

Voices Of Theory

"Hold It Down"

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Yeah yeah, aaah, diggy Das nigga, diggy Das what
what??

Yeah what?

Intro/Chorus:

Got ta hold it down
Hold it down, nigga keep it on lock
Hold it down, nigga yeah, nigga keep it on lock
repeat x3

Verse 1: Dray, Skoob

I be the man droppin the slang on your premises
We the menaces, clanging rappers like they're Genesis
Now what the hell is this I heard you wanna see this
Ya best believe this kid, I got more rhymes than Run
got Adidas
You can't defeat us so just back up off the metaphor
The Boogie Banger tell me what the hell's the art for?

Yiggity yeah
The sooky-sooky, bringin it from the sewer it's the
Boogie Bang
Use to kick the rookie slang, critics wonder "Could he
hang?"
Drop my first joint and made the whole world flip
Next trip, critics that wasn't wit it popped lip (like what?)
"Nigga eat dat and nigga eat dis"
but fuck, nigga need that, get off my nigga, eject

Chorus

Verse 2: Skoob, Dray

?Miggity mog? it's the Prince of Darkness here to
spark this
riggity mic, my target's the underground market
I be the rapper and chief, the editor etcetera
The miggity mad dred night predator
Cos all the time, nigga's be frontin in their rhymes

claimin to represent the bastards, missin classes, doin
time

But when I come thru they be like "Oooh look, the Man!"
Shakin niggas down like the earth shook Japan

Well all I need is my 40, some Buda and my Timbs
my biggity black benz with them 19 inch rims
I gotta maintain and at the same time I watch my ass
the cash, cos any fuckin day could be your last
I took a breather now we snipin off the roof
We back up in the booth and gettin busy off the 100
proof
of Vodka, I rock a rhyme just for the thrill of it
Cos when I'm spillin it I'm fillin it, check how I'm killin it

Chorus

Verse 3: Dray, Skoob

But a'time I write a rhyme I takes some time to make it
rougher

So suffer, y'know it's me the nicotine puffer
I miggity made this for the snitches, cos for the riches
we never changing faces like them two singin bitches
So hold it down for '95 or youse a goner
Big up to all my peoples on corner puffin marijuana

I briggity break the dame, we roll the game
In '92 wit my crew, ain't a thing changed
but the styles, the miles on the jeep, the beamer
the drawers on my ass, the erb grass got greener
My knocker plus be droppin the skills off the top a
the dome for my peoples in the sewer, yo I got ta....

Chorus (x2)

Outro: Dray

Hold it down, keep it on lock
My nigga Mo Bee wit the real hip-hop
(Got ta hold it down)
Hold it down, keep it on lock
Diggity Das EFX wit the real hip-hop
Hold it down, keep it on lock
The young and the restless, word we don't stop
Hold it down, keep it on lock
My nigga PMD wit the real hip-hop (Hit Squad)
Hold it down, keep it on lock
My nigga DJ Scratch wit the real hip-hop
Hold it down, keep it on lock

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