

Wrote: 2009
Song: Hold It Down
Album: Going Out Blasten

spittn game,at chix im daten,
tryna see,if dey winnerz,
jus som chix,who fake as hell,
t som hidden agendaz....
rippn out,off da gang violence,
sing on,n my city,
if my baby,aint down 2 ryde,
me cant hit,my green stikky....
everyday,dey be on my jock,
like da fool,Micheal Vick,
uz dey heard,of my reputation,
love fightn,my pittz....
s dey see me,get out of rydez,
atz so klean,dey be jealous,
open a playa,dont get my weight up,
i slip,on bannanaz....
fter dey hear,how i be mackn,
ey wanna get,n ear shot,
ryna find out,what im telln chix;
make dem spend,all dey knot.....
ountn loot,n convertible dropz,
it da peanut butter gutz,
ood grain,wit da gold trimmn,
woopn up freax,on my jock....
oven da way,i putz it down,
fter she twist,up my kurl,
ey everynite,tryna blow me up,
hinkn im da best,n da world.....
antn a mack,2 play dey jamz,
uz dey know,im'a klown,
hen all my geez,is sayn damn,
.Dee,gonna hold it down.....

V2
She was der,when i got hempd up,
n i didnt,have nothing
2 alwayz gettn,som freaky kitez,
about som tyme,gettn blunted.....
Telln me,she'll be der 4 me,
even if,i was wrong,
she stayn down,til i get out,
posen 4 me,n thongz.....
Hearn about,my homeboyz fuedn,
while im trappd,n dis prison,
she got her handz,down my jail clothez,
like itz a konjugal visit....
Quik 2 riot,when shyt jumpz off.
about som guardz,aktn racist,
not worried about,maken commissary,
n solitary confinement.....
Reminiscen,about gettn bread,
shaken da pigz,on my bumpa,
jumpn rooftopz,like Keanu Reevez,
tryna escape,helicopterz.....
Writen lettaz,2 skool my chik,
about a chik,on da side,
foolz be snitchn,on all dey hommyz,
tryna scream,thugg life.....
N everynite,i be writen songz,
workn out,n my cell,
wishn 2 smash,all sucka m.cees,
dont wanna see me,prevail.....
Telln my gurl,2 swoop me up,
everytime,i touchdown,
n no matter,what i get into,
she gonna hold me down.....

V3
Da paparazzi,be taken picturez,
everywhere,dat i land,
askn me questionz,befo da pigz,
tell me,dey not a fan....
Hittn me up,about som foolz,
who everyday,get peeled,
kuz foolz be snitchn,2 da lawz,
about me signing,dope dealz....
Of comen out,wit bangn albumz,
dat gonna bump,n yo trunk,
n im da real deal Holyfield,
not going out,like a punk....
Maken endz,til i kome up,
given my gurl,a reward,
buyn her giftz,of dis & dat,
when i come home,after tourz....
Gettn rode,n da bak of limoz,
by som movie star chix,
who know my name,thru hoodreport
of all my G's,gettn chipz....
Taken my chik,on expensive tripz
anywhere,dat she want,
kuz everytime,i get lockd up,
she hold it down,4 dis thugg....
Entern klubz,thru da bakdoor,
2 get on stage,2 rock mics,
representn,my hoodlum gang,
befo som dudez,wanna fight.....
About me buyn,up liquir barz,
ordern up,my kru roundz,
puttn out hitz,on da radio,
im'a continue,2 hold it down....

Chorus:

taken da fall,4 som ganksta shyt,
missed off,like a mugg,
hen my potnaz,i thought was down,
ave me up,2 da fuzz....
nly my honey,is down 4 me,
umpn off,da greyhound,
ettn my gurl,anything she want,
uz she holdn it down.....