

Bun-B f/ Baby, Mike Jones, Trey Songz

"Hold You Down"

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{Trey Songz}

Hey, Hey, we keepin it trill, samba baby

[Chorus]

If you need love I'm lovin'

If you need a thug I'm thuggin'

If you need a hustla whatever you need girl I'ma hold
you down

Need a lil dough we flippin'

got somewhere to go I'm whippin

be a love hustla whatever you need girl I'ma hold you
down'

[Bun B]

Bun B the I'ma man amongst men

my chain is white gold my steel is tungsten

I'm made of tough skin you gon respect me (hold up)

Take mo then a average nigga to check me

I'ma rider 'til the wheels go bald and they blow out
(damn)

One hundred and one percent G and its no doubt

That if you need a man to make you feel secure then
baby

You ain't gotta look no more I got the cure

You want money and jewels (jewels)

You want clothes and cars (cars)

Wanna live VIP rubbin shoulders wit stars (stars)

Wanna fly in G4's (4's) or sail the seas

Then your wish is my command you can do what ya
please (hey)

The lap of luxury is what you'll be layin in

Just respect the playa and the game that hes playin in
(forreal)

I can show you a side of life you never seen (huh)

Cuz even the kid the trill need hisself queen

[Chorus]

[Mike Jones]

See all that listenin to them hoes in your ear gotta quit

I see they smile when I'm around when I leave they talk
shit

They just mad cause I got you flippin jags poppin tags
Brand new clothes you can't tell by the tag
I don't mean to boast and brag but them hoes around
you hatin
They just waitin on you to slip so I could leave yo ass
with nathan
Then when I do that they gon back door and try to holla
Hopin I'ma do them like you and drop them off some
dollars
But I ain't cause I can't afford to go back down that
road
I'd rather stay on my J-O and stack a bank roll
But I ain't cause I can't afford to go back down that
road
I'd rather stay on my J-O and stack a bank roll
But if you real and you down and in public you don't
clown
Holla at me I'll be around (Mike Jones)
But if you real and you down and in public you don't
clown
Holla at me I'll be around (Yea)

[Chorus]

I been puttin it down nigga and holdin my grounds
nigga
From off the mound nigga we duckin them clowns
nigga
Takin they crown nigga and shovin the town nigga
Rocks off the ground got the cush by the pounds nigga
Ankle blingin baby wrist on freeze
Got the pinky on the ice love a bitch wit gold teeths
nigga
Hot girl nigga lovin the G
Keep the work under the seat she do it for me
Take a trip to port her off to the beach
Tell her homie hold it down cause we hustle to eat
And got me feelin like I lost my jones
I done lost my homes so H town is on
And nuttin change cause the palms got chrome nigga
Do this in the early cause we gettin it on
And baby girl you could shop alone
And fly the four to France and take a hundred bones

[Chorus]

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