

Digital Underground, Holla-Holiday

All you got to do is follow the music

And listen for the rhythm..listen for the rhythm

[Humpty-Hump (Crowd) x4]

Now here we go (HERE WE GO!)

Come on (COME ON!)

[Chorus x2]

BOTTLES UP! It's a holla holiday

PUT 'EM DOWN! Break me off some love

[Humpty-Hump]

Now bottles up, fall in line

It's about that time to take your coat off

Let's have a toast, coast-to-coast

Show to show

[Shock G]

So, holla at me

A brand new holiday for players of all kinds

Rich, poor, blind

Yellow and red, wake up the dead!

[Humpty-Hump]

Shine the lights, this is Harlem Nights

True, Digital U and Papa Hump's

Bringing that slump you can bump to, boo

[Shock G]

Don't be sleeping

Here's the opportunity to let that dove out

[Humpty-Hump]

We looped up Public Enemy in the drums

To make you bug out

[Shock G]

Lace me!

We's about to do what they don't
Housing!

Ready to hit the year 2010

[Humpty-Hump]
I work that brown nose

Hoes usually laugh
We cruise all through shows

With us, the Underground will blast you

[Shock G]

Out of the frame

Can your brain stand a taut sack of deez nuts

[Crowd]
WE WANT SHOCK-GEESUS!

[Shock G]

Yo, I want you back

[Humpty-Hump]

Fat tracks I've heard

But them words got me debating
All them dumb songs, cloned

Got that tone, you've been waiting

[Chorus]

[Clee]

Well, next up in line to toast ya

Clee and my man John Doe-ja

We got that bump that'll shake you up

It'll wake you up like Folger's

Coffee, back up off me

Cause we be super-saucy

I'm with my doggs and

Them dum-dum moves gonna prove to be costly

[John Doe]

My doggs be, always with me like I'm Rabbit Hut

And four-deep in a jeep in the street
Plus with the Zapp, super-slumping

[Clee]

Bumping, hella drunken

But we always into something
&From doing doughnuts, making hoes go nuts

Our names should be Dunkin

[John Doe]

It ain't no function

We chose today to holla and spread love, folks

We talk to each other like we was brothers

We have more pull than tugboats

[Clee]

But like them cutthroats

That cash flows up and down like a teeter-totter
Instead of their doggs

They check for their Lexus and their Movados

[John Doe]

I don't know why cause

Who they checking for ain't even ridahs

We keep our doggs beside us

That's why we the survivors

[Digital Underground]

BOTTLES UP!

[Clee]

Toss up your Hennessy, Mo'-mo' and Alize

Ain't no player hating this way

It's a holla holiday

[Shock G]

Move on, move, move on

[Chorus]

[Humpty-Hump]

So go on, na!
Doggonit, everybody get your love on

Everybody be getting they hug on

Forgetting to put they doggs on

[Shock G]

Ladi-dadi, nothing but a party

Toast this up, let's make it happen

Holla if you need me, pass me the beadie

We through rapping

Holla at me, holla at your doggs
Take me high, lace me

Make love to my intellect

Sprinkle me, mayne, sprinkle me
Cause the people over the stairs

They ain't sweating me

Move on, move on, move on