

# Hollis to Hollywood

LL Cool J

Yeah, you know  
it be buggin' me out, you know what I'm sayin'  
that rap, how everybody like is using metaphors and all that  
it seems like everybody's some kind of metaphor freak  
some kind of metaphorical freak or somethin' man,  
you know what I'm sayin', word up  
So, You know what I'm sayin,  
you know brother's wanna make a movie and all that  
you know how I mean, so I figured you know what I'm sayin'  
I'd just make a little movie, with a chick involved.  
Check it  
If you saw the movie Wall Street I guess you know  
The way ya stack chips and regulate wild dough  
But ain't no G-funk and far from my era  
Tales from the hood your boyz will feel terror  
MC's contaminatin' tracks with feces  
You think of pussy until a flick like Species  
Hi tech ya my pen got velocity  
Jumpin' out the SSL like Virtuosity  
And never question what I'm doin' to ya girl  
She let me dive deep like her panties is Waterworld  
But all metaphors the only thing in rap  
You brothers need to stop with that

I'm goin' from  
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good  
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good  
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good  
Hollis to Hollywood, but is he good

Check it,  
I'm makin' Speed like I'm Keanu Reeves  
But too many True Lies can make a honey please  
She said, I know you want this  
Ghetto Pocahontas  
I got Higher Learnin'  
And bangin' gets monotonous  
Her ass is classic  
Cheeks was Jurassic  
Servin' a Justice  
Poetic the way I last it  
I touch ground real windy with my lyrics  
Make her talk in tongues and feel the Holy Spirit  
Hear it, pulling light strings  
Got mad cast a swing  
When I do my thing my ballz is hairy like the Lion King  
I'm in the jungle layin' down my mack  
You brothers need to chill with that

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Take me away  
You think I won't fool

Take me away  
You think I can't fool  
Take me away  
You think I won't fool  
Take me away  
You think I can't fool

It's kinda like miniture satellites floatin' in closets  
Spyin' in pockets  
Jumpin' out of a helicopter into a football stadium filled with cotton candy

Whreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Word up,  
So your man got a good job lovin' ya so much  
Boss on his back comin' home like 'What the fuck?'  
But you be on his side through the thick and all the thin  
That's when LL come in  
Blast a ass like Apollo 13  
Sugar get the cream  
Hoppin dom in every direction  
What a scene  
He can't understand, your best friend's plan  
Running game while you chill with the Demolition Man  
Good love, have fun, tight hugs, and flowers  
I have your girl runnin' off to fake baby showers  
Better get down before ya cryin' at home  
I got her standing on the bed gettin' closer to the Drop Zone  
Some brother's won't appreciate that  
Ain't it scary when you meet a real mack  
Let's run it back  
See the flavors in my lifestyle, chill don't even lie to me  
Balls a lethal weapon, dick a menace to society  
You ain't a player hater kid you took her off restriction  
I make her tell lies and knock the pulp out of fiction  
Kid you know I'm game tight, when you hit it tonight  
I hope she screams my name right  
This word is born kid, you know why?

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Check it.