

Ho'Lat

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Shoot you like a free throw, don't be no hero
Turnt into a zero, I'm hard to find like Nemo
Pour wine on you like Nino, to the format
Walk on you like a doormat
I made a bet, did they score that?
Man money I fold that, dice I roll that
Tell a freak to HO'LAT
Oh you decided, money you gon' hide it
And not divide it, never split the pie
And then you're gonna lie and straight deny it?
Hell's where your souls at, freak you's a polecat
And I'ma let you know that, and you can't control that
Straight expose that, until you HO'LAT
Straight to the abyss, with a death wish
Pasta and fish, and cannabis, and a bucket list
That's bucket list, and stuck in this, like a Stucky Fish
And you know that, snap quick like a Kodak
Homie where is that dro at? Yea you need to roll that
It's time to blow that Fillmoe, HO'LAT

Every time I come through, I sit her down what you wan' do?
Knockout a nigga with the 1, 2/ I don't need a gun dude
And tryna run up was a dumb move, you niggas broke the number 1 rule
Now I gotta show that, lil nigga where the doe at
You gotta reap what you sow jack, homie now you know that
Ain't no thang to throw a couple of blows and tell 'em HO'LAT
You niggas dealin with a monster, get in ya veins like ganja
I been (raised[?]) like a doctor, crooked like a copper
Bomb like Osama, Bin Laden drama
And you don't really want that, the flow clean pullin' kojax
Dope fiends call it cold crack, sippin on the (bozac[?])
Tell ya girl to come here so I can see if she a HO'LAT
If not back up off me unless (she tryna boss me)?
Wake em up like caffeine and coffee
You're gonna need an army to disarm me
'Cus I'm never ever heated softly, I keep a fo' fo' gat
Bodies on it call it throw back, Made nigga killin mo' raps
I'm the typa man toss you a hand grenade and say here HO'LAT

Being caught up in the aftermath, is like a Magic Johnson pass
Black bag fulla filthy cash
Now you flip the Steve Nash, how long will that last
'cus time goes real fast
Gonna think you stole that, then you resold that
Had to get that dough back
Now its time to show that, quick control that
Word life HOLD THAT
This is a film mix, like Stanley Kubrik
Nothing to fool with, get ya poolstick
Hit the Que ball, floss my white wall
My rise and my fall
I know you know that, Fillmoe don't hold back
San Francisco that
Now where's the hope at where's the dope at, Homeboy HO'LAT

Don't gimme that shit, you niggas want a little bit of that fix
You know the Krayzie (gassin[?]) really got hits

You gotta be really swift if you really wanna catch my drift
(Then I come with a slow rap[?]) peace love hate mo rap
When I spit it on a dope track
Everybody clone that, and get to thinking that they own that, they better HO
'LAT
Tell em all look, real, recognize real
Recognize steal and I recon you live
Just with the skills, you can be killed
Especially when they tryna short stop my (meals/mills)
niggas where the dope at, give it to me let me roll that
Blaze up, lemme smoke that
And I'm toked, and I'm loaded, inhale through the throat, HOL'AT