

## Kelly Price F/ Method Man

### "Hold Me Down"

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Chorus 2X: Noreaga {Final Chapter}

Yo hold me down nigga {scared face to face with life}  
Yo hold me down nigga  
{trying to eat in these streets is trife}  
Just hold me down nigga  
{Fuck a bitch, make ya beef ya wife,  
'n these fiend for the cream til they team is tight}

{Noreaga}

Yo at Miami, at the Rolex, the strip bar club  
Even at Cocos, the strip bar club  
Sometimes at Medallions, the strip bar club  
Always with dubs, 5 and 10's, cappin battles of Don  
For the crazy, spend my cash  
But you know I never pay for the head and ass  
Were my niggas at? gettin lap dances  
Smiles on they face, feel good my niggas be laced  
Used to be on the block, just sellin they rocks  
Now they chillin with me gettin legal knots  
Double L techs, ain't nigga be Vex  
Rockin ice burn, never too good to wear Guess  
Makin it happen, seein my niggas makin it rappin  
While ya niggas be broke and ya never be laughin  
We on jet ski's and scooters, private jets  
Don't you know we still have our ties to the projects

Chorus 2X

{Noreaga}

Every nigga that you talk to, ain't ya man  
And every nigga that you hang with, ain't ya fam  
See a snake like a mile away, niggas say I'm weak now  
And I ain't even hungry  
So listen up, yo this is what I gotta say  
I still hungry yo I eat like twice a day  
But ya can suck my dick like Mart LeMay  
Cool and honest, now a nigga really be arogent  
My nigga Outlaw who used to live up in Faragent  
We got niggas from all around the world  
We even got hoes now, better ask ya girl

We can drink with weed, I'll make ya hurl  
Straight twisted, with hydro and how ya be lifted  
I told you to hit it light, before ya hit it  
But you ain't listen so ya ass is corse  
But you can't hang with me cuz ya ass is soft

Chorus 2X

{Noreaga}  
Aiyo one's for the money, two's for the bitches that  
suck dick  
Three is for pops and shit, Rest in Peace Mambo  
Yo I love you daddy  
Soon as 'Pone came home, yo he cop the Caddie  
Tell Bob My Weave, we doin are thing  
And we got like a whole lotta money to bring  
Do are thing with the bent, plus we grown as men  
Feedin like 15 niggas, that's next to kin  
Sprung niggas out the hood with us  
Yo when we do shows, we still got the hood with us  
I know you love that, see us on stage, all drunk, with a  
thug hat  
Mic check, so much henny moet  
That's BK on the wheels, cuttin up the steels  
The niggas bring gats still, just to keep a rep  
So don't disrespect, ya won't see the tech  
Mano-a-mano, probaly see ya niggas tomorrow

Chorus 3X

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