

Ruff Ryders, Holiday - Featuring Styles

Yeah

L O X nigga

It don't stop

It keep goin, and goin, and goin, and goin

Motherfuckers

[Styles Paniro]

You heard it from the P, you oughta know it's the truth

I get you kidnapped and raped and thrown off a roof

You could nod your head to this like it's only a rap

Cuz when these bullets hit your ass I'm like it's only a gat

I need a funeral to feel good, I'm hopin it's yours

Think you delicious, heard he got shot in the cross

Holiday Styles, bitch I broke most of the laws

Fuck with the poor, so flip to the boots, stick to the truth

Do anything it takes just to give it a slue

And missin a tooth, but both of 'em chipped, toaster is gripped

You heard about the trouble, I start most of the shit

When I squeeze aint no controllin the wrist

And niggas leave the room when the hear the P blowin his whis

I'm an ignorant and negative nigga

I sell crack, bust guns, pop shit, and say I'm better than niggas

You think not, I'll look at your man and level a nigga

If you think a rapper's better why don't you give me his name

So I can run up on him, tear him up and give you his frame

When it comes to the streets, I'm the nigga to call

Five eight and three quarters, but I'm bigger than y'all

If I left the gun home, I'ma give you the sword

I'm the devil in the flesh, I can't give you the Lord

It don't make no sense for you to pray for your life

I got my niggas in the crib, you oughta pray for your wife

CHORUS: Jadakiss and Styles

Jadakiss: Uh huh, HOLIDAY

Styles: I gotta make it to heaven for goin through hell

J: HOLIDAY

S: And I don't care if I sell, y'all know what I sell

J: HOLIDAY

S: I use my left hand when I'm loadin the shells

J: HOLIDAY

S: Cuz I know it aint right, that's why I'm blowin a L

[Styles Paniro]

Yo, I do it all for my niggas, even rob wit a bomb

Get shot, die in his arm, and give him my last

It's a million dollar bail, I'ma get it in cash

I sell crack like it's '88, I live in the past

You know the P carry the gun, live in the mask

Tell niggas show me the money and gimme the stash

I like malibu and pineapple, fifty's of hash

Hundred's of dro, wear my clothes a week in a row

Sleep on the floor, catch me right next to the dog

I'm Holiday Styles, and that's what the weaponry for

And I probably won't blow for the fact that I'm hard

But I'm good with ten million in the back of the car

Either that or get life and lift the rack in the yard

Gettin jewels from the old timers, stashin the cards

But jail aint part of the plans

I keep weight on the scale cuz I feel I get further with grams

In my last few bars, I run through niggas like my last few cars

And crash 'em up, the boy mighta went platinum but don't gas him up

I get his length and his width and get his casket cut

I don't deal with the snakes and fakes

But I deal with the comas and wakes, I don't make mistakes

Double R now bitch you oughta know I'ma ghost

Blow up your face, blow up the coke, and blow up the smoke

CHORUS

