

## Goodie Mob "Hold On"

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Look out, the sun is out while it's raining  
The devil's wife must be complaining  
Remember that? It's brother's work  
Elbows in and up and down the court

'Cause they play ball long after dark at Sykes park  
Smelled the rain before it came  
But that don't stop the game  
Intense inside the twelve feet fence

Flip the mode back on the road set in and watch my  
woodgrain spin  
I let my window down and let the world in  
Since I was knee high the only thing we had was  
The peach tree plaza in the sky

Things ain't the same no more  
Everyday my city seems to grow and grow  
Gotta blow a bed for my back 'cause I can't take the  
hardwood floors  
Crooked system had me working in the warehouse  
from 8 to 4 so

Gipp know what it is to work for them foes  
For a check that don't mean shit, more bills keep  
coming in  
But ain't no saving used to scrape up a buck for a box  
of Newports  
But after I found out that they was fucking with the  
tobac I stopped  
Its like killing myself with a glock  
(Pow)

Its rough, prices going up, people giving in  
To the rockets and hernon homes is known  
By the city to be toxic but ain't nothin' said  
Always on the down low never in the mainstream, it  
ain't king

To be the full time, blow a man these days you get  
years  
And even though my cousin writes me from the pen

I always think about how we kicked it at the Dungeon fo'  
he went in  
What's next?

My slick partner Toby is gone  
Went to handle a little business never made it back  
home  
I wonder what his girl told his son  
Hold on

I can't escape the bullshit where ever I go, shit  
Always into something, 'cause I wanna be rich  
Pulling cards in my blood, it seems I'm mean, 'cause of  
my look  
I might blast off on ya ass and write another book

It took too many times in the cage  
Now I'm on the front page looking at myself  
I'm on the run, never to be seen by the eyes  
A fugitive, plus I got a life to live

State by state, is this just a dream?  
Sometimes it seems like it just a figure  
Standing in the mirror from the back  
That's why I'm swinging my axe

Every time, so I won't miss, I can be hit  
'Cause I'm touchable  
That's my state of mind  
'Cause I know one day you gotta go in a life of crime

Either the pen or a one way ticket  
So I'm asking, "What will it be?  
Where do I solve?"  
Nobody knows but me, see?

When I was a youth used to think I was bulletproof  
Never thought I could be hit, ready to stand my turf  
Niggaz can't understand how it work, what's the plan?  
We killing our own people for this bullshit

Scared straight, wanna escape  
There's one way outta this crooked county with a  
bounty  
Coming to get me then I'd be on the run  
Hoping to find a better day without loaded guns in my  
face

I'm not the criminal, fuck your probation  
What's my occupation?  
Selling my dubbs on the street

'Cause I gotta eat, hold on

Am I awake or is this just another dream?  
I pinch myself invisible bars cover my cage  
Done lost all conception of time  
Trapped in my own mind

Unaware of the world in front or behind  
Be trying  
To catch up with myself  
Evil doers steady working

Guest be leaching off of my wealth  
Can't wait for my death  
But got me fucked up  
Ain't man enough

Nigga you got false nuts  
Bouncing like rubber balls off the walls  
The life we supposed to be living y'all  
Them crackers got boxed up

We ain't even the middle men  
But yet free my mind of confusion  
Jehovah witnesses waking me up out my slumber  
Using white rice and [unverified]

Stomach aching, be still hunger  
For the taking at the bottom of my barrel  
Fuck ass and being nice ain't got me nathan  
But a frown too high to get down, hold on nigga

You don't know me and I ain't tryna claim I be knowing  
you  
But I do understand what you going through  
Seems like you running outta time  
In and out of crime

And everybody ain't gon' be able to rhyme damn  
It must be hard to hold on when your faith is gone  
Mmmm, tryna make it all alone  
Sometimes you gotta swallow your pride and let the  
Lord decide  
You can't hide from the truth, I know we've all tried

And I agree it's hard to believe in what you can't see  
"Well, shit nigga what you keep telling me to hold on  
for?  
I'm stuck in the ghetto with no where to go, I gotta  
slang that blow"  
"You call yourself tryna teach, seems like I'm outta

reach

'Cause I don't wanna hear another speech  
This is all I know how to get up, get out and get so fuck  
that shit"

Hold on, be strong, it ain't gon' be that long  
Them folks won't do you wrong  
The name of the song is hold on, be strong  
It ain't gon' be that long, them folks won't do you wrong  
The name of the song is hold on, is hold on

Ey, now I'm chillin' in the lounge and dis girl gon' walk  
in the bathroom  
She said, "Damn you look cute but why you ain't got no  
tattoos?"  
I said, "I ain't come to look cute, cool came to cut!"  
"And damn you look cute, why you ain't got no butt?"

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