

To My Mans (feat. Dave Hollister)

Keith Murray

To my mans L.O.D., Def Squad
Hey yo, this goes out to my man
AdriSSa Knockout Beauwright
And Anthony Apple Ames, word is bond I'm talkin' to my peoples all across the land
Relate to the situation at hand
I know everybody done been in some shit
And ready to lay niggas to rest just to prove it but check it We done did it, seen it, done it, been through it
Swigged it, guzzled it, copped it, smuggled it
Rocked it, chopped it, locked it
Now we got the whole neighborhood goin' through it Ay yo, money in the hood make the game go good
We only rock black Timbs, black jeans and black hoods
Karl Kani wasn't even out
Dressin' fly, rockin' jams is what it was all about We had dreams of doin' shit niggas never even heard of
Then damn my partner got murdered
I was with my man, I'll never forget you baby I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on Ay yo, close the blinds when you cookin', my neighbors be lookin'
My nerves is shaken so fuck it I'm off to Brooklyn
To see my cousin with the devilish grin, devilish way of livin'
But fuck it, he's still chillin' AdriSSa Knockout Beauwright drunk forties all night
While I did the mic something right
Catchin' wreck or we was playin' ball
Gettin' busy in any little hole in the wall y'all Street soldiers with good head on our shoulders
Wanted to go to school to be doctors and lawyers
Well, I got caught up in the system with two ounces
Had to do a little time in the big houses Before I even knew it I felt it
Ay yo, yo your cousin Knockout got murdered, what?
Damn, that was my man I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on I'm on the cuttin' edge 'cause I'm young and black
Now I feel like I got a monkey on my back
But you know I'm stronger than that, of course
I puff on El and stay mental just knock 'em off I'm just a bill on Capitol Hill
Listenin' to my Squad members tell me 'go for the kill'
As I smell the vapors linger
I saw jealousy bring the anger in the chest with a banger I'm on a rage against the machine, what I mean
I want to see my people with more than just first of the month cream

The situation's always lookin' grim
Pregnant teenagers with kids that can't take care of 'em
For the niggas who did it, word to life I'ma get with ya
Peace to my peoples, I never forget ya 'cause you was my mans
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on
I'll keep holdin' on

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