

Showbiz & A.G. "Hold Ya Head"

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Once again back again with my friends
Diamond's beats are fat just like a Benz
Andre the Giant is great, but I should also mention
Lord Finesse, he's the Funky Technician

I'm on my way to the studio, it's the only way that I know
How to play down low
Punching keys like Rocky Balboa
Saying rest in peace to Tshaka Figeoroa

Some got to grow up before they blow up
And did you ever know a young brother who had shit
sewed up?
Rented some BMs, some Volvos, some Benz
So much jewels I had to pass shit down to my friends

But when down and out and pockets are low
See how fast friends go when there's no cash flow
So I head for the top, times are hard
Pushing moms, no pops, I had to get my own props
I can wild out, but instead
I just keep to myself and Showbiz just hold his head

Wally World
(Just hold ya head)
True Dog
(Just hold ya head)
Kerry Dope
(Just hold ya head)
My cousin Chris
(Just hold ya head)

Hold ya head, that's what Showbiz said
In memory of Koto Harris, the eulogy read
Another friend was laid to rest
This world is just chaos, confusion and a big mess

But we got to keep striving
To leave town, never get down but keep rising
From the ghetto, not always ghetto minded
Some is striving, the finish line they never find it

All of a sudden they life stops
From black on black or harassed by white cops
Some went into jail to do time
They take away your time, your freedom and your state
of mind
So pay attention, these are facts, black
Take it from the Giant 'cause I've been there and back

This is advice so take it
Stay strong on your path, and you will make it
I'm not trying to tell you what to do
Just hold ya head, and everything else will follow
through

To Tyrell
(Just hold ya head)
To Cool K
(Just hold ya head)
My brother Kel
(Just hold ya head)
Big Todd
(Just hold ya head)

Green light, that's go or should I stop?
I'm not trying to get bagged by any narc cops
What are you on dope or this is a joke?
The other day you pull me over, searching for cracks
and coke?

What's the problem, you know I'm sober?
If you drove a fucking Nova you wouldn't have to pull
over
You're making me late, my papers is straight
Never hesitate to run a check and then let me skate

Take my business card, it's in my left hand
You got the right motherfucker but the wrong goddamn
plan
So pass me by or you wonder why
Niggas pull out their glock and point it right between
your eye

But I got my shit together, I never flip with the weather
And I always think clever
I think positive and legit
I gotta give big shouts to my peeps Kendu and Infinite

Brothers stare into my face like I'm a sucker
It's too easy to kill another young motherfucker
So I ignore it, I turn the other cheek
(Yo Show, you ain't got any time for these niggas,

these boys is weak)

Some punks want to split razors [Incomprehensible] for
rocks

Packing a glock and I don't shoot blanks

Young boys that thought they was ready, step to this

They made wrong moves because that ass got rock
steady

Down the line, far from kind

Whip in behind, and still packing nothing but a nine

Back on the block, out on the streets

I recoup a Dre's scheme real neat to make ends meet

But I can't live trife, shot, stabbed with a knife

I want kids and a wife, not 25 to life

Negative thoughts are dead

Showbiz is the man that always hold his motherfucking
head

To my man Tone

(Just hold ya head)

To Mad Mark

(Just hold ya head)

To Carmello

(Just hold ya head)

To Big Jordan

(Just hold ya head)

Yeah, even though we can say rest in peace

To the brothers that ain't here

It's just never going to bring you back

So we got to love the ones that you're close to now

And I say and I say and we out AG, my man

I'd like to say what's up to my man Icewater

My man D-Smooth, my brother Cali Dog

Just to everybody man, just hold ya motherfucking
head

Word, 'cause we've been there and we in here, out and
we out

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