

Mr. 3-2 f/ Billy Cook

"Holding it Down"

Visit "[Holding it Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Billy Cook)

Ooooh, yeeeeeah

I'm gon ride, we holding it down

3-2, and your boy Billy Cook Superstar

[Mr. 3-2]

Tell me, why somebody always hating on mine

With my name in they mouth, but can't stop my grind

I'ma shine regardless, counting big faces

Black t-shirt, with some blue shoe laces

Throwing up the West, where it's best and my folk

And yeah that's right, I'm Blazy Calumo

Some hoe type niggaz, don't think that's real

But you hoe type niggaz, don't pay my bills

Ride on blue, with glassy 3's

Dropping the top, it's the G-O-V

Talk down on me, but you play with your nose

And tricking with them hoes, behind closed do's

I post up, everyday

Hit stangs on thangs, and get my pay

Say what you wanna, I'ma get my bread

Put it all in your face, till the day that I'm dead

[Hook: Billy Cook]

I'm gon ride, we holding it down

For the Southside

Hustle up in these streets, coming up on the Southside

I'm gon ride, forever hold it down

Everyday, I grind

Steady chasing paper, coming up on the Southside

[Mr. 3-2]

Yeah I sip coedine, and wreck 16's

But still ain't got my face, on a video screen

Still a dream, to go platinum on wax

While I, sit back and watch the whack acts

I stack, grind and mash in these streets

Keep playing the game, cause if I don't I won't eat

That's deep, cause when you sleep you fall off

What it weigh what it cost, I can't take no loss

Big Boss, calling the shots to be made

Love life be loyal, and fuck what niggaz say
Better days, is round the corner I see it
Brother of the struggle, my nigga I G-D it
Six popping, broads be bopping
Moves I make, everybody be watching
No stopping, I'ma get it all in the end
Handle mine with finesse, that's how I'm gon win
No friends, cause they ain't got love for 3
Just a whole lot of plex, and animosity
Quit watching me, and get some'ing to play with
And when you see me in the streets, hoe quit riding
dick

[Hook]

[Mr. 3-2]

Niggaz said I was through, but I still get cash
I told you motherfucker, I'ma have the last laugh
Raw gutter, sitting on butter
20 inch cutters, and I still don't love em
Good for nothing hoe, if she ain't getting bread
I pimp em out they panties, have em sucking on a head
Off X having sex, in the hallway
Pimping Chris run through they purse, all damn day
Selling dreams, I could sell water to a whale
While I'm loading up work, on a triple beam scale
Fuck jail, I ain't going back no mo'
As I stomp two times, on my hardwood flo'
I know, the Lord got a heaven for a G
So I talk to him every night, 'fore I go to sleep
These streets and these drugs, will kill a nigga quick
So you better take it slow, I hold the 4-5th
No shit, it's crazy trying to survive
Sitting in the turning lane, in a clean ass ride
Southside, I'ma hold it down for Screw
And bitch kiss my ass, that's from Mr. 3-2

[Hook]

Visit [Mr. 3-2 f/ Billy Cook](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.