

Holla Back

Kool G Rap

Feat. AZ, Nawz, Tito
Yeah.. it's 2G
Brooklyn-Queens connection
Why'all bout to feel somethin, why'all never felt before
Aiiyyo G, you know I'm like a trey-eight special
I'm close range
Fuckin with you I gotta get AK material, banana clip style
Let's do this, let's do this

Blow the spot like tea kettle whistles
Federal slugs, the lead'll kiss you
Infrared burners'll never miss you
All digital, hard physical, spittle you riddle you
Priest prayin over your body while you in critical
Come in a few, give out a doz this what the semi do
See what the Henny and Rémy do
BGF, Black Gorilla Family jet, Black Godfather finesse
Fifty caliber hole surroundin your chest
Bentley blue steel armored cars with boulder baguettes
We live in effect, blaze a gun while poppin a Tec
Recognize killers, nigga, pop a collar to that
Gorilla breed to the death, that's the shit that I rep
Code of silence, addicted to havin fattened the violence
AK-47 rapidly firin, got love for bloodshed and the sirens
Take banana clips to my gun, to keep my shit off balance
My heart filled with malice

Yo, if you livin thug, holla back (Holla back)
My bitches strippin in the clubs, let the dollars stack (Let em stack why'al
l)
This one's for all my OG's and street scholar cats (All my street cats)
And if a nigga act up, funeral parlor cat
Pop a collar to that (Pop a collar to that)

Yo, wavin cash, gun in the stash, the click on smash
From rockets that blast, yo we in your pockets for cash
Burgundy mask, bullets like a surgery slash
Internally burn your staff and dismember your ass
Coroners bag from autops' to medical lab
I leave you leakin like Carlito watch your memory flash
Quicksand for fam, tied a fuckin brick to your hands
I'm sicker with the Henny liquor with the clip to your man
When it's on it's on, do your moms bodily harm
Firstborn'll be your first gone, beef goes on
Permanent cash, put you in the tourniquet fast
Feed you glass and use you to fertilize the grass
Puff green when we fiendin to murder ya whole team
For cream, the infrared beams'll shatter your dreams
I flatter your queen and rip her right out of her jeans
Intervene and it's the homicide scene for your team

From hideous acts on the one gettin rid of the gats
A nigga back, no parole, now how pretty is that?
The city is trapped, bottles popped, Phillie Phanatic is cracked
Niggaz is strapped, half bent, illin, spillin they 'gnac
Cars tinted, my rap image too large to mimick
We mob in it, fake niggaz dissolve in minutes

It's codes to it, real killers they know music
Even hoes on the low at the shows lose it
Courvoisier-sippin, this slim nigga stay flippin
My ways different, duck when the AK spittin
It's more to it, verbal wisely, all fluent
In real life this is how the dogs do it
Double-edged sword, rep for why'all seein the board
See why'all home soon, it's better than seein the morgue
So what's the conflict, who want to Don with this?
For the streets strictly we got the bombest shit

Two violent niggaz sit at the round table, in brown sables
Chains hangin down to the navel
Brooklyn and Queens connect get down fatal
Hold the four-pound stable
Won't hesitate to rock a clown's cradle
Get put in the dirt like ground cable
Found from bloodhound nasals
Or deep in the river get found naval
That shit why'all spit sound fable
"American Me" style, knife in the anal; who 'round to save you?
I leave you from waist down disabled
Face split like a round bagel
Found in a hospital gown witcha crown stapled
Wrong one to tangle with, a gym star, spangle your shit
Use your handkerchief to strangle your bitch
Single niggaz out on the strip and bang in a clip
Slugs from a Desert Eagle mingle the click
A force of habit, for me to let it rip across your attic
Never violent with a silent but I toss your cabbage

(Beotch!)