

## Holiday

Wynne

That right there how I got my way  
He gonna say, "I'm proud of you bae", hey  
But I'm not his bae  
I said okay, but it's not okay, uh  
Don't holler my way  
Pardon my French, I don't wanna parley, okay  
Want smoke, bombs away  
Got trees inside like a holiday

Walk this way, don't run  
DMC in the front  
When you see me, it's up, okay  
Cautious Clay, with the one-two step in the club  
Got royal for the trunk, okay  
This too much small talk  
Said he want me to smile, but I'm not having fun, okay  
Put this thing in park 'fore he try to put the milk on me like  
Frosted Flakes  
Ho, I am the one you gotta talk to  
Let the birds chirp like Zazu  
Yahoo, put me in the search  
Underground, no fossil  
He going down 'cause he want to  
Got two boys in my phone that I talk to  
They both say I'm the one, I say, "Yup, I got you"  
Tryna get they hand in the cookie jar so I had to teach 'em how  
to follow through, well

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