

C-Note f/ Will-Lean, Lil' 3rd, Big T "Hold it Down"

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[Hook: Big T]

Hold it down, hold it down

We gon hold it down, we gon hold it doooooo-own

Hold it down, hold it down

We gon hold it down, the South gon hold it doooooo-own

[C-Note]

I'ma hold this shit down, till you come back home

As soon as you touch down, you'll be sitting on chrome

Come through in some'ing new, with them bubble eyes

Cause you know you kept it true, all through the night

I'ma take care of lil' one, like one of my own

Tell her daddy may be gone, but it ain't for long

That's why I made this song, for all my boys that be
holding

Come through with the bang, knocking off side
molding

That's just the way that we rolling, in nothing but

Benzes and Lac's

And if I had to sell crack, you down to watch my back

I'm going stack for stack, and going blow for blow

Pull up and pop the trunk, and let the neon glow

[Hook]

[C-Note]

I'ma hold it down for Gator, and the rest of my cats

Rest in peace Mafio, D.A. Toast and Pat

Although we living ghetto dreams, I wish I had you back

I know I'm all about my green, but I'd give up my stacks

I done traveled the world, with diamonds and girls

And I done seen how they act, when they sniffing that
ferl

To all my homies in the world, feeling broke and fed up

I got four words for ya, that's keep ya head up

Cause one of these days, they gon have to learn

That each and every balla, got's his turn

And every city every ghetto, take a look and you'll find
us

Man hold that weed down, cause the laws behind us

[Hook]

[Lil' 3rd]

I'm gon hold it down, big Bentley I'm rolling now
My paper stacks, stay swollen now
This light green, that I'm blowing on
3rd the Leprechaun, my finger frozen huh
20 inch Lorenzo's, what I'm rolling on
On my clover tattoo, I use petroleum
These Y2K artists, we folding em
B.G. Gator, Head and Benz I smoke on dro for them
All this shit that I show, I let it go for them
Nigga pints two-liters, what I po' for them
B.G. 3-R-D, you gotta show for him
Twenty five thousand, if you wanna show for him

[Hook]

[Will-Lean]

The Chemist, I'ma hold it down
Us Botany big shots, we the chosen now
We started from rock bottom, we done rosen now
Pics and ad's in the Source, got us posing now
Rolex's and Cardiers, got us shining now
Top billboard charts, we climbing now
C-Note put it down, got us rhyming now
Independent status fool, ain't no signing now
We grinding now, a major can't do shit for me
Diamonds N' Yo Face playa, was a hit to me
I wouldn't trade labels, for a Bentley
A hundred thousand dollars treat, they just rent to me
Foreign cars, Botany bout to pimp these streets
All these horns, sound like a fucking symphony
Was meant to be, like Screw we gon slow it down
Cloverland came up, so we gon hold it down

[Hook - 2x]

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