

## **Ikay "Holdin It Down"**

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### Intro

Dem Fi Know,  
Yea! It's ya boy... Ikay,  
Lifestyle,  
Let's do this niggaz,

I'm holdin it down,  
The kid on the street hustling all alone,  
Kingston... I'm holdin it down,  
All I see is my shadow, no one else around,  
Brooklyn... I'm holdin it down,

### Verse 1

Need a place I can go, I can mend my heart,  
Need somebody to hold me down, know's what's  
happening in my thoughts,  
Dear lord please shine a light on the path that I walk,  
All my life is just pain, I'm thinking thug life is my  
destiny,  
So I got four heartless killas next to me,  
I'm stressed out... I can't breathe, pass da weed, need  
some ecstasy,  
Cuz this life stresses me,  
Your life's been great, wish I could trade places,  
These niggaz are fakes, can't trust em strange faces,  
I know my girl Sashay got my back,  
She always there for da kid and I love her for that,  
She knows my dream, fuck da money... just wanna do  
rap,  
Cuz it's my first love, first thing ever loved me back,  
When I rhyme I rap about my life,  
When I'm stressed, I just sit and write,  
All I need in this life is a pen, a paper, a beat and a mic,  
Don't give a damn about da money,  
Every hustle I make, I do it for my homies,  
I ain't no sucka for love, I rather die lonely,  
Funny how a piece of paper can change the world,  
Power of money, look at the things I observed,  
That piece of paper can cop you a new tims, cop you a  
new house, cop you a new Benz,

All of that comes with new friends,  
And I can't take it, my heart is aching,  
A change gotta come and I'm tired of waiting,

#### Chorus

I'm holdin it down...  
I'm livin like I'm dying,  
So many thoughts in my mind, seems like I can't make  
it... still I'm trying,  
I'm holdin it down...  
I'm hustling on da street so my niggaz can eat,  
God damn I'm feeling weak,  
Still I'm hustling till I'm forever asleep,  
I'm holdin it down...

#### Verse 2

No hugs for this thug,  
I'm soaked up, soaked in mud,  
All I see is fake love,  
Lifestyle for life,  
If my niggaz alright,  
Then I'm all nice,  
Though when my dreams disappear from me,  
You never there for me,  
Still I got love though I'm not sure if you care for me,  
All my life loneliness been my company,  
Still I'm keepin it thuggin till death come for me,  
Unconditional love, I didn't get none of that,  
Still I love my niggaz no matter what,  
All those disloyalties,  
It ain't right to have my own nigga snitch at me,  
You lucky I got a good mind,  
I ain't selfish, let's talk bout da good times,  
When we used to share a meal,  
Listen some Pac, kick back and chill,  
Pac music was a blessing for real,

The nigga got heart, the nigga got skills,  
Life goes on,  
For my nigga Terry in heaven... hold on,  
Though it's been so long,  
I miss you nigga, though I been so strong,

#### Chorus

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### Verse 3

I don't like fake nor phonies,  
I pour out liquors bout my sleeping homies,  
Brothers gone before me,  
I gotta keep da faith, they in a better place  
And I know someday I'm gon see their face,  
Don't worry Terry, everything's gon be okay,  
Craig! if I die I watch over you like every day,  
I got ya back in every way,  
I swear on every blood that I bleed,  
Ms. Turner... holla at me if there's anything you need,  
I got ya back like that,  
I'll be by your side like a belt buckle strap,  
If I'm gone for a second I'll be right back,  
If I make it, you make it,  
Baby girl what we have is sacred,  
I ain't got a lot of friends,  
Cuz half these niggaz ain't got a lot of sense,  
I don't smile around these punks... cuz when you on  
top, to make you flop, they try all kind of stunts,  
They wanna know which crew I represent,  
They hate my lifestyle cuz I roll high like da president,  
Rapping is heaven sent,  
If it wasn't for rap, I don't know where I'd be,  
Maybe alone in da streets cuz I know for a fact nobody  
loves me,

### Chorus

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