

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy**"Hold On"**

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First Verse:

When I was young, I wanted to be man of the house
Have a car, kids, and Vanessa Williams as my spouse
A dog in the yard, to protect the premises
Fuck Good Times, I'm talkin' about some of that Cosby
shit
Four bedroom home, white trimmed with green
I'll be a doctor, regular American dream
I'll go to college, obtain some knowledge and a degree
I'll go to Stanford, CSUS, or maybe UCB
Could go to law school, try to pass the bar
I could be a fireman, maybe a movie star
Could play hoops and be the next Mike J.
Gettin' paid for a game I like to play anyway
Man, so many options, which will I choose?
Pursuin' my dreams and I'm willin' to pay dues
Gotta take care of Mama, I'ma buy her a house too
Look out for my sister, the first thing I'ma do
When I'm rich, no more apartments full of roaches
We'll have the best of everything, at least that's what
I'm hopin'
So in the innocence of youth, I stand strong
As my future unfolds I keep holdin' on

Chorus:

Hold on, never let 'em see you shed a tear
My soul's gone, on the inside I've been dead for years
Hold on
Mama, all my love's for you
So much drama in the World, what's a thug to do?

(2x)

Second Verse:

Now it's deep, it's gettin', it's gettin' kinda hectic
Cuz life as an adult ain't quite what I expected
Bills to pay and mouths to feed
Everybody askin' for what they want, instead of what

they need
I thought it would be easy, I was mistaken
Thought my folks would have my back, but they be
fakin'
I went to the pen instead of college
Tryin' to have more than a dollar in my wallet
Fucked around and got a girl pregnant
My baby
Won't be neglected the way my Daddy did me
All of my dreams turned to nightmares
And if I tell you about it, maybe you might care
I got a (???) girl pregnant but she got an abortion
Said I wasn't disciplined and didn't have caution
Didn't want her only child to be fatherless
She told me I would be dead before next autumn hits
I disagree, but maybe she's right in a sense
Cuz I'm a "G" until the day they put me in the crypt
No bullshit
Hard livin' got me on one
Until the day I D-I-E I'ma be holdin' on
Standin' strong

Chorus

Third Verse:

Holidays come and go kinda quick in the pen
I got a call from my sister, it's my birthday again
I barely noticed, deuce-five to life for murder
On Thanksgiving they fed us potato tots and
hamburgers
I made my bed, but it's too hard to be layin' in it
Fightin' the drama, but for some reason I'm stayin' in it
Writin' to Mama, "Can your son get a visit?"
"I'm feelin' a little depressed, can you tell me what is
it?"
"What you suggest? I'm stressed out beyond belief."
"So much weight on my chest daily, I'm missin' the
streets."
Got me stretched out like a pregnant lady's belly
X-Raided is stagnated and it's drivin' me crazy
I created this situation, I know that's the truth
No father figures in the ghetto, but that ain't no excuse
Mama excuse my behavior please
Feels like my soul's gone
Pray for your only son, need to be strong
And hold on

Chorus:

Hold on, never let 'em see you shed a tear

My soul's gone, on the inside I've been dead for years
Hold on
Mama, all my love's for you
So much drama in the World, what's a thug to do?
Hold on.....shed a tear
My soul's gone.....dead for years
(No father figures in the ghetto but that ain't no
excuse)
Hold on
Mama, all my love's for you
(Mama excuse my behavior please, feels like my soul's
gone
pray for your only son cuz you need to be strong)
So much drama in the World, what's a thug to do?
Stretched out like a pregnant lady's belly
X-Raided is stagnated and it's drivin' me crazy
I created this situation, I know that's the truth
No father figures in the ghetto, but that ain't no excuse
Mama excuse my behavior please
Feels like soul's gone
Pray for your only son, need you to be strong, and hold
on

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