

# Holiday

## Styles P

Yeah  
L-O-X nigga  
It don't stop  
It keep goin, and goin, and goin, and goin  
Motherfuckers

You heard it from the P, you oughta know it's the truth  
I get you kidnapped and raped and thrown off a roof  
You could nod your head to this like it's only a rap  
Cause when these bullets hit yo' ass I'm like it's only a gat  
I need a funeral to feel good, I'm hopin it's yours  
Think he religious? Heard he got shot in the cross  
Holiday Styles, bitch I broke most of the laws  
Fuck with the Porsche or flip to the boots, stick to the truth  
Do anything it takes just to get me this loot  
And missin a tooth, but both of 'em chipped, toaster is gripped  
You heard about the trouble, I start most of the shit  
When I squeeze ain't no controllin the wrist  
And niggas leave the room when they hear the P flowin to Swizz  
I'm an ignorant and negative nigga  
I sell crack, bust guns, pop shit, and say I'm better than niggas  
You think not, I'll look at your man and level a nigga  
If you think a rapper's better why don't you give me his name  
So I can run up on him, tear him up and give you his frame  
When it comes to the streets, I'm the nigga to call  
Five eight and three quarters, but I'm bigger than y'all  
If I left the gun home, I'm a give you the sword  
I'm the devil in the flesh, I can't give you the Lord  
It don't make no sense for you to pray for your life  
I got my niggas in the crib, you oughta pray for your wife

Uh huh, HOLIDAY  
I gotta make it to heaven for goin through hell  
HOLIDAY  
And I don't care if I sell, y'all know what I sell  
HOLIDAY  
I use my left hand when I'm loadin the shells  
HOLIDAY  
Cause I know it ain't right, that's why I'm blowin a L

Yo...  
I do it all for my niggas, even ride with a bomb  
Get shot, die in his arm, and give him my last  
It's a million dollar bail, I'm a get it in cash  
I sell crack like it's '88, I live in the past  
You know the P carry the gun, live in the Maz'  
Tell niggas show me the money and gimme the stash  
I like Malibu and pineapple, fifties of hash  
Hundreds of 'dro, wear my clothes a week in a row  
Sleep on the floor, catch me right next to the dog  
I'm Holiday Styles, and that's what the weaponry for  
And I probably won't blow for the fact that I'm hard  
But I'm good with ten million in the back of the car  
Either that or get life and lift the rack in the yard  
Gettin jewels from the old timers, stashin the cards  
But jail ain't part of the plans  
I keep weight on the scale cause I feel I get further with grams

In my last few bars, I run through niggas like my last few cars  
And crash 'em up, the boy mighta went platinum but don't gas him up  
I get his length and his width and get his casket cut  
I don't deal with the snakes and fakes  
But I deal with the comas and wakes, I don't make mistakes  
Double R now bitch you oughta know I'm a ghost  
Blow up your face, blow up the coke, and blow up the smoke