

Da Brat F/ Kelly Price

"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

(french singer)

Elle a toutes les qualit  s, mon grand d  faut c'est
de t'aimer...

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

(french singer)

arr  te, arr  te ne me touche pas!...

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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