

Holla

504 Boyz

[Chorus]: Master P {Choppa}
Them boys on that block holla (ooh ooh)
Them girls that got it hot holla (ooh ooh)
If ya runnin' from them cops holla (ooh ooh)
{Holla...} (ooh ooh) {Holla} (ooh ooh)

[Verse 1]: Master P
Call me trashman cuz I put it up and back
Whodi owe me money I'ma bust his fuckin' ass
I'm allergic to Dr. Pepper, so pass me Dr. Cristale
Hit me on the two-way, whodi, I get wit'cha
Put it on the stove, bake it like a pie
Take it to the hood, slang it 16-5
When niggas snort it boy, they be passin' it to they girls
Wrap it up in Ziploc, back it up and twirl
Send money to the pent. Mac and C be home soon
Bitches start snitchin' I'ma send 'em to the moon
I could sell a hoe a green, front a hustler a lake
I could never fall off, I'm the "Ghetto Bill" Gates

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]: Curren\$y
These lil' niggas can't take it anymore
I push through the club iced out, low key with my P. Miller galore
Hoes breakin' down the doors, uhh
Because the 504 Boyz here they can't wait 'til we get on
It's Curren\$y the motherfuckin' rookie of the year
This ain't the WNBA, ain't no pussies over here
Yeah, I'm makin' figures fuckin' with the Ghetto Bill
And a truck with some rims that's bigger than Ferris wheels, holla

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]: Krazy
See this No Limit army nigga, that's my Kliq
The hoe that you tongue kissin' used to be my bitch
For these sayin' they'll slay a nigga, they called pricks
And this brown shit I'm sniffin' nigga, it got me sick
And this big truck I'm pushin', nigga, my tight whip
With a chop of lead on the seat, that'll make you flip
My alias, believe me, Doc Holliday
If it's beef, I'm like AIDS, I'll never go away

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]: Master P
I might be something sly but I won't forget
Tell Double X-L they can, suck my dick
I might be country but I'm ghetto rich
And when it comes to grindin', I started this shit
I put the G in Ghetto, nigga, call me Ghetto Fab
Started with some quarters then I flipped it to some halves
Put the Coke in Coca-Cola, no baking soda
Call me Pistol P, cuz I slang them granola's

[Chorus]

[Verse 5]: T-Bo

I guess them thangs just got dropped off, the block's hot like hot sauce
Some cop cars keep passin' I promise y'all they not lost
Convicted felons noticed when they tryin' to knock ya socks off
Go braggin' to them hatin' bitches, find how much ya watch cost
Loose lips, sank ships, bitch, so watch what you sayin'
It's the New No Limit, baby, got us under surveillance
And the Feds ain't playin' they kickin' down doors daily
Ain't this a bitch, I just got off probation

[Chorus]

[Verse 6]: Magic

I'm tryin' to get me a whole chicken (chop it down for the dimes)
Then flip that bitch quicker than I (flip these rhymes)
Now I'm on two birds I'ma flip (one more time)
And I'ma cop the bitch you left behind
(I'm tryin', I'm hustlin') don't trust me when I'm broke
And I don't discriminate I want the money and a goat
Yeah, better hope I wait, I'm ass out (things will get bloody)
(Four to ya tummy, real messy and ugly)

[Chorus]

[Outro]: Master P

If ya East Coast thuggin, holla (ooh ooh)
If ya West Coast thuggin, holla (ooh ooh)
If ya Midwest thuggin' holla (ooh ooh)
If ya Down South hustlin' holla (ooh ooh)