

# Hold Me Down

## Bad Boy's Da Band

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, Brooklyn, New York, stay focused  
It's ya girl, Babs Bunny, the streets first lady  
Diddy, I see you, baby Y'all niggaz done met ya match  
I'm somethin' like a pimp you bust I bust back  
I game dudes got 'em callin me wifey  
My stomach stay flat baby, mothers don't like me, huh Chicks this heated then I give 'em my ice see  
I'm the knockout queen y'all hoes don't wanna fight me  
Sexy, brown skin complexion  
Concealed in my purse it's a deadly weapon, yeah I don't pay for nothin' at all  
I even get free dutches at the corner store  
Shot caller dudes stop as soon as I speak  
Babs Bunny the black jet queen of the week, huh I'm fire just what the thugs desire  
Got a high pitched flow MC Mariah  
When I walk down the streets niggaz squeak their tires  
Got every club promoter passin' me flyers I'm in there V.I.P. a sure night  
With a bottle of haze, my weave is so tight  
I'm ready for some action, hands in the air  
Crystal over here in the club no beer Stuntin' bad girl, I do it for nothin'  
Tight dickies shirt with a pop top button  
Babs repeat it I'm something that the rap game needed  
Thorough bread plus I stay weeded All I need from you is your word that when I come to the stai  
You gon hold me down 'cause when you come to M.I.  
I'm gon hold you down, you know it's Freddy P  
Te hit man of the band, y'all know how I'm doing it now, shit I'm in and out them magazines back to the TV  
shows  
Attendin' business meetings with a 40's and my dirty flows  
Everyday's an episode all because them episodes  
Just like rats they wanna know where my cheddar flows Everyday like valentine, how I keep it rollin'?  
Never made a dime from rap yet  
I thank them people no my people don't believe it though  
Someone has been leavin' those words sayin' cold You think I don't know you serving Coke  
'Cause you ain't a dude alive that couldn't carry their Coke

So it must be them freakin' po po's I hope they better pray  
They don't run up wrong or your momma gonna be singin that song  
What you say Freddy P ya heard me, it's  
Lord Chopper City  
Ya heard me, your little brother ya heard me  
I representin' the band ya dig to the death  
New Orleans the third ward Magnolia  
Let me catch a nigga bootin' up I'ma be like what's hap nigga  
I crush bones and ain't a mothafuckin' fat nigga  
You know what type of shit I'm on I let the Mack hit ya  
You cant box my squad, our left jabs quicka  
Then any bitch nigga that tries to come against us  
All my sistas, I promise to make it part of my agenda to get ya  
You know what I'm sayin', we see them ninjas  
Hoppin' off of them Ducatis choppin' you down like timber  
You can try to stop me, I will injure  
Shit my killer instincts like cinder  
I'm a bad boy guerrilla making millionaire figures  
Chopper City 'bout to dis ya, I can paint you a picture  
Hey yo, Chopper man I dig you like the fuckin' shovel  
man  
Its E Ness the enforcer from the band man  
We the hottest thing since microwave popcorn dog  
It's real, it's about to go down like this ay yo  
Puffin' on sour deezys you know it ain't illegal  
And I never been to Iraq but packin' desert eagles I mean  
Call me a liar but the fires back  
Bad Boy empire is where the fires at I got the Sean John truck with the tires to match  
The whole hood on fire the wires tapped  
Okay this part of the deal, bounty huntas all on my heels  
Lookin' for me huh somewhere in the Ville  
I takes planes trains, automobiles, boats  
Overseas passport to Brazil  
Survival of the fittest, nigga I talk it I live it  
Gotta crawl before you walk any nigga can get it  
All dance for the family ya know Elliott ness, me  
I hold it down til dead before dishonor trust, what me  
Tell ya Dylan Dillinger, join the family all West Indian  
I for, lemme see some lighters now, call you  
Ya me, me in a band which is poor in need  
Ya must see, man a don, nah me no blood clot be  
She see me, shot ya eye out, you no see, see, see, see  
Little more me have to wild out with set she see, see  
She check all of me guns, she plottin' theify theify  
Me have a half a pint fa your an Eagle eye if she need it  
Check the people like some mortars are  
Rule the people with me gun like Moses rule 'em rod  
Bumba clot enough ta move ya and them Ouija  
Man I righteous hearted, [Incomprehensible]  
Pull the burn out me trunky, pistol pack the fassey  
Shots every area, foes will no like me why  
Them new Jordan and new Nike  
My glocks come out when it's time fa ya bashee  
Ask dem ya gonna see da band is me family  
If ya disrespect ya fi never feel mornin'

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