Hold On

Goodie Mob

Look out, the sun is out while it's raining
The devil's wife must be complaining
Remember that? It's brother's work
Elbows in and up and down the court
'Cause they play ball long after dark at Sykes park
Smelled the rain before it came
But that don't stop the game
Intense inside the twelve feet fence
Flip the mode back on the road set in and watch my woodgrain spin
I let my window down and let the world in
Since I was knee high the only thing we had was
The peach tree plaza in the sky
Things ain't the same no more
Everyday my city seems to grow and grow
Gotta blow a bed for my back 'cause I can't take the hardwood floors
Crooked system had me working in the warehouse from 8 to 4 so
Gipp know what it is to work for them foes
For a check that don't mean shit, more bills keep coming in
But ain't no saving used to scrape up a buck for a box of Newports
But after I found out that they was fucking with the tobac I stopped
Its like killing myself with a glock
(Pow)
Its rough, prices going up, people giving in
To the rockets and hernon homes is known
By the city to be toxic but ain't nothin' said
Always on the down low never in the mainstream, it ain't king
To be the full time, blow a man these days you get years
And even though my cousin writes me from the pen
I always think about how we kicked it at the Dungeon fo' he went in
What's next?
My slick partner Toby is gone
Went to handle a little business never made it back home
I wonder what his girl told his son
Hold on
I can't escape the bullshit where ever I go, shit
Always into something, 'cause I wanna be rich
Pulling cards in my blood, it seems I'm mean, 'cause of my look
I might blast off on ya ass and write another book
It took too many times in the cage

Now I'm on the front page looking at myself
I'm on the run, never to be seen by the eyes
A fugitive, plus I got a life to live
State by state, is this just a dream?
Sometimes it seems like it just a figure
Standing in the mirror from the back
That's why I'm swinging my axe
Every time, so I won't miss, I can be hit
'Cause I'm touchable
That's my state of mind
'Cause I know one day you gotta go in a life of crime
Either the pen or a one way ticket
So I'm asking, "What will it be?
Where do I solve??
Nobody knows but me, see?
When I was a youth used to think I was bulletproof
Never thought I could be hit, ready to stand my turf
Niggaz can't understand how it work, what's the plan?
We killing our own people for this bullshit
Scared straight, wanna escape
There's one way outta this crooked county with a bounty
Coming to get me then I'd be on the run
Hoping to find a better day without loaded guns in my face
I'm not the criminal, fuck your probation
What's my occupation?
Selling my dubbs on the street
'Cause I gotta eat, hold on
Am I awake or is this just another dream?
I pinch myself invisible bars cover my cage
Done lost all conception of time
Trapped in my own mind
Unaware of the world in front or behind
Be trying
To catch up with myself
Evil doers steady working
Guest be leaching off of my wealth
Can't wait for my death
But got me fucked up
Ain't man enough
Nigga you got false nuts
Bouncing like rubber balls off the walls
The life we supposed to be living y'all
Them crackers got boxed up
We ain't even the middle men
But yet free my mind of confusion

Jehovah witnesses waking me up out my slumber
Using white rice and [unverified]
Stomach aching, be still hunger
For the taking at the bottom of my barrel
Fuck ass and being nice ain't got me nathan
But a frown too high to get down, hold on nigga
You don't know me and I ain't tryna claim I be knowing you
But I do understand what you going through
Seems like you running outta time
In and out of crime
And everybody ain't gon' be able to rhyme damn
It must be hard to hold on when your faith is gone
Mmmm, tryna make it all alone
Sometimes you gotta swallow your pride and let the Lord decide
You can't hide from the truth, I know we've all tried
And I agree it's hard to believe in what you can't see
"Well, shit nigga what you keep telling me to hold on for?
I'm stuck in the ghetto with no where to go, I gotta slang that blow"
"You call yourself tryna teach, seems like I'm outta reach
'Cause I don't wanna hear another speech
This is all I know how to get up, get out and get so fuck that shit"
Hold on, be strong, it ain't gon' be that long
Them folks won't do you wrong
The name of the song is hold on, be strong
It ain't gon' be that long, them folks won't do you wrong
The name of the song is hold on, is hold on
Ey, now I'm chillin' in the lounge and dis girl gon' walk in the bathroom
She said, "Damn you look cute but why you ain't got no tattoos?"
I said, "I ain't come to look cute, cool came to cut!"
"And damn you look cute, why you ain't got no butt?"

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