

## Poor Old Lu

### "Hold Ground"

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[delouie avant jr.]

This is the part, we shake the charts  
And rock the people

Shake the ground

[pop da brown hornet]

Brakes ya self for the one two punch  
I hit ya so hard, I make ya cough up ya lungs  
You should of never tried to confront this  
Top notch lyricist, with that foolishness  
I come with the uncontrollable, untamable  
Sometimes I'm feeling just like a wild animal  
Seek and destroy any fake b-boy  
Let him say what he gotta say, and then rap his ass  
away  
I do things the old fashion  
You can come high tech, my shit still stays smashin  
And overwhelmin, ever since I came out, ya click start  
rebellin  
Word up, see, they taste the truth and the juice  
The joints grain produce  
Keep girlies, movin in they hip hop boots  
Rap extraordinaire, who keepin shit tighter than mics  
Not just hooks and uppercuts, I bring it straight down  
the pipe  
Thru the unpredictable, be ya shit and critical  
I predict pain inflicted or mr. pitiful  
So get em diced to the high roller  
Get a call and send my seed to the microphone  
controller  
Watch me do damage, bring ya favorite mc  
I take advantage, and pin his ass straight to the canvas  
I want it all, even though I can't have it  
I guess that makes me an addict, who can't kick the  
habitat  
Hip hop keep me on high, I love it  
I gotta confess, spark the lah

Chorus: delouie avant jr.

Hold ground, to my people in the street

Hold ground  
Hold ground, 'cause shit is gettin deep  
Hold ground

[no smiles]

Hold ground, while I take you to on another level  
Moves are made without the devil  
How can I get to you, should I fly like r. kelly  
Put it in ya mouth like akinyele  
I can't provoke it, when I contemplate  
Wait for souls, and read these scrolls that I make  
Say and word to gets me, every day demons want to  
get me  
Can't stop what they can't see, when I glide like a  
frisbee  
Movin thru ya window like a breeze  
Bank accounts, needed over seas, so I can gravel as I  
please  
Total shutdown, total failure  
Freeze that thought, let it run thru ya mind for dead  
mc's  
Can you make it to 2 g's  
Watch ya soul, because everybody bleeds  
And that's real, don't force it  
See even on a sunny side it's shady, the hold grounds  
shaking

[pop da brown hornet]

I'm gettin like an arch rival, they think I'm after they title  
Fuck it, think they keep it, I'm still gonna freak it  
Explode like a firework, and make the party jerk  
So my man can get his dick up out the dirt  
It's all about a good time, that's why I like the rhyme  
nasty  
Get an oil massage and fuck till I'm ashy  
Thought he had me beat, just because he passed me  
I'm too crafty, quick to say ya like to keep it shafty  
In and out the cut, in and out the butt, what?  
I don't give a fuck, you can bring it if you wanna  
I'm already backed up in the corner  
Had's about enough and I can't stands it no longer  
Watered down mc's, I'm applyin the freeze  
How the fuck ya gonna live in sub zero degrees  
You know, you know  
How you gonna survive? , come on, how you gonna  
survive?

Chorus 2x

[delouie avant jr.]

This is the part, we shake the charts

And rock the people  
This is the part, we shake the charts  
And rock the people  
This is the, this is  
This is, this is  
This is, this is the  
Can't stop, can't stop  
Can't stop  
Hold ground  
This is the part, hold ground  
This is the, hold ground  
To my people in the street hold ground  
Shake the ground  
Hold ground, 'cause shit is gettin deep  
Hold ground  
Shake the ground  
This is the part  
This is the part, we

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