

# Hold Me Down (explicit)

Noreaga

[Chorus: 2X]

Yo hold me down nigga {scared face to face with life}

Yo hold me down nigga

{trying to eat in these streets is trife}

Just hold me down nigga

{Fuck a bitch, make ya beef ya wife,

'n these fiend for the cream til they team is tight} Yo at Miami, at the Rolex, the strip bar club

Even at Cocos, the strip bar club

Sometimes at Medallions, the strip bar club

Always with dubs, 5 and 10's, cappin' battles of Don

For the crazy, spend my cash

But you know I never pay for the head and ass

Were my niggas at? gettin' lap dances

Smiles on they face, feel good my niggas be laced

Used to be on the block, just sellin' they rocks

Now they chillin' with me gettin' legal knots

Double L techs, ain't nigga be Vex

Rockin' ice burn, never too good to wear Guess

Makin' it happen, seein' my niggas makin' it rappin'

While ya niggas be broke and ya never be laughin'

We on jet ski's and scooters, private jets

Don't you know we still have our ties to the projects[Chorus: 2X]Every nigga that you talk to, ain't ya man

And every nigga that you hang with, ain't ya fam

See a snake like a mile away, niggas say I'm weak now

And I ain't even hungry

So listen up, yo this is what I gotta say

I still hungry yo I eat like twice a day

But ya can suck my dick like Mart LeMay

Cool and honest, now a nigga really be arogent

My nigga Outlaw who used to live up in Faragent

We got niggas from all around the world

We even got hoes now, better ask ya girl

We can drink with weed, I'll make ya hurl

Straight twisted, with hydro and how ya be lifted

I told you to hit it light, before ya hit it

But you ain't listen so ya ass is corse

But you can't hang with me 'cause ya ass is soft[Chorus: 2X]Aiyo one's for the money, two's for the bitches

that suck dick

Three is for pops and shit, rest in peace mambo

Yo I love you daddy  
Soon as 'Pone came home, yo he cop the Caddie  
Tell Bob My Weave, we doin' are thing  
And we got like a whole lotta money to bring  
Do are thing with the bent, plus we grown as men  
Feedin' like 15 niggas, that's next to kin  
Sprung niggas out the hood with us  
Yo when we do shows, we still got the hood with us  
I know you love that, see us on stage, all drunk, with a thug hat  
Mic check, so much henny moet  
That's BK on the wheels, cuttin' up the steels  
The niggas bring gats still, just to keep a rep  
So don't disrespect, ya won't see the tech  
Mano-a-mano, probably see ya niggas tomorrow[Chorus: 3X]

Songwriters

RUSTAN, HALLGEIR/HERMANSEN, TOR ERIK/ERIKSEN, MIKKELPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,  
Universal Music Publishing Group, Ultra Tunes, Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>