Hold Tight (Instrumental Mix)

Slum Village

Hold tight, this is the last time you hear me
I'm out now, this is the last time to cheer me
Niggas in the game is getting too slimy
Liable to make this peace brother turn grimy
I'mma leave it in the hands of the Slum now
Take it away from where it comes from now
A lot of you cats in the music business
Shiftless, I'll put you on the shit list
Did your intuition say to shit on me?
I'mma just flip your ears, yo you hear me b?
D'Angelo play your piano
Jay-Dee flip another beat for me
Hold tight with Baatin and my nigga T3
Busta Bus, watch out for who you trust
Ali Shaheed, it's your blood that I bleed
Yes, Phife, for you I will give my life
It's the Umma shit fo real till there's no more light
All you foul motherfuckers change your wrong to right
Make sure y'all bring your music to the area flight
Hold tightHold tightHold tight get ya ass back what ya did, yo
Hold tight the SV what ya did, yo
Hold tight you don't pay attention man
That's why your money is the size of your attention span
Yo there's something I gotta mention, damn
Who the fuck is this sitting in my session man?
This is my project, ho, not some MC Shan
Not yours, what's your intentions man
Probably bootlegging my tape at a concession stand
What the fuck, niggas never learn their lesson, man
I try my best not to hold the Smith & Wesson, man
But I gotta hold something cause niggas test you man
Anyway yo keep it moving keep the questions and
Maybe I can bless you with the test pressers man
Until then, hold tightHold tightGuess who's making this cheese this cash this dust
So much cash in my hand that I got paper cuts
I'm trying to become a winner trying to get with us
That's one of the reasons I had to fuck you up
I caught you people at my window trying see what I'm doing
So I pulled out the 45 and commenced to start shooting (see ya)

See I miss with every dilla cause young were keeping it moving
Now that's some root news and now watch what you're doing
So hold tightHold tightYou don't understand
I've been doing this shit since Duran Duran
Now I'mma make some more paper cash, god damn
I'm outta this, cause you don't appreciate
I step up in the place trying to cultivate
You sipping on your tanqueray whilst we levitate
You ain't got no reason to celebrate
You caught up in my trap, sealing your fate
Never was it once you co-operate
Was last you just self destruct inside your hate
I hope you're feeling better now
Hold tight to my rhyme, nigga don't cry
Its alright you can move at your own pace
Altogether now
Hold tightHold tight

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