

Tahir

"Holiday Pay"

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Happy new year, fuck that, ain't shit new
Every year same cops trying to knock my crew
January 15 go to MLK
Had to nearly come to gun just to get that day
February, only presidents that represent me
Is M-1 and my nigga S-T-I-C
And St. Valentine, he could kiss my ass
The 19th for Malik El-Haj Shabazz
Celebrate him for real, that's love?
He worked for us, George made us work the field
St. Patrick's Day, crackers better shut they mouth
I'm wearing khakis, pinch me, I'm gonna knock you out
I don't care about no shamrocks or 4-leaf clovers
Ain't enough luck for cops not filling they quotas
Can't fool me, April 1st, I'm still on?
Even then I'ma still drop the truth on George
There ain't no Easter egg hunt or no Easter bunny
Just another day for black folk to spend they money
Cinco de Mayo, my Latin homies still ain't free
Capitalism made'em where they still can't eat
So we can't eat
Mother's Day, mamas deserve a lot more
Than the Sunday they set aside to observe
Memorial Day, never will I do that there
Patriotism for America, I do not care
Father's Day got me thinking about the one's in jail
All the ones who stayed around, all the ones who bailed
Fourth of July, really dog, why ask why
First of all, damn watch the fireworks in the sky
I seen red and blue lights all the time that night
Real guns going off for the?
Second of all, that ain't my independence day
1776 we was baling hay
Niggas was slaves, busy chasing what they call
freedom
And we still wear chains, only now we can't see them
So they made Labor Day cos my? got jerk?
Even though most niggas still be scheduled to work
Trick or treat, kids? getting candy to eat
Later on down the road start rottin they teeth
And you wonder how the dentists

Keep gettin dough from us
Trick like the Earth trick Christopher Columbus shit
Hittin America was all a mistake
Stupid faggot ass crackers couldn't find they way
But neither could we
Cos niggas still fight for this bitch
When the service need soldiers, we the first to enlist
I feel it for vets but how I'ma gon respect they set
They the same white folk that laid the natives to rest
Thanksgiving it's the same, thanks for giving us what
Small pox and gonorrhoea from the shit they fuck
All the way up to the? make my folk corrupt
Give turkey, my hollow-points will gobble your guts
And if that ain't enough, right when you think that's it
Christmas the 25th straight takin your?
Bank accounts cleaned out trying to purchase them
gifts
Tis the season for the po' to starve, loadin them clips
Packin them fifths, and you could keep your ho-ho-ho
Gimmie your dough, my house feel so cold
And we need heat, let's be in the spirit to give
I have more than just the wreath
From the door to your crib nigga

Anyway, back to the jam
Most holidays we celebrate ain't nothing but scams
And lies and tricks and all the real meaning be lost
For me it's time and a half or just another day off
C'mon nigga

Know what I'm sayin
Tired of that bullshit dog
What's up with Huey P. Newton Day
Or some shit like that, Fred Hampton Day
Fuck that what's up with People Army Day dog
Hedrush Day, DP's Day, I.T Day
You know how it go man we up in this piece like this
Wanna see some real shit man
Assata Shakur Day, know what I'm sayin
Community Day, Guns in the Churches Day
Know what I'm sayin
Keep your Gats Day, know what I'm sayin
Martial Arts Day, Self-Defense Day

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