

## **Bizzy Bone**

# **"Hold Me Down"**

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[Intro: Bizzy]

(C'mon baby) Yeah, heh

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down (soldiers)

We're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin round

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down (I'm baaaack)

We're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin round

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down

We're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin round  
(You better tell 'em who the fuck I am)

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down

(You better tell 'em who the fuck I am)

We're not fuckin around

[Bizzy Bone]

You better tell 'em who the fuck I am, they see me  
comin around

I let 'em know we ain't fuckin around

I guess it's the mysterious

I read up on the scriptures of the end of the time, ready  
to die

With a serious sigh, it's a conspiracy

I'm feelin the vibe, 7th Sign niggaz feelin my tribe

Cause it's the king, are you bitch-ified?

I better feed him with a spoon cause he's mystified

I heard him comin in the room from the other side

You wanna roll up on me slowly chop him down to my  
size

So have to try to the trinity - I think I'm on another fuckin  
planet

Got me rappin, I'm at NASA, I'm infinity

I'm focused on my mini-me - I better embrace the  
gifted

I got these washed-up rappers straight feelin me  
(yeah)

I really wanna be happy but this poverty is killin me  
BAM! Let me tell them who the fuck I am

[Chorus 2X: Bambino]

Can't you see that it's meant to be?  
You can, hate on me but you still can't, hold me down  
Can't you see that we makin moves?  
Got the grip and the groove and you know we don't,  
fuck around  
[Bambino]  
Bam was no one-hit wonder that gon' be gone by next  
summer  
I'm gon' - stay at the top cause I done came from down  
under  
See I'll - never forget the rats and roaches and pissy  
mattresses  
And as - many days I had nothin to eat but saltine  
crackers  
Shit I - thank God for Section 8, place to eat shit on hot  
plates  
Cause it - sure made a cold beef bologna taste like hot  
steaks nigga  
This ain't no joke, this ain't no fairytale, this real life  
What you know about a clip in the window with no heat,  
feel like  
I - come from the slums where the bums is like the role  
models  
Sleep in the streets, beggin for change, clutchin a cold  
bottle  
Shit, niggaz fuck with death like it was thick bitch, with  
a fat ass  
So you really ain't shit in the hood unless you got a {?}  
and you got cash  
Don't you think you need to get this shit  
cause niggaz in the hood respect the troop  
I state it together and get the proof  
and I go to the lab and I wreck the booth  
Ain't no way you can stop the fire, runnin to you like a  
pump and a shot  
Raising the bar with a {?} in the sky, from ghetto to  
ghetto you know that I

[Chorus]

[Bambino (Bizzy)]

Don't fuck around, huh, yeah (you niggaz can't hold me  
down)  
Don't fuck around (hold me down, hold me dowwwwn)  
Uh (we're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin  
around)

[Chorus]

[Bambino]

Don't fuck around

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