

Trogs

"Hold Tight"

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(Juvenile)

I makes the money, I don't let the money make me,
Business as good as usual cuz it's a great street,
My life is like a see-saw, I had some good times and
had some bad times
Nigga was down to his last dime,
I slept in a pissy hallway til' my people came and got
me,
Now a nigga ballin' and none of y'all won't top it,
Nigga you muthafuckin' right my 99 you could type,
Nigga you muthafuckin' right I'm bout to paint it with
stripes,
Nigga you muthafuckin' right it's C-M-R for life,
Nigga you muthafuckin' right I slit your throat with a
knife,
What'cha really needs to be doin' is peepin' out my
background,
Before I stop you from playin', with this blat-blat sound,
Nigga what's happenin' with you, what's up with your
boys?
Tell them lil' muthafuckas to stop talkin' that noise,
Hold tight, hold tight, I'm bout to rape you for your life,
Hold tight, hold tight, or you won't make it through the
night

Chorus (Bombshell & Baby Capone):

Hold tight, hold tight or you won't make it through the
night,
You bullshittin', you must don't value your life,
Hold tight, hold tight, or you won't make it through the
night,
You bullshittin', you must don't value you life

(Baby Capone)

Only thought about it once, didn't think a second time,
When a nigga came bustin' at me and runnin' with that
nine,
But then I realized, that I'm the tightest nigga that's on
the street,
And if I bust back and cause casualties then it'll be

sweet,
Been in this for four years,
and a fifth year approachin', I'm bout to shine,
And ain't no nigga up in this city that can tell me bout
mine,
See you blind bruh, talkin' about these diamonds I'm
bout to get,
But what I'm bouts to get,
ain't got a DAMNED thing to do with this shit,
See I live here, you live there, we all live fair,
Talkin' about that Sharp clique, and Ca\$h Money,
you don't look but you stare,
See you done bought you some fight,
and you done made it most of the night,
So the next thing, you gonna come around here and
murder me tonight?

Chorus

(Bombshell)

See me, I'm the type of nigga that's gonna get down
for mine,
I don't be sayin' too much, I light the spark and you
dyin',
I ain't lyin', these old bustas they be spyin' on me,
They got they muthafuckin' mind on me, they tryin' to
be,
The one and only, muthafucka to stop,
This here, what I'm doin', I ain't never had shit,
So I ain't gone let you ruin,
Bombshell on the rise,
Look into my eyes,
You'z a I know that you know what I'm talkin' bout,
Nashville, New Orleans, niggas ridin' clean,
And nigga ain't talkin' bout nothin' bitch what the fuck
you mean?
Baby Capone tell Brady get them tones,
We bringin' it on,
My nigga we in a War Zone,
My gun is ready to bust,
Ain't too many I'm ready to trust,
Sharp clique, represent,
On your head I leave a nick,
Hold tight, 'fore you don't make it through the night,
You bullshittin', you must don't value your life

Chorus

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