

Hold U Down (ft. Mike Jones, Baby, Trey Songz)

Bun B

Hey, hey, we keeping it real, samba baby[Chorus]
If you need love I'm loving, if you need a thug I'm thugging, if you need a hustla,
Whatever you need girl ima hold you down,
If you need a lil' dough we flipping got somewhere to go I'm whipping,
Be a love hustla whatever you need girl ima hold you downBun B da ima man amongst men my chain is white
gold my steel is Tungsten
I'm made of tough skin you gon' respect me
(hold up) take mo then a average nigga to check me
I'm a rider till the wheels go balling they blow out
(damn) one hundred and one percent G and its no doubt
That if you need a man to make you feel secure then baby
You ain't gotta look no more I got the cureYou want money and jewels (jewels)
You want clothes and cars (cars)
Wanna live VIP rubbing shoulders wit stars (stars)
Wanna fly in G4's (4's)
Or sail the seas then your wish is my command
You can do what ya please (hey)
The lap of luxury is what you'll be laying in just respect
The playa and the game that hes playing in (for real)
I can show you a side of life you never seen (huh)
Cause even the king of trill needs himself a queen[Chorus]See all that listening to them hoes in your ear gotta
quit
I see they smile when I'm around when I leave
They talk shit they just mad cause I got you flipping jagos
Popping tags brand new clothes you cant tell by the tag
I don't mean to boast and brag but them hoes around you hating
They just waiting on you to slip so I could leave yo ass with nathan
Then when I do that they gon' back door and try to holla
Hoping I'm a do them like you and drop them off some dollars
But I ain't cause I can't afford to go back down that road
Id rather stay on my J-O and stack a bank roll
But I ain't cause I cant afford to go back down that road
Id rather stay on my J-O and stack a bank roll
But if you real and you down and in public you don't clown holla at me ill be around
(mike Jones) but if you real and you down
And in public you don't clown holla at me ill be around Yea[Chorus]I been putting it down nigga and holding
my grounds
Nigga from off the mound nigga we ducking them clowns
Nigga taking they crown nigga and shoving the town

Nigga rocks off the ground got the cush by the pounds
Nigga ankle blingin' baby wrist on freeze got
The pinky on the ice love a bitch wit gold teeth nigga hot
Girl nigga loving the G keep the work under the seat
She do it for me take a trip to port her off to the beach
Tell her homie hold it down cause we hustle to eat
And got me feeling like I lost my Jones I done lost my horns
So H town is on and nothing change
Cause the palms got chrome nigga do this in the early
Cause we getting it on and baby girl you could shop alone
And fly the four to France and take a hundred bones[Chorus]

Songwriters

JONES, MIKE / NEVERSON, TREMAINE / FREEMAN, BERNARD / WILLIAMS, BRYAN / GREEN,
BRANDONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>