

# Ho'Lat

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Shoot you like a free throw, don't be no hero  
Turnt into a zero, I'm hard to find like Nemo  
Pour wine on you like Nino, to the format  
Walk on you like a doormat  
I made a bet, did they score that?  
Man money I fold that, dice I roll that  
Tell a freak to HO'LAT  
Oh you decided, money you gon' hide it  
And not divide it, never split the pie  
And then you're gonna lie and straight deny it?  
Hell's where your souls at, freak you's a polecat  
And I'ma let you know that, and you can't control that  
Straight expose that, until you HO'LAT  
Straight to the abyss, with a death wish  
Pasta and fish, and cannabis, and a bucket list  
That's bucket list, and stuck in this, like a Stucky Fish  
And you know that, snap quick like a Kodak  
Homie where is that dro at? Yea you need to roll that  
It's time to blow that Fillmoe, HO'LAT

Every time I come through, I sit her down what you wan' do?  
Knockout a nigga with the 1, 2/ I don't need a gun dude  
And tryna run up was a dumb move, you niggas broke the number 1 rule  
Now I gotta show that, lil nigga where the doe at  
You gotta reap what you sow jack, homie now you know that  
Ain't no thang to throw a couple of blows and tell 'em HO'LAT  
You niggas dealin with a monster, get in ya veins like ganja  
I been (raised[?]) like a doctor, crooked like a copper  
Bomb like Osama, Bin Laden drama  
And you don't really want that, the flow clean pullin' kojax  
Dope fiends call it cold crack, sippin on the (bozac[?])  
Tell ya girl to come here so I can see if she a HO'LAT  
If not back up off me unless (she tryna boss me)?  
Wake em up like caffeine and coffee  
You're gonna need an army to disarm me  
'Cus I'm never ever heated softly, I keep a fo' fo' gat  
Bodies on it call it throw back, Made nigga killin mo' raps  
I'm the typa man toss you a hand grenade and say here HO'LAT

Being caught up in the aftermath, is like a Magic Johnson pass  
Black bag fulla filthy cash  
Now you flip the Steve Nash, how long will that last  
'cus time goes real fast  
Gonna think you stole that, then you resold that  
Had to get that dough back  
Now its time to show that, quick control that  
Word life HOLD THAT  
This is a film mix, like Stanley Kubrik  
Nothing to fool with, get ya poolstick  
Hit the Que ball, floss my white wall  
My rise and my fall  
I know you know that, Fillmoe don't hold back  
San Francisco that  
Now where's the hope at where's the dope at, Homeboy HO'LAT

Don't gimme that shit, you niggas want a little bit of that fix  
You know the Krayzie (gassin[?]) really got hits

You gotta be really swift if you really wanna catch my drift  
(Then I come with a slow rap[?]) peace love hate mo rap  
When I spit it on a dope track  
Everybody clone that, and get to thinking that they own that, they better HO  
'LAT  
Tell em all look, real, recognize real  
Recognize steal and I recon you live  
Just with the skills, you can be killed  
Especially when they tryna short stop my (meals/mills)  
niggas where the dope at, give it to me let me roll that  
Blaze up, lemme smoke that  
And I'm toked, and I'm loaded, inhale through the throat, HOL'AT