

# Holla

## JAY-Z & Memphis Bleek

Uh

Y'all ready?

Y'all ready?

That's rightHolla if you real and you know you a G

Holla deep in these streets when you pumpin' that D

Holla in your hoods screamin' fuck police

Holla you keep a gun and you bust for beef

Holla if you real and you know you a G

Holla deep in these streets when you pumpin' that D

Holla be in your hoods screamin' fuck police

Holla you keep a gun and you bust a beef

Niggas say I'm focused now, they know that's my style

But dogg, I'm on the block with that coke and a smile

I still got the crack heads ID

And they know, I collect for the first and fifteenth

I still take cabs to that capsule spot

For them 31 illusions and them purple tops

And the game ain't change, niggas is taught different

I'm raised off one rule, never get caught slippin' That's why I eat, sleep, shit with my gat

Bag up, take a piss, fuck a bitch with my gat

And I done sold it all from crack to marijuana

You can't deny it, I'm in hoods like Tom Warner

Beat cop, take away, I keep my shit

They don't know I deliver off the beeps I get

And you snitch ass niggas wanna peep my shit

But I'ma show you how deep into these streets I get

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HollaSee what this game made, and of age I came

And you up and coming rappers know you young to this game

I went from Marcy to Hollywood, I'm back again

I don't need no applaud, to clap again

Let alone, no award, from rap to win

Talk drama, get yourself wrapped up in

Severe head trauma, get beat with the nine lime a

Cut your hand off if you fuckin' with my productThat slayed shit, I'm on the grave shift

We all know fucked up money don't pay rent  
You short with my ones, you short one thumb  
You can't, come up short where the fuck I'm from  
We got dues to pay, new tools to spray  
Who's to say, Bleek won't make news today  
You know the ooze'll spray if you refuse to pay  
And I move the yae nigga day by dayHolla if you real and you know you a G  
Holla deep in these streets when you pumpin' that D  
Holla in your hoods screamin' fuck police  
Holla you keep a gun and you bust for beef  
Holla if you real and you know you a G  
Holla deep in these streets when you pumpin' that D  
Holla be in your hoods screamin' fuck police  
Holla you keep a gun and you bust a beefHolla, holla, holla, holla, holla

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>