

Hold It Down

Geto Boys

I'm gonna fix this shit in '96
Facemob in the motherfuckin' house, the g b
For the 1990-3-3, you know what I'm sayin'
Gun shots ring out, niggas duckin', what the fuck? !
Seen this nigga bite the bullet, it, daym, fucked him up
Put him outside his innerself
Took his lifeline from him
Never got the chance to see who done it
Just niggas runnin', breakin' to they shit
Befoe' the gun, put they ass up in the mix
And all I seen was him, laid out chokin'
Eyes to the back of his head, wide open
And I'm hopin' that they don't find the killer
Because this nigga, crossed a whole bunch of killers
But still a bunch of motherfuckas stand dazed
As they gaze at the corpse
Before they drop him in the grave [get paid]
That's all he spoke, lights out at your part
That's all she wrote
Everybody got a time and a place they die
But if your out there crowdin' up your space, it fly, i(chorus) x2
Hold it down, gang type mobbin'
4 5 packin' knuckleheads mackin' jackers that want to try
If life was a game, that money could buy
The rich niggas would live
And the po' niggas would die
Way down in the south, deep, on the creep
There was a monkey tryin' to step on big ol' lion feet
Nigga peep the monkey was the runner and the runner did the dirt
Came up short on my skrilla and got his monkey ass hurt
What it look like?
On the south side ti be hoppin'
Respect grew wit the .45 if ya poppin'
I got him on the camera, fuckin' thief wanna check mail?
Shot him now another bitch is waitin' just to exhale
But oh well, it's murder, tell me have you heard her?
4 5 pack o'knuckleheads from the mob ready to serve y'all
Meanwhile, i'ma tell y'all all just what I hate
A fool that want to pop lip
To turn and shake and gyrate, as iChorusUp in the set you see me mobbin'
Sippin' on the Hennessy
Look up in the cut, damn here comes my enemy
Eyes met, and you best bet, she got a bitches deep

Slowly, they movin' closer so I taps my peeps
I'm 'bout to take this hoe break this hoe down like a frisco
But never let go, up in this game thats how the best rolls
I test those who ain't never ever seen me jump
Light they ass up like funk cause I ain't scared of you punk
Motherfuckas that think, I'll pull this trigga and blink
Leave they ass to stank, then I down a whole drank
Understand, I'm out the do' tag they toe and leave 'em rottin'
Cause up in this game focus aim and you forgotten
I'm moppin on these hoes like they waxed floors
And I catch those tryin to escape
Where they goin? up out the back door
And I'm at your head, wit a .38
Ready to murder, straight through your chest
Wit no time to waste, iChorus x2Look at him, bleedin from the mob
There goes another nigga, gone
Blood all over the rug, shoulda stayed his ass at home
Niggas can't get along, specially at these clubs
Tryin to fuck these same bitches
Strange niggas, tryin to check nuts
I just look as I drink my drink and I'm blown
All of a sudden, out of nothin'
Goddamn there they go wit all that shit
Shankin and shootin and squabblin
But you know I'm holdin it down
Gang type mobbinI'm havin bad luck willie
Feelin like I lost my dog
Lookin sick cause my motherfuckin scratch is gone
Ain't no tommorrow, I gots ta get some more today
Spray, all thats in my way if he don't mob this way
I'm sick of windowshoppin, eavesdroppin and
Hearin that you holdin what we did
Up to yourself and tryin to fuck me on my end
Come again come come niggas get toasted
Oven roasted, evenly burnt I pour the syrup
And leave em turned up
Is this that motherfuckin p a y
Back city and it's shitty but for show they timed it
You get what you got surely comin, the latex pipe
You see it and start runnin but can't run all night
Sooner or later you turn up to the sure shot shit
Ass naked for that motherfuckin shit you did
[its a dog nation and a dog time, everything must rewind, recognize
What you doin time
And i'mChorus x2The rich niggas will live

The poor niggas will die
So I guess we gotta make all the poor niggas rich
Is that how it goes?

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