Hold It Down

Unkle Bob

F/ vandalz
[tq - intro]Kb, vandalz (yeah yeah yeah)
'bout mine
Y'all know how we do it
Yeah ('bout mine)
This is for them soldiers (keep it goin')
All day, everyday (yeah yeah yeah)
[tq]I've got so much trouble on my mind
Refuse to lose
I got my windows seedy, county line's still on
Now what the hell is goin' on?
This nigga been around the world and back
And it's a lesson to be learned in that
A lot of paper to be earned in that
But I still couldn't discern the fact
That the life ain't gotta be like that
So hold it down
1 - [tq]
(i'ma pop mine)
Gotta be about it, or you'll see about it
(gonna keep it on)
I ill, I'll be about it
Yes, I feel g about it
(who could be with me?)
Wouldn't be without it
When I think about it, who gon' be down?
(who will be down?)
Gotta feel g about it, or you'll see about it
(don't get no more)
Yes, I feel g about it
Where would I be without it?
(I'm sick of all you haters when I'm comin' 'round)
When I think about holdin' it down
(gotta hold it down)
[tq]Oh, when I was young in my neighborhood
I sold straps 'cause the paper's good
(so my bitch should understand me nigga)
We let them ends get bigger

It's always somethin' wrong with the picture

That's when it hits ya
Seventeen years old, ain't no need to be rollin'
In a big body benz that's stolen
All my knuckleheads holla if ya hear me now
The grind is somethin' that you gotta stay real about
I doubt I'd change a thing about my life, except these haters
I'd take 'em baby, two at a time, with lefts and rights
And won't get tired 'til we all ball, causin' a riot
Can't even see no peace and quiet
So I decided misery I'll deal with myself
Ain't no need for me to be involved with nobody else
I'll chase my wealth across these continents
Why these fake mothafuckas wanna get with this?
Bitch nigga, be 'bout it
Repeat 1
Repeat 1
[vandalz]Now who be lettin' them heads loose, aimin' off the roof
It's the new millennium and I still ain't feelin' 'em
I'm y2-ak, ready, hands steady
Shame on you niggas, how we came on you niggas
Shoulda pulled the heat out and flamed all you niggas
To the clique I'm dedicated, 'bout, blunted and faded
Bitch please
Ask a nigga, squeeze the young g
Situation turned drastic, I'm pullin' out plastic
So bring the beat 'cause I'm a bastard
Barely breathing, but leave the body in plastic
Blaze the broccoli on the roof of murderin' street
Psychotic, leave the mic, it's idiotic
Bring ya heat if you 'bout it
Watch 'em inhale butane and spit hot flames
Thug, so I'm stayin' heated
But fuck the trouble that it's caused
We part insane, mentally
With a urge to splurge a piece of my poison
To innocent citizens
Violent millitants, check the currency on my pistol for them
Decided we out
Repeat 1 to fade

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