

Liz Dicesare

"Can't Hold Back"

Visit "[Can't Hold Back](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mm, mm, mm

[WC]

Aw Yeah

I'm wit this

It's me, the shadiest one

(Dub, callin' all dubs)

[Ice Cube]

Hot licks, hot licks

Comin' wit them hot licks, hot licks

Hit 'em wit them hot licks, hot licks

Rollin' with them hot licks

Hot licks

[WC]

Haters steppin to me, they wanna get some

But I'ma dub, yo, yo, you know the outcome

Another victory, they can't get wit' me

Smoke from the left so coupe it's all they ever see

I'm on the grind, I got's to get mine, loc

I been puttin' it down since the days of low pro, so

Why's everybody now hatin' on me? (why?)

Could it be I'm runnin' wit the dub SCG

Or is it that I'm countin my riches

Getting' my fingernails cleaned

And being braided by the finest bitches

Whateva the case you need to back up off my Benz

Keep my name out yo mouth and slow down like loose
ends

Cuz I wrote for gears, y'all

Came to 'fore I served all y'all

I deserve my R y'all

Dub C, the new leader of the pack

Wit' the brand new sack, and yo, I can't hold back

Chorus: Ice Cube

It ain't a problem that I can't fix,

And I can do it wit' yo bitch

So if you lookin' for trouble and you wanna feel muscle

All up against yo brain
It'll weigh those troubles down the drain
I said I'll weigh those troubles down the drain
(Bang, bang dub C!)

[WC]

Not just braggin', snippin', saggin'
Bang when I talk make the whole world c-walk
I wants a little, yeah nigga, no doubt
I put myself in this game, and I'm the only one can take
me out
The 4 droppa wit the Jocelyn complexion
Still love the women with tats and C-sections
Protection, got my own bodyguard nigga
Fuck security, sleep wit my finga on the trigger
A street scholar, born into nada go riff-rockin' prada
To rockin' shows in the Dama Fleet collar (hoo hooooo!)
Never thought a rapper can be livin' like this
All I wanted was for real loc's to feel my shit
Paid dues, curb served, for what, connected?
Sometimes feared but I'm never disrespected
Get the cash and mash, drivin' for the meal ticket
Stretch and takin' work, we gon get it, I can't hold back

Chorus

Get up, get up, get up, now throw your hood in the air
Let me know you out there
Eastside, Westside, South and up North
If y'all respect mines then I will respect yours
From the crips to bloods to latinos
I'm down with any nigga that's down for makin' c-notes
Illegal, a dozen egos can't lie
I'm addicted to twistin fools for them birds that don't
fly
cause real G's chase cheese and shake busters
Cut for one another motherfuckin' color
We quick to bring it, but ain't got time for the drama
I'm all about stackin' dollaz and swangin' Impalas
I got my money to make, niggaz a gank, yea to chase
Keys a takin', bottles of paint, pounds of flip, a bottle of
steak
Nigga to drink, pepper the bank, hose the brake, goes
the weight
Foez the cane, but it's over, finish this game, what's my
name?

(scratching)

I'm, I'm, I'm a dub to the C
I'ma dub to the C
I'ma dub to the C

I'ma dub to the C

Chorus

Bang bang

Hoo Hoooo!

Visit [Liz Dicesare](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.