

Ruff Ryders "Holiday"

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Yeah, L O X, nigga
It don't stop
Keep goin and goin' and goin and goin'
Motherfuckers

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

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

Do anything it takes just to get to this loot
And missin' a tooth, but both of 'em chipped, told you
the script
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'
with swiss
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 mask

Tell niggas show me the money and gimme the stash

I like Malibu and pineapple, fiftys of hash

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

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

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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