Hold Your Own

Norrisman

[Verse 1]Leave it all to hip-hop to make your simple brain start to go numb
I'm seein' peoples in the lights turn to dark and that's for real, son
Cause when I'm comin' I never go commer-cial
And other rappers they be goin' in rever-sal
But me, what you know me, is goin' straight ahead
I'm never, goin' the wrong way because my style always approves better
Let there, be light to the end of every tunnel
Take a walk with me, and use your mind just like a funnel
Your lookin' at the situation, MC's with symbolation,
Intoxication must be somethin' if they keep on frontin'
Cuz nothin', could make me wanna quit or even forfeit
And if you wanna see Class, take a fuckin' portrait
Or portfolio, but this ain't the rodeo
But if you wanna go toe to toe, ding let's start the show
And get it on, like Marvin Gaye or maybe Sugar Ray, ha
Yeah, one time for ya mind
[Hook]Many rappers be spittin' game think they sayin' somethin'
But when they turn around all they see is people frontin'
Makin' music, think it's hard to the bone
But deep inside your soul, you can never hold your own
[Verse 2]When I be on the microphone I'm goin' off just like the power
And plus I bring the beat that keeps your head bobbin' for hours
And now I, could take it to another fragrance
So keep on smellin', the funk's got your body yellin' help
To the flashy rappers, or yet the crappy actors
You can call it what ya want just don't let it pass ya by
And Classified's takin' over, kid

And that's the way it's goin' down and that's the way it is
So move along, move aside, now rest assure
That every brother who can rap thinks he's all that but fall back
Cuz you be slippin' on the beats that I committed
And everytime you did it you'd be thinkin' it's terrific
But come on, son you just a dreamer gone to sleep
Mc's bowin' down on the rival on the feet
Take it as you want it, give it how you feel is right
Talkin' at the mouth them MC's tryna earn a mic
[Bridge]*Here I am 20 years old trying to make it
Rippin' the microphone till I'm muthafuckin' 60

Here I am 20 years old trying to make it
Here I am, here I am, here I am.....*
[Verse 3]What would rappers try to do if they never heard a rhyme
Trying to be a story teller havin' no say like Helen Keller
But I'm much weller, so when I speak what's goin in my mind
Take ya days, months, years that don't matter it's just time
I'mma climb, the ladder of luck, for real
So what's the deal, how you tryna make me out to be a killa
The check 1, 2 mic thrilla, that's how I feel ya
So don't be pushy or I'll be the one to up and spill ya
Yeah, that's how I prove to be committed with my very own words
Five years, payin' dues, never thought that I would lose
But yo I never wanted things so I lost
And if I'm goin' down then I guess I paid the cost
Only time would tell if I made it back
But four tapes later kid I'm still makin' raps
I guess I'm just an addict I gotta get some more
But all you other rappers what the xxxx you many rappers for

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