

Can't Hold Back (feat. Ice Cube)

WC

Mm, mm, mm
[WC]
Aw Yeah
I'm wit this
It's me, the shadiest one
(Dub, callin' all dubs)
[Ice Cube]
Hot licks, hot licks
Comin' wit them hot licks, hot licks
Hit 'em wit them hot licks, hot licks
Rollin' with them hot licks
Hot licks
[WC]
Haters steppin to me, they wanna get some
But I'ma dub, yo, yo, you know the outcome
Another victory, they can't get wit' me
Smoke from the left so coupe it's all they ever see
I'm on the grind, I got's to get mine, loc
I been puttin' it down since the days of low pro, so
Why's everybody now hatin' on me? (why?)
Could it be I'm runnin' wit the dub SCG
Or is it that I'm countin my riches
Getting' my fingernails cleaned
And being braided by the finest bitches
Whateva the case you need to back up off my Benz
Keep my name out yo mouth and slow down like loose ends
'cause I wrote for gears, y'all
Came to 'fore I served all y'all
I deserve my R y'all
Dub C, the new leader of the pack
Wit' the brand new sack, and yo, I can't hold back
Chorus: Ice Cube
It ain't a problem that I can't fix,
And I can do it wit' yo bitch
So if you lookin' for trouble and you wanna feel muscle
All up against yo brain
It'll weigh those troubles down the drain
I said I'll weigh those troubles down the drain
(Bang, bang dub C!)

[WC]

Not just braggin', snippin', saggin'
Bang when I talk make the whole world c-walk
I wants a little, yeah nigga, no doubt
I put myself in this game, and I'm the only one can take me out
The 4 droppa wit the Jocelyn complexion
Still love the women with tats and C-sections
Protection, got my own bodyguard nigga
Fuck security, sleep wit my finga on the tricca
A street scholar, born into nada go riff-rockin' prada
To rockin' shows in the Dama Fleet collar (hoo hooooo!)
Never thought a rapper can be livin' like this
All I wanted was for real loc's to feel my shit
Paid dues, curb served, for what, connected?
Sometimes feared but I'm never disrespected
Get the cash and mash, drivin' for the meal ticket
Stretch and takin' work, we gon get it, I can't hold back
Chorus
Get up, get up, get up, now throw your hood in the air
Let me know you out there
Eastside, Westside, South and up North
If y'all respect mines then I will respect yours
From the crips to bloods to latinos
I'm down with any nigga that's down for makin' c-notes
Illegal, a dozen egos can't lie
I'm addicted to twistin' fools for them birds that don't fly
cause real G's chase cheese and shake busters
Cut for one another motherfuckin' color
We quick to bring it, but ain't got time for the drama
I'm all about stackin' dollaz and swangin' Impalas
I got my money to make, niggaz a gank, yea to chase
Keys a takin', bottles of paint, pounds of flip, a bottle of steak
Nigga to drink, pepper the bank, hose the brake, goes the weight
Foez the cane, but it's over, finish this game, what's my name?
(scratching)
I'm, I'm, I'm a dub to the C
I'ma dub to the C
I'ma dub to the C
I'ma dub to the C
Chorus
Bang bang
Hoo Hoooo!