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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