

Holla Holiday

Digital Underground

All you got to do is follow the music
And listen for the rhythm..listen for the rhythm

Now here we go (HERE WE GO!)
Come on (COME ON!)

BOTTLES UP! It's a holla holiday
PUT 'EM DOWN! Break me off some love

Now bottles up, fall in line
It's about that time to take your coat off
Let's have a toast, coast-to-coast
Show to show

So, holla at me
A brand new holiday for players of all kinds
Rich, poor, blind
Yellow and red, wake up the dead!

Shine the lights, this is Harlem Nights
True, Digital U and Papa Hump's
Bringing that slump you can bump to, boo

Don't be sleeping
Here's the opportunity to let that dove out

We looped up Public Enemy in the drums
To make you bug out

Lace me!
We's about to do what they don't
Housing!
Ready to hit the year 2010

I work that brown nose
Hoes usually laugh
We cruise all through shows
With us, the Underground will blast you

Out of the frame
Can your brain stand a taut sack of deez nuts

WE WANT SHOCK-GEESUS!

Yo, I want you back

Fat tracks I've heard
But them words got me debating
All them dumb songs, cloned
Got that tone, you've been waiting

Well, next up in line to toast ya
Clee and my man John Doe-ja
We got that bump that'll shake you up
It'll wake you up like Folger's
Coffee, back up off me
Cause we be super-saucy

I'm with my doggs and
Them dum-dum moves gonna prove to be costly

My doggs be, always with me like I'm Rabbit Hut
And four-deep in a jeep in the street
Plus with the Zapp, super-slumping

Bumping, hella drunken
But we always into something
>From doing doughnuts, making hoes go nuts
Our names should be Dunkin

It ain't no function
We chose today to holla and spread love, folks
We talk to each other like we was brothers
We have more pull than tugboats

But like them cutthroats
That cash flows up and down like a teeter-totter
Instead of their doggs
They check for their Lexus and their Movados

I don't know why cause
Who they checking for ain't even ridahs
We keep our doggs beside us
That's why we the survivors

BOTTLES UP!

Toss up your Hennessy, Mo'-mo' and Alize
Ain't no player hating this way
It's a holla holiday

Move on, move, move on

So go on, na!
Doggonit, everybody get your love on
Everybody be getting they hug on
Forgetting to put they doggs on

Ladi-dadi, nothing but a party
Toast this up, let's make it happen
Holla if you need me, pass me the beadie
We through rapping

Holla at me, holla at your doggs
Take me high, lace me
Make love to my intellect
Sprinkle me, mayne, sprinkle me
Cause the people over the stairs
They ain't sweating me
Move on, move on, move on