# Never Hold Back

## Rancor

{Cool, okay, I'm a let y'all take it on your own, right now
Why don't y'all do me a favor
What?
Tell me a joke
Why did the chicken cross the road?
To get five dollars from her baby daddy
You got that, we gon' roll with that right there, aight then}
Gilla house, muthafucka, Gilla house
Gilla house, muthafucka, Gilla house
Yeah, another Def Jam, but we don't make stars
We just sign 'em, uh huh, that's what's up, Big Sox
I'm on the grind, can't wait to shine
Fuck that, I pull your blinds, catch you F'in' with mines, no go 'head
I got no time, hate to be wastin' time
Muthafucka know the name
And know that I ain't feelin' y'all lames, like Novacaine
Ain't no way you can stop the train or the conductor
Of the track, muthafucka, that's E 3, my love for the game
It's just not the same, unless it's Gilla house
And Wu-Tang Clan, in the house, cop them thangs
Live together and pop the chain, know your lane
Fuck cocaine, stick up, 'bout to blow your brains off the map
The flame is back, it's the amazing
J-blazin' grapes of wrath turn to raisin'
What part of the game is that? We not playin'
Y'all tryna raise the price at the door, we not payin'
So watcha, watcha want? You kids are slum
And son got knuckles in his Air Force Ones, come on
Niggaz never seen it this raw
(But nothing's gonna hold me back)
Keep the heat up by the big dog
(But I don't wanna hold you back)
A nigga gotta get this dough
(I just wanna live my life)
A nigga gotta get this dough
(Live your life)

Yo, yo, on the air, thought you dead? But I returned
To give you what you waited four years, now to burn

Hold your head and know your ledge, your life flash by
Hey, kid, walk straight, master your high
Method Man, Method Man, man whoa, like Black Rob, go
Catch me in the West Wing, I might "Rob Lowe"
Yes, I can, yes, I can, can, tap your jaw
And tell whatever chick that I'm with, slap your broad
This is it, I'm stuck with y'all and y'all stuck with me
In the lap of luxury, where the hell's, cut for free?
And the kid can't fuck with y'all, 'til I got a tree
On some new property, at my new pot to pee, have mercy
Mercy me, things ain't what they used to
Soon as you get your shot on the top, somebody shoot ya
These rhymes, ain't nursery, life's a bitch
Then you go to court, and she take half your shit, come on
Niggaz never seen it this raw
(But nothing's gonna hold me back)
Keep the heat up by the big dog
(But I don't wanna hold you back)
A nigga gotta get this dough
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A nigga gotta get this dough
(Live your life)
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A nigga gotta get this dough
(I just wanna live my life)
A nigga gotta get this dough
(Live your life)
Live my life, my life, your life, yeah, Mr. Meth, Big John Studd, yo
Y'all know how I do it, screw it, all day, everyday
You know what I'm sayin'? Stinkin', drinkin' and fightin' crime
Staten Island, stand up, we in the muthafuckin' house
Come on!

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