

# Hold Me Down

## Da Band

[Babs]

Yeah, Brooklyn New York, stay focused  
Its ya girl, Babs Bunny, the streets first lady  
Diddy I see you baby

y'all niggaz done met ya match  
I'm somthin 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 want to fight me  
Sexy, brown skin complexion  
Concealed in my purse its 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

[Fred]

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 its Freddy p the 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 40s and my dirty flows  
Everydays an episode all because them episodes  
Just like rats they want to 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 pos I hope  
They better pray they don't run up wrong  
Or your momma gonna be singin that song

[Chopper]

What you say Freddy P ya heard me  
Its 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 ima 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 can't 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 guerilla making millionaire figures  
Chopper City bout to dis ya  
I can paint you a picture

[Ness]

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  
Its real its 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  
Ok 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

[Dylan]  
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  
I go shot up police  
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 its time fa ya bashee  
Ask dem ya gonna see da band is me family

If ya disrespect ya fi never feel morning

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written by LLOYD MATHIS / TONY DOFAT / RODNEY HILL / FREDDRICK WATSON / LYNESE  
WILEY / DYLAN JOHN

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