

## Irv Gotti

### "Hold On"

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feat. Chink Santana

[ad-libs]

Yeah... another day..  
Another motherfuckin' dollar..  
But look, nigga...  
It's how we do  
Livin' in the ghetto, ooh, ooh

[chorus]

Livin' life up on the corner  
Slangin' rocks and smokin' weed  
From a eightball to a G  
Worked my way to a ki  
All I can try to do is hold on  
Caught up in the struggle  
Seems the only way to be  
Never gone find no peace  
Till the day they bury me  
All I can try to do is be strong

[verse one]

And nigga, you can find me  
Hangin' up on the corner  
Or layin' up in the cut  
Tryin' to get my motherfuckin' money right  
My hammer right beside me  
And I really don't give a fuck  
If somebody gotta die tonight  
Cause look... nigga, my pocket full of stones  
Is everything I own  
And this is all I do, all I do  
A nigga straight hustlin' everyday to get through, get  
through

[chorus]

[verse two]

Gotta be on the lookout for them stick-up boys  
Cause when they come  
They be straight hemmin' niggas up

And it really all about takin' that money, man  
If they catch me, they betta kill me  
Ain't comin' out like no punk  
Shit, can't let no nigga take nothin' from me, man  
Cause look, yo... they steppin' in my zone  
And infiltratin' my home  
And what the fuck would you do?  
If a nigga straight... took ya cake  
And tried to break you, break you

[chorus]

[bridge]

I wish that I could let it go  
How we in the struggle and hustlin' just to make it out  
the ghetto  
I wish that I could let it go  
I wish that we ain't have to be so canivin' just to make it  
out the ghetto  
I wish that I could let it go  
How my niggas in the pen doin' time just to make it out  
the ghetto  
I wish that I could let it go  
I wish that genocide wasn't survivin' just to make it out  
the ghetto

[verse three]

Everyday is just weed, rocks, and pistols, cops comin'  
to git you  
When niggas that wanna put you on shirts readin', "We  
Miss You"  
Everything I been through, nothin' but issues  
Tired of goin' to funerals and passin' moms the tissue  
Getcha prayer in ya life, it's hard to listen  
When there ain't nothin' fair in ya life  
It's God that's missin', that's what they be tellin' me  
And I try to wait but He be takin' so long  
I'll probably catch another felony, inhalin' weed  
Keepin' me broke, though, I slangs my coke  
I probably push less weight than the trees I smoke  
And ain't no hope for tomorrow, hot, heavy wit sorrow  
Cause my peers bring tears from findin' em full of  
hollows  
I know you probably goin' through the same thang  
The same pain, cause we caught up in the same game  
And don't a damn thang change, nigga, bump this  
song  
Cause you strong and you ain't alone, nigga... just try  
to hold on

