

Lyrics by Ten Foot Pole

"Holdin' Na"

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[Verse One: Pimp C]

Going down,say bitch, tell me what you think about me?

I keep a bad yellow hammer bitch cooking G's
And I got a candy '84 on 3's
And I keep these R&B bitches on they knees
I pimp so hard I was fucking up the game
Nigga, you're a lame you ain't holding like Sweet James
They (??) on my phone, call me Sir Jones
Make a lot a money, so I keep the chrome
20's on the car, keep a pint of bar
Gripping on the wood, playing above the law
Hustlas, ballers, selling boys cane
Fuck y'all pussy niggas too, it's whatever y'all wanna do....do

[Chorus: Bun B]

Dollars, we foldin' na, slab, we rollin' na, bitches we controllin' na
Man, I'm Holdin na (Repeat 4x)

[Verse Two: Bun B]

Man, I break the scene, way before I became a teen
Crushing boys on the boulevard from summer to spring
Music orientated, so when the rap game originated
I beat it like puzzle pieces, niggas could fade it
I made it to levels that other players only dream
Brought heat to the scene, make the on me cream
And my money went from green to poppin' chrome
Plus I Got my self a yellow jazzy (????) to bone
Got the home and the cars, got the plaques and the stacks
But mane back in the days, it wasn't nothing like that
Shit, I remember when at first they wasn't really with it
But they damn near shitted on themselves when we did it 'cause we holdin' na

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: C-Note]

I'm holdin' na, big Benz looking swollen na

Because we young, they probably thinking that we stole
it na
My papers' foldin' na, cigars, we be rolling na
And it's the whole third coast and we control it na
Down south we sippin' nothin' but bar
Four TV's in my cars, I'm a ghetto star
Chromin' blades on escaldes and parking lot pimpin'
We got these broads steady trippin' cause it platinum
we shippin'
From Clover Land to PA (Port Arson) It be on for life
And if you fucking with them boys, you might lose your
life
Niggas runnin' in your crib, you might lose your wife
And if we (???) at the light you might lose your ice
It's the C the N to the O-T-E
And you can crown me like a king, like my niggas UG
I put it down for (???) and that SUC
We hit the spots on all the blocks, we keep it H-O-T
nigga we holdin' na

[Chorus]

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