

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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