

Slum Village "Keep Holding On"

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Keep Holding On ~f~" Slum Village
Detroit Deli (A Taste Of Detroit)

Wuttup tho?
Feelin' a little under the weather today.
But had some stuff to get off my chest ya know?
Now wut im 'bout to say to y'all
I ain't never said to the general public.
But y'all gotta hear me yo.
Feel me.

Verse 1:
I know I might
Sound like a got a cold and im speaking
But im cold and im sneezing
But im grown and breathin.
Hear the tone in my speaking
And it's home where he's preaching.
Both of my parents gone for a reason
Daddy's wrong just for leavin'
Mother moved on and im breathing.
(?) spirits above the stones and the deamons
she belongs in a teaching
where there's a throne and a kingdom
and deep inside my bones im believing
that the poems that im reading is the songs to my
freedom.
Lik-e-ly known as deceiving
What im shown it ain't pleasing
Make me wanna throw stones at a deacon
And it home when he preaching
See that's satan makin my heart cold as a breeze
'Till it's colder from freezing.
Gotta get right
I might not make it over this evening
"cause your time here is shorter than breath
gone from wheezing.
And heard my nigga tone he was bleedin'
Through his clothes
It was leaking from some chrome that was squeezing
Now when im all alone
I be thinking im against all odds

Hoping that god will show me the evens
But im sick of being poor through the seasons
Smoke a drole through the drinkin with 2 hoes through
the weekend
Bout to go to my seed and f---, -f---!

Chorus:

Life can sometimes be so hard to bear
When u feel that theirs no one who cares
There are times u feel all hope is gone
Don't loose faith and just keep holding on and on and
on
Keep holding on and on and on and on and on

Verse 2:

But sometimes I feel alone in these streets
It gets cold in these streets
My heart and soul on these streets
I lost my moms
So I hold to a piece
Of a place, state and time
Where we both in the grind
And what's love to a fatherless son?
Although he had love for his son
(Pensions?) were none to seldom
I would sit on the porch 'till the mail come
And when it came
There never was a letter with my name
My moms was there for me
She held it down 'cause she cared for me
She never left
Even in her last breathe when she sat next to death
She was always at her best never stressed
That's why f---, -f---!

Chorus

You gotta keep holdin' on
You gotta keep keep holdin' on
Keep holdin on just
Keep holdin' on
Keep holdin' on f---, -f---!

Chorus

Fades out

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