I wanna give a shout out to the
whole GFC mayn
It's going down it's Mista Masta Archie Lee, my album
called Hollyhood

[Archie Lee]

Ounce for ounce, when it comes down to it
The way me and 50 do it, ain't too many niggaz can do
it
I shine, when I ain't even trying to shine
Make money, when I ain't even trying to grind
Born to win, to compete a competitor
A survivor in the streets, I'm a motherfucking predator
And even though, it might sound a lil' funny
Life ain't nothing, but bitches and money
Archie Lee, but my enemies call me Hollyhood
When you see me in the streets, homie it ain't all good
What the fuck, you expect me to do
Sit back and let these niggaz eat, shit I got a family too
And they like to eat, lobster steak
Call me unbreakable, for some reason I won't break
50 if you ever need me, just holla my name
Real niggaz get money, but they don't change

[Lester Roy]

I'm a H-U-S-T-L-E-R
Stuck on my grind, hustling today and tomorr-a
The streets made me, the O.G.'s pray me
If I really wanna eat, I can't be lazy
I move ounce for ounce, like 50/50
Lester Roy on fire, like Young Jeezy
Yeeeeeah, I know you feeling what I'm saying
If you snitching to them laws, you better start praying
We gutter over here, we'll hull you over here
The Northside where we from, it's trouble over here
We don't play games, for the change we'll shoot your
dame
My mama told me, if I pull my pistol let it bang

I'm off the chain, insane in the membrane
A natural disaster, cause I'ma rip the scene
This Gorilla Funk, that mean bad luck
Fucking with me or my fam, you can get your head bust

(*talking*)

Yeah that's what it is mayn, appreciate you Archie
That boy Lester, know I'm tal'n bout ay

[50/50 Twin]

Me and Lester and Archie, go back like a trigga
Swishahouse/Roc 4 Roc, been stacking figgas
Your knot look fat, my vault way bigger
Play with my pockets, I turn to a grave digger
When are boys gon learn, quit talking out of turn
Hit your hat from the backseat, letting a swisha burn
Everything authentic, ain't shit about my pussy
Sitting on my couch, mac-90 and a uzi
They under the pillows mayn, I'm anxious to use it
My bullets bisexual, naw they ain't choosy
Shit on boys, with my hustle thought I wouldn't make it
I don't earn a mill, I'ma Scarface a nation
Broderick in the Penn, half my click on parole
C.D.'s getting sold, drug selling getting old
Somebody got to do it, so the qualoads be coming
Tell John Doe, add another to the bundle nigga

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