

Hollywood

Bizzy Bone

Dirty rotten, never forgot noids plotin' and I ain't scared to say it,
"I feel the Lord is watching!" Jesus'll walk a mile,
give me a hundred thousand and then a
hundred loses, but I can't
be a coward.

Peep this, coboculated, your mind scrambled
eggs and brothas feel me comin',
I started gunnin' big, hit'
em up in two thousand and trizzle,
heads feelin' the bullets and the death
on my back (Oh yeah, fa shizzle!).
Ooh, tell me whats critical, is it your reputation?
anyone attack it wait for the incubation, now for your mother
fucking information Bizzy's a thug! I never expected to be accepted,
shit, I was just sellin' drugs, reflect it in my
music, the people spotted the real, that had my homeboy's fautly,
still they swallowed the pill. Popin' the bubbly for
this million dollar deal, Bizzy finally got his money, these suckas,
they want a trill, keep it real, good, bad and ugly.
Four in the mornin' lookin' under my bed for Ripley's (?pills?) Oh shit,
and thinkin' about all that, Ruthless, just keep
your job, I'm a Universal Soujah! Thank God! (Thank God!)

Let me thank the Lord, like I always will!
Never move to Hollywood, uh, keep
it keep it real! Now Let me thank the Lord,
like I always will! Never move to Hollywood,
uh, keep it keep it real! (Real!) Let me thank the Lord,
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uh, keep it keep it real!
(Real!)

Mind on my money, my money on my mob! and my Benz!
and my friends! and my job! I still
miss Wish's Uncle Charles, reachin'
the stars, everybody talkin'
Bone breaking up, nigga,
Flesh behind bars, he the one that
bought the tickets, can I get any
realer? Baby I'm just the realest. (Nooooow)
back to the real shit, (real shit) mental,
methodic push the hottest product,
Bizzy through Ghetto College, checkin'
out up out of College.
Man I'm not Eddie and I'm not David Ruffin,
and I'm not Michael Jackson, nigga, I'm a say something!
I'm not incompetent, never a pill fiend,
I only smoke some weed, and sip some
Hennesey, is that too thuggish for you? Well if it is, I'm sorry.
Give me no Grey Goose,
Gator Skin, White Marley's,
thinkin' bout all that, Ruthless can keep the job.
Bungalo, Bright and Swole,

(Sweet Jesus) Praise God!

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I could never even look at my Nigga's girl,
never try and stick it to his babie's mama
for ... nothin in the world!
Why snitch, switch and be a bitch? man you on some bullshit,
oh yeah, I don't want to be
friends, who needs enemies?
So stay the fuck away from the
Benz when it comes to your facinity,
besides, with jealousy
you might get fucked up,
but, with no KY Jelly, only movin' when God tell me,
let me man up and tell my story,
(because) it ain't no tellin'
how many records I be sellin'.
So who you callin' pretty boy?
Boy you a funny man,
a modern day Schwarzenegger, but
im not Running Man, and thats the only metaphor
I'm giving you niggas tonight, that
ain't even my steez, nigga, please.
Show all the clones just what that thug life like.
Vibe (what?) I'd like to thank you
for putting me in your article,
practically distroyed my life...

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