

# Holiday

Jay Electronica

Mark your calendar, holiday work week  
May day: mothers day, Doomsday: another day  
Teenage love built a teenage runaway  
Bang, number 9 off the chart, pretty bullet  
Red on the wall, fear God, fuck a bully  
Bay ghetto great, great god, guggley muggley  
Mays on monster mash, main course and cookies  
Heads getting beaten over food gettin eaten  
This side Joe powerin a drought, in a dry white season  
Lord, bring em out, bring em out  
See the cherokee chief rain dancing through a drought  
Cloud break like Chaka Khan, set it off my power arm  
The little light grow large and don't out at all  
Some powerful all, the chronicle sharp  
The jet black jedi swell, the saga evolves, raw  
Race up in the place, all in your face  
She said a slow pace, made her heart race  
Well if you got what it takes, I take what you got  
My equaline a mark from I'm a take the shot  
The tiebreaker, game winner, bullseye  
Small dose of big Mos, full time  
That's a commitment ain't it, I doubt if they can make it  
Clown tears ran a smear through their painted faces  
But I don't use foundation, mascara or concealer  
Botox and toxic pealer, I come from planet realer  
Where the sky is clearer

Ba-ba-ba-da-da  
Holiday  
Ba-ba-ba-da-da  
Let's work it out  
Ba-ba-ba-da-da  
Holiday  
Ba-ba-ba  
Mark ya calendar

Don't get it confused  
This message is for solo artists but I get at crews  
We can make the news  
I'll be on the low sippin daquiris in Baton Rouge  
Or killing Rock The Bells with Mos and Posdnuos  
It's a small task for Jay man  
Wack niggas be dead and I be laughin  
Sippin out my flask chillin in my Ray-Bans  
Imaginary crime boss  
With albums full and look at my watch at how much my shine cost  
It's time lost  
Who shot ya, the black Bach blastin over opera  
Phantom of the chakras  
Jay Doppler went from panhandling socks in the Bronx to popular  
This is just the start of it  
The kid intend to split more wigs than British Parliament  
Catch me on the global warming tour with Jigga and Al Gore  
Performing dear summer, where autumn went  
Eternal sunshine, drum major without a drumline  
I'll be in the D yellin kick rocks to one time