

Make You Wanna Holla

Benzino

Now we gon burn this right here
Ay yo dim the lights down
yeah yeah
we gon let the track talk to em

Fly cars pretty hos rocks on my arm shit
you'd think I had the world in my palm
surrounded by the team pockets full of C.R.E.A.M.
still ain't all peaches and cream
cause it's hard being a rich man specially when you black
no margin for error no room for slack
cops stay on your back
lyin tryin to convict me
they wait to treat a nigga you would think it was the 60's
and it

Makes you wanna holla
to the top of my lungs but the weed smoke's blockin my lungs
watchin my son
I know this game is mean don't let him go where I've gone
see what I've seen takin puffs off the green
keep my mind off this bullshit
it's like a mental tug of war
with every bullshit I got a keep a full clip
you niggas don't understand
I'm only human I'm just like you damn

Makes you wanna holla
cause it's hard sometimes on the grind
when you're tryin to get them dollars man and
Prayin for tomorrow
but it might not come so I'm a hustle till my work is done
It makes you wanna holla
cause it's hard sometimes on the grind
when you're tryin to get them dollars man
Prayin for tomorrow
but it might not come so I'm a hustle till my work is done

Livin swimmin in bucks big boy trucks
sometimes I feel like givin it up
drop top chrome pipes damn what a life
I'd trade it all just to sleep some nights
it's hard bein a gangsta
specially when you get the D.A. still buildin a case
everywhere you turn cameras all up in your face
I.R.S. audit your papes trying to take your estate
and your man's on the stand raisin his right hand
cause you swear to tell the truth I bet you do
and it

Makes you wanna holla
cause when you got dollars every chick wanna holla
claimin they swallow
need the so-called cats you knew from way back
suddenly they your cousin wanna run with the pack
he your man long as you givin him stacks
but let you get fucked and need a buck

he ain't callin you back
now what type of shit is that