Hold Down The Fort

Mobb Deep

Yeah, we gotta hold down the fort

We gotta hold down the block

We gotta hold down the fort

We gotta hold down the fort, check itNineteen-ninety motherfuckin' three, right?

What's your new year's resolution motherfucker?

Check this out, we gotta hold down the block

Word is bond kid, uh, aightBeef on the block, who is he?

Set it Dunn, me and my automatic likes to get busy

Ghetto representer, there ain't no motherfucker better

While you be catchin' feelings like a love letter gotta hold down my fort and won't lose

Nigga die because I got the tec 9 blues

Bulletproof polo, I'm goin' out solo

Whoever wanna come better step like they know'Cuz I'ma survive, more rougher than a certified Around the way, parlay and get high

My mega blast will last in days to pass

Niggaz shoot, too fast, to pull out your gun lastThat's why I like to spark first and shoot your Bitch ass down your next ride will be a fuckin' hearse

'Cause little niggaz don't die son

Half step and get that ass lit up like a flare gunCops they want static, whatever they can have it

My name is prodigy and I'm known to cause havoc

And when I flip I be on some ill shit

I walk the street, like a real super trooperThe block shit proper, who once got had

Mad beef with the dread who sold me that dirt bag

Mad props to the bad little niggaz in the neighborhood

Long live the short, gotta hold down the fortGotta hold down the fort

Gotta hold down the fort

We gotta hold down the fort

You gotta hold down the fort

We gotta hold down the fort

You gotta hold down the fort

So hold me down son, hold me down

(Yeah, yeah, yeah) Yeah, how we go son, pull out the motherfuckin' M1

Straight from the 'bridge so you know where I'm from

The little, project nigga, I gets no bigga

Yo, my crew is buck so mother fuck how you figureStep the fuck back, nigga, attack with the mack

'Cause word is bond it's on

Shit is real around the way so sit back and take notes

Dead you on your coat, then cut your motherfuckin' throatTakin' life like a thief in the motherfuckin' night
While I write write, you bite bite

Niggaz wanna step to my business

But I just parlay and sip on my Guinness'Cause I'm the ripper, Mr. Flip the scripture

Niggaz can't fuck with the flow of a real lil nigga

I wreck shop, in fact, get the mac, this is real

Shit is real, how the fuck you figure, nigga nilSo son hold me down while I pull out the glock

Gotta hold down the block, that's word to my pops

So once again it's on, light up the charm

Time to drop the bomb, word is bondWe gotta hold down the block

Hold down the block

We gotta hold down the block

We gotta hold down the blockYo son he pumpin' over here Dunn?

I know he ain't pumpin' over here yo

Yo, word is bond yo son peep

He comin' over let's bring it to himWhat, what? What what what, what?

Who the fuck are you?

Man fuck that, what? Hold down the block

Yeah what up now?

What what, what what?

What up now?

Hold down the blockTo all the niggaz that's live or real

You gotta hold down your block, cock back the glock

Fuck the cops, 'cause your neighborhood chores

If they beef, make 'em bleed on the project floorsI get my kicks from loadin' up gun clips

Don't fuck with suburb chicks, I need a gangsta bitch

Don't need a crew, I can bust you down solo fast

And after that, dip into the weed stashI'm quick to blast, enemies won't last the fate

I kill 'em fast so they can't retaliate

'Cause when I'm not alive who'd takes my place

To hold down the fort, we move onMy man got my back

I'm ready to go at anybody, who think they John Gotti

Peace to Manny C, good lookin' out B

I'm hell bound, got my block locked downWe gotta pull out the glock

Gotta pull out the glock

We gotta pull out the glockWe gotta pull out the glock

We gotta pull out the glockWe gotta pull out the glock

We gotta pull out the glock

We gotta pull out the glock

We gotta pull out the glock

Check it, yeah, call that nigga

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/