

## No One "We Holdin'"

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[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

Uhh, what, we make it happen baby  
(We make it happen) When we come through  
We come through, you know how it's goin down  
(We make it happen no doubt) S-Double  
Look into the eyes, Pablo, Sordear  
(We make it happen) Uh-huh, Fluid (we make it happen  
no doubt)

I'm a winner, trust and believe when I tell you dawg  
Success is my bitch and I'ma fuck her raw  
And even die from disease, all my kids she'll bore  
I spill styles, ill styles, never heard before  
I'm sick like a fiend without a hit of that dope  
Cough up some ill shit that you wanna quote  
Never frettin on no tough-guy shit, but I smack herbs  
Extra Diacha linkin leather and Iceberg  
Slang superb, spew words, splash nerves  
Police cars that hug the turns, with tires burnt  
All my BK niggaz - all my NJ niggaz  
All day outdoor "dough or die" niggaz  
Raw' niggaz give me no pounds, I don't need ya love  
I don't need ya fake-ass mounds and ya fake-ass hugs  
(I don't need it)  
All I need is cash to fold, herb to smoke (yeah I need  
that)  
Stocks and bonds, nuff equities and homes

[Hook]

We holdin - we done made it happen (make it happen  
baby)  
We done made it happen (make it happen baby)  
We done made it happen (make it happen baby,  
happen no doubt..)  
We holdin - we done made it happen (..baby, we make  
it happen no doubt)  
We done made it happen (..baby, we make it happen no  
doubt)  
We done made it happen (we make it happen baby, we  
make it happen)  
(Come on!)

[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

They wanna shoot ice grills they wanna duck the skill  
They wanna sleep on the S till they grill get spilled  
They wanna spit they corny raps till they mouth get  
slapped

They wanna preach to the S like I don't know facts  
They wanna, block this man, but can't stop the fam  
I ain't wanna bust them niggaz, but they forced my  
hand

They wanna say it ain't raw (raw) but I know it's real (uh-  
huh)

Minus the glamour and the glitz, just the cash appeal  
They wanna take shots at me, dead me possib-ly  
They wanna ride in the whip, spend chips with me  
They wanna hit the mall hard and buy kicks with me  
They wanna, study my style and bite shit from me  
They wanna, roll with me, make dough with me  
But when it's drama time, who really back to back with  
me?

They family, them real niggaz ACT-ually  
So when the heat's on, I know who really down with me  
(down with me)

[Hook]

[Shabaam Sahdeeq]

They wanna, box me in but my style is free (free)  
Gotta be me, gotta keep it raunchy and classy  
at the same time, intertwined, toyin witcha mind  
Pushin the limit, if not, then why would I be in it? (uhh)  
If the suit fit, put it on baby and step in it (step in it)  
I sleep, when I'm dead and gone - until then it's on  
I ain't a killer but don't force me dawg  
When my back's against the wall I'ma off ya fa sure  
Disappeared from the world, reappear on independent  
Lace my kicks up and stomp on the competition  
You don't know me duke, believe me, this ain't virtual  
Keep, pushin them buttons, I'ma hurt you bro (hurt you  
bro)

This is real as can be, I ain't no studio nigga  
No glass bowl, boxy hole, see-through nigga  
Don't test me, your better off takin ya S.A.T.  
Fools get dismissed like cash that's counterfeittin

[Hook]

[repeat "We holdin.." w/ Shabaam talking in  
background]

