

Noreaga F/ Final Chapter

"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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