

P. Casso**"Mr. Hollywood"**

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[Intro] Chillin on the street in my b-boy stance I got my pockets on swoll and my beats on blast [Chorus] 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 I got my pockets on swoll and my beats on blast" [Verse One] I'm Mr. Hollywood, Mist-Mr. Hollywood I'm puffin la-di-da-di and party in Hollywood 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 [Chorus] [Verse Two] 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 [Chorus] [Verse Three] 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 wit 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 [Chorus] [Outro]
Aight what I want everybody to do right now Is just
smooth it out Yeah, smooth it out {*piano plays and
applause*} 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? "Chillin on the street in my
b-boy stance I got my pockets on swoll and my beats on
blast" [Chorus] - dub version to fade "Chillin on the
street in my b-boy stance I got my pockets on swoll and
my beats on blast"

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