

# TQ

## "Hold It Down"

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KB, Vandalz (yeah yeah yeah)  
'Bout mine  
Y'all know how we do it  
Yeah ('bout mine)  
This is for them soldiers (keep it goin')  
All day, everyday (yeah yeah yeah)

I've got so much trouble on my mind  
Refuse to lose  
I got my windows seedy, county line's still on  
Now what the hell is goin' on?  
This nigga been around the world and back  
And it's a lesson to be learned in that  
A lot of paper to be earned in that  
But I still couldn't discern the fact  
That the life ain't gotta be like that  
So hold it down

(I'ma pop mine)  
Gotta be about it, or you'll see about it  
(Gonna keep it on)  
I ill, I'll be about it  
Yes, I feel G about it  
(Who could be with me?)  
Wouldn't be without it  
When I think about it, who gon' be down?  
(Who will be down?)

Gotta feel G about it, or you'll see about it  
(Don't get no more)  
Yes, I feel G about it  
Where would I be without it?  
(I'm sick of all you haters when I'm comin' 'round)  
When I think about holdin' it down  
(Gotta hold it down)

Oh, when I was young in my neighborhood  
I sold straps cuz the paper's good  
(So my bitch should understand me nigga)  
We let them ends get bigger  
It's always somethin' wrong with the picture  
That's when it hits ya

Seventeen years old, ain't no need to be rollin'  
In a big body Benz that's stolen  
All my knuckleheads holla if ya hear me now  
The grind is somethin' that you gotta stay real about

I doubt I'd change a thing about my life, except these  
haters  
I'd take 'em baby, two at a time, with lefts and rights  
And won't get tired 'til we all ball, causin' a riot  
Can't even see no peace and quiet

So I decided misery I'll deal with myself  
Ain't no need for me to be involved with nobody else  
I'll chase my wealth across these continents  
Why these fake mothafuckas wanna get with this?  
Bitch nigga, be 'bout it

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*[Vandalz:]* Now who be lettin' them heads loose, aimin'  
off the roof  
It's the new millennium and I still ain't feelin' 'em  
I'm Y2-AK, ready, hands steady  
Shame on you niggas, how we came on you niggas  
Shoulda pulled the heat out and flamed all you niggas  
To the clique I'm dedicated, 'bout, blunted and faded  
Bitch please  
Ask a nigga, squeeze the young G  
Situation turned drastic, I'm pullin' out plastic

So bring the beat cuz I'm a bastard  
Barely breathing, but leave the body in plastic  
Blaze the broccoli on the roof of murderin' street  
Psychotic, leave the mic, it's idiotic  
Bring ya heat if you 'bout it  
Watch 'em inhale butane and spit hot flames

Thug, so I'm stayin' heated  
But fuck the trouble that it's caused  
We part insane, mentally  
With a urge to splurge a piece of my poison  
To innocent citizens  
Violent millitants, check the currency on my pistol for  
them  
Decided we out

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