

# Hold It Down

Tq

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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