

Hollyhood Vacation

Deuce

Yeah!
Nine lives!

California, Hollyhood,
Got the liquor,
Feelin' good
Cali bud,
Light it up
Get your money,
That's what's up
Yeah that's me,
From the streets
In the car,
With my heat
What you need
V-I who,
V-I what,
You with me

Sh-Shake it to the front
Sh-Shake it to the back
Now turn it all around,
Show me how you shake that ass
I'm in the club,
Gettin' buzzed, yeah I'm faded
And baby momma, if you want it,
We can make it
(2x)

Just close your eyes completely shut
Open your eyes and face The Truth
Marinate facts, observe the scene
GML, respect the roots
Money, money, I get it, get it
Hustle hard, no lookin' back
Shake them haters, that's for real
Make some moves and watch me stack
I'm hood baby, can't you tell
Hollywood, fuck Glendale
Oh, well I went to jail
Guess what, Deuce got bail
Nine lives off my chain,
I'm coo, coo, so insane
Mona Lisa, perfect picture
Got beef, my pistol get you
Chuck Taylors, white T's,
Low riders, man please
Back up off me you fuckin' chump
Turn this up, and let it bump
Ruthless cats, on my team
Nightmare, I'm in your dream
You're the crop, I'm the cream
I'm the hustler, you're the fiend
Back it up, shake that ass
Me and Deuce, no need to ask
He gone crazy, lost his mask
I gone crazy, and got his back

Lights on, lights off
It's about to spark off
Flow's so heavy, it'll knock your socks off
Yeah!

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This shit's so easy,
You see me, you can't believe that it's me
Oh, my God he's in all my dreams
Oh, my God you know how to sing
Oh, my God it's you, is this real
Yeah, you see me, sittin' and drinkin'
You see me sittin', I'm thinkin'
She thinks I'm easy, believe me
When she comes home there's no teasin'
There's no speed, you feel me
She wan't to fuck with no rubber
She gonna think I'm a lover
Bitch better stay in the covers
'Cause we ain't gotta be lovers
Just take your pants off and cuddle
Don't call your man, 'cause it's trouble
If he comes back, I'ma shovel a hole so deep in my yard
I'll let him sleep with the sharks
Fishes, so don't be alarmed
When I take the keys to your car
And we ain't gotta be buddies
Or hug inside o' no club
We ain't gotta make nothin' public so fuck it
'Cause next week I'll be havin' models and bottles
Inside my one-room apartment
That's when this shit gets retarded
And bitch start seein' doubles of me
And wake up in trouble with me
'She's only seventeen man!'
That's when they call the police

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Oh, I'm back, The Truth, that's that
I'ma star like Terry O, short bus retarded flow
Want the money plus the fame, run rap, mando
I'm faster, faster than a honey mustard Lambo
Movin' through an open road
Worldwide, around the globe
What's the streets without the code

Escobar without the blow
Jibberjabber yippy yap
Competition where you at
All you suckers, I don't slack
Got a problem, do the math!

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