

Hollis to Hollywood

LL Cool J

Yeah, you know
it be buggin' me out, you know what I'm sayin'
that rap, how everybody like is using metaphors and all that
it seems like everybody's some kind of metaphor freak
some kind of metaphorical freak or somethin' man,
you know what I'm sayin', word up
So, You know what I'm sayin,
you know brother's wanna make a movie and all that
you know how I mean, so I figured you know what I'm sayin'
I'd just make a little movie, with a chick involved.
Check it
If you saw the movie Wall Street I guess you know
The way ya stack chips and regulate wild dough
But ain't no G-funk and far from my era
Tales from the hood your boyz will feel terror
MC's contaminatin' tracks with feces
You think of pussy until a flick like Species
Hi tech ya my pen got velocity
Jumpin' out the SSL like Virtuosity
And never question what I'm doin' to ya girl
She let me dive deep like her panties is Waterworld
But all metaphors the only thing in rap
You brothers need to stop with that

I'm goin' from
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good

Check it,
I'm makin' Speed like I'm Keanu Reeves
But too many True Lies can make a honey please
She said, I know you want this
Ghetto Pocahontas
I got Higher Learnin'
And bangin' gets monotonous
Her ass is classic
Cheeks was Jurassic
Servin' a Justice
Poetic the way I last it
I touch ground real windy with my lyrics
Make her talk in tongues and feel the Holy Spirit
Hear it, pulling light strings
Got mad cast a swing
When I do my thing my ballz is hairy like the Lion King
I'm in the jungle layin' down my mack
You brothers need to chill with that

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Take me away
You think I won't fool

Take me away
You think I can't fool
Take me away
You think I won't fool
Take me away
You think I can't fool

It's kinda like miniture satelllites floatin' in closets
Spyin' in pockets
Jumpin' out of a helicopter into a football stadium filled with cotton candy

WhEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Word up,
So your man got a good job lovin' ya so much
Boss on his back comin' home like 'What the fuck?'
But you be on his side through the thick and all the thin
That's when LL come in
Blast a ass like Apollo 13
Sugar get the cream
Hoppin dom in every direction
What a scene
He can't understand, your best friend's plan
Running game while you chill with the Demolition Man
Good love, have fun, tight hugs, and flowers
I have your girl runnin' off to fake baby showers
Better get down before ya cryin' at home
I got her standing on the bed gettin' closer to the Drop Zone
Some brother's won't appreciate that
Ain't it scary when you meet a real mack
Let's run it back
See the flavors in my lifestyle, chill don't even lie to me
Balls a lethal weapon, dick a menace to society
You ain't a player hater kid you took her off restriction
I make her tell lies and knock the pulp out of fiction
Kid you know I'm game tight, when you hit it tonight
I hope she screams my name right
This word is born kid, you know why?

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Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good
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Check it.