

**P.So**

**"Mr. Hollywood"**

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Chillin on the street in my b-boy stance  
I got my pockets on swoll and my beats on blast

I'm Mr. Hollywood, Mist-Mr. Hollywood  
And everywhere that I go, yup, it's probably hood  
I'm Mr. Hollywood, Mist-Mr. Hollywood  
And everything that I say, yeah, it's probably good  
I'm Mr. Hollywood, Mist-Mr. Hollywood  
And would I give it to shorty? Yeah, I probably would  
"Chillin on the street in my b-boy stance  
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I'm Mr. Hollywood, Mist-Mr. Hollywood  
I'm puffin la-di-da-di and party in Hollyhood  
I'm probably out with a hottie shakin her body good  
God she lookin like Halle Berry, rubbin my holly wood  
She looked her best in the dress on her breasts  
I gotta look fresh so I dress to impress  
I got a greater mind every time I say a rhyme  
Hollywood ain't spendin money, people it's a state of  
mind  
I break a hater's spine, then I'd just be facin time  
I'd rather just create a rhyme, sip and drink, date and  
dine  
If I make her mine, maybe I can make her grind  
On the beach, overseas, livin on Jamaican time  
We sunbakin, gettin naked chillin wastin time  
Sippin out a chalice gin and tonic with a chase of lime  
Mami shake and wind, damn your face is fine  
Mr. Hollywood, livin my life through space and time

Yo, yo  
Let me tell you 'bout my campaign (uh-huh)  
I'm a mellow type of nigga chillin, tryin to do my damn  
thang  
If you hatin that's a damn shame  
I'm untouchable, my body stays dry under damp rain  
I'm just tryin to get this cash mayne  
I take pulls real slow even though I'm in the fast lane  
You got a gat but you got bad aim  
My crew is risin to the top like the bubbles do in

champagne  
Party people get your groove on  
Sip a drink, puff an L and start movin to this smooth  
song  
You tryin to tussle with my crew? WRONG~!  
Keep sleepin I'm about to cop the drop with the roof  
gone  
Passin L's like Grey Poupon  
I don't even need a telly I bank shorty on my futon  
Wifebeater and my boots on  
Yeah I'm lovin you tonight, but tomorrow we can move  
on

I come with the Yankee hung fitted  
Fluid tongue run liquid movin dumb dumb critics  
Son winnin, +I'm Not a Player+ like Pun, get it  
Not bangin no gun clip in just makin some fun with it  
I'm livin Hollywood now without the fame  
Just a lil' bit of money I'm about my game  
I'm about my name, I'm about my strife  
I'm about my struggle, I'm about my life  
I'm just tryin to do this music thing whatever it takes  
Cause we all know the value rap revenue makes  
For y'all corny acts I gotta make it federal case  
I'm the tortoise you the hare I got incredible pace  
Had an incredible night, had incredible sex  
She had on edible panties under her red and blue  
dress  
YES~! And I move with the wind  
So we can wake up in the mornin and just do it again

Aight what I want everybody to do right now  
Is just smooth it out  
Yeah, smooth it out

Nah, we ain't done yet!  
YEAH! I'm feelin so good right now  
I'm on top of my game  
Shout out to all my people ballin on a budget  
Broke as fuck  
You can still live Hollywood y'know?  
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"Chillin on the street in my b-boy stance  
I got my pockets on swoll and my beats on blast"

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