

Bizzy Bone f/ Bambino

"Hold Me Down"

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[Intro: Bizzy]

(C'mon baby) Yeah, heh

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down (soldiers)

We're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin round

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down (I'm baaaack)

We're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin round

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down

We're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin round

(You better tell 'em who the fuck I am)

You niggaz can't hold me down, hold me down, hold me down

(You better tell 'em who the fuck I am)

We're not fuckin around

[Bizzy Bone]

You better tell 'em who the fuck I am, they see me comin around

I let 'em know we ain't fuckin around

I guess it's the mysterious

I read up on the scriptures of the end of the time, ready to die

With a serious sigh, it's a conspiracy

I'm feelin the vibe, 7th Sign niggaz feelin my tribe

Cause it's the king, are you bitch-ified?

I better feed him with a spoon cause he's mystified

I heard him comin in the room from the other side

You wanna roll up on me slowly chop him down to my size

So have to try to the trinity - I think I'm on another fuckin planet

Got me rappin, I'm at NASA, I'm infinity

I'm focused on my mini-me - I better embrace the gifted

I got these washed-up rappers straight feelin me (yeah)

I really wanna be happy but this poverty is killin me
BAM! Let me tell them who the fuck I am

[Chorus 2X: Bambino]

Can't you see that it's meant to be?

You can, hate on me but you still can't, hold me down

Can't you see that we makin moves?

Got the grip and the groove and you know we don't,
fuck around

[Bambino]

Bam was no one-hit wonder that gon' be gone by next
summer

I'm gon' - stay at the top cause I done came from down
under

See I'll - never forget the rats and roaches and pissy
mattresses

And as - many days I had nothin to eat but saltine
crackers

Shit I - thank God for Section 8, place to eat shit on hot
plates

Cause it - sure made a cold beef bologna taste like hot
steaks nigga

This ain't no joke, this ain't no fairytale, this real life

What you know about a clip in the window with no heat,
feel like

I - come from the slums where the bums is like the role
models

Sleep in the streets, beggin for change, clutchin a cold
bottle

Shit, niggaz fuck with death like it was thick bitch, with
a fat ass

So you really ain't shit in the hood unless you got a {?}
and you got cash

Don't you think you need to get this shit
cause niggaz in the hood respect the troop

I state it together and get the proof
and I go to the lab and I wreck the booth

Ain't no way you can stop the fire, runnin to you like a
pump and a shot

Raising the bar with a {?} in the sky, from ghetto to
ghetto you know that I

[Chorus]

[Bambino] + (Bizzy)

Don't fuck around, huh, yeah (you niggaz can't hold me
down)

Don't fuck around (hold me down, hold me downwwwn)

Uh (we're not fuckin around, fuckin around, fuckin
around)

[Chorus]

[Bambino]
Don't fuck around

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