

# Make You Wanna Holla

**Benzino**

Now we gon burn this right here  
Ay yo dim the lights down  
yeah yeah  
we gon let the track talk to em

Fly cars pretty hos rocks on my arm shit  
you'd think I had the world in my palm  
surrounded by the team pockets full of C.R.E.A.M.  
still ain't all peaches and cream  
cause it's hard being a rich man specially when you black  
no margin for error no room for slack  
cops stay on your back  
lyin tryin to convict me  
they wait to treat a nigga you would think it was the 60's  
and it

Makes you wanna holla  
to the top of my lungs but the weed smoke's blockin my lungs  
watchin my son  
I know this game is mean don't let him go where I've gone  
see what I've seen takin puffs off the green  
keep my mind off this bullshit  
it's like a mental tug of war  
with every bullshit I got a keep a full clip  
you niggas don't understand  
I'm only human I'm just like you damn

Makes you wanna holla  
cause it's hard sometimes on the grind  
when you're tryin to get them dollars man and  
Prayin for tomorrow  
but it might not come so I'm a hustle till my work is done  
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Livin swimmin in bucks big boy trucks  
sometimes I feel like givin it up  
drop top chrome pipes damn what a life  
I'd trade it all just to sleep some nights  
it's hard bein a gangsta  
specially when you get the D.A. still buildin a case  
everywhere you turn cameras all up in your face  
I.R.S. audit your papes trying to take your estate  
and your man's on the stand raisin his right hand  
cause you swear to tell the truth I bet you do  
and it

Makes you wanna holla  
cause when you got dollars every chick wanna holla  
claimin they swallow  
need the so-called cats you knew from way back  
suddenly they your cousin wanna run with the pack  
he your man long as you givin him stacks  
but let you get fucked and need a buck

he ain't callin you back  
now what type of shit is that