

Stroke 9

"Hollis to Hollywood"

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Yeah, you know it be buggin' me out, yknahtsayin in rap
how everybody like is usin metaphors and all that
It seems like everybody's like a.. like some kind of metaphor freak
Some kind of metaphorical freak or somethin' man
Yknahtsayin, word up, so, yknowhat!msayin
You know brother's wanna make a movie and all that
Yknahtmean? So I figured yknowhat!msayin
I'd just make a little movie, witcha chick involved
Hehe, y'dig? Check it

[Verse One]

If you saw the movie "Wall Street" I guess you know
The way I stack chips and regulate wild dough
But ain't no +G-Funk+ and far from my +Era+
"Tales In the Hood" your boys'll feel terror
MC's contaminatin tracks with feces
You think of pussy, until I flip like "Species"
High-tech, yup, my pen got velocity
Jumpin out the SSL like "Virtuosity"
And never question what I'm doin to your girl
She let me dive deep like her panties is "Waterworld"
But are metaphors the only thing in rap?
You brothers need to stop with that
I'm goin from..

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"See how it sounds? A little unrational!" -> KRS-One
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good?
"Broken down to his very last compound!" -> KRS-One
"See how it sounds? A little unrational!" -> KRS-One
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good?
"Broken down to his very last compound!" -> KRS-One

[Verse Two]

Check it
I'll make the "Speed" like I'm, Keanu Reeves
But too many "True Lies" can make a honey bleed
She said - I know you want this, ghetto Pocahontas
I got "Higher Learning" and bangin gets monotonous

Her ass was classic, cheeks was +Jurassic+
Servin her +Justice+, +Poetic+ the way I lasted
I touch ground real windy with my lyrics
Make her talk in tongue and feel the Holy Spirit
Hear it, pull it like strings, got mad cash to swing
When I do my thing my balls is hairy like "The Lion
King"
I'm in the jungle layin down my mack
You brothers need to chill with that
I'm goin from..

[Chorus] - 1/2

(Take me away) Uhh, you think I won't boo?
(Take me away) Uhh, you think I can't boo?
(Take me away) Uhh, you think I won't boo?
(Take me away) Uhh, you think I can't boo?
"Broken down to his very last compound!" -> KRS-One

It's kinda like miniture satellites floatin in closets
Spyin in pockets
Jumpin out of a helicopter into a football stadium
filled with cotton candy-
wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!
Yknahmean? Worrurd up!
"Broken down to his very last compound!" -> KRS-One

[Verse Three]

So your man got a good job lovin ya so much
Boss on his back comin home like, "What the fuck?"
But you be on his side through the thick and all the thin
That's when LL come in!
Blast her ass like Apollo 13, sugar dipped in cream
Poppin Dom in every direction, what a scene
He can't understand, your best friend's plan
Runnin game while you chill with the "Demolition Man"
Good love, mad fun, tight hugs and flowers
I have your girl runnin off to fake baby showers
Better get down for your crown at home
I got her standin on the bed, gettin closer to the "Drop
Zone"
Some brothers won't appreciate that
Ain't it scary when you meet a real mack? Let's run it
back
See the flavor's in my lifestyle, chill don't even lie to me
Balls are "Lethal Weapon", dick a "Menace II Society"
You ain't a player hater kid you took her off restriction
I make her tell lies and knock the +Pulp+ out of
+Fiction+
.. kid you know I'm game tight
When you hit it tonight, I hope she scream my name

right
That's word is bond kid.. you know why?
I'm goin from..

[Chorus]

[LL Cool J]
Check it, check it
Hollis to.. {*laughing*}
I'ma son you shorty, word up!
I'ma SON you, y'knahmsayin? {*fades*}

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