

Holding Back the Years

Master P

Holding back, the years
Thinking bout the fear, I've had so long
When somebody, hears this
Listen to the feeling, that's gone

Ugh, turned ten G's to a million bucks
Started from nothing, yeah then I came up
Grandma gone, but I'm still trying to hold on
Pockets full of big faces, baby get your roll on
And ain't nobody gon' help you, when you broke nigga
Kanye West through the wire, with a coke nigga
And it's easy for me, to make a mess dog
See these haters they be rolling, with they vest on
I put my trust in God, I ain't got no friends
And bitches say they really love you, when you got ends
But see me, I be rolling like the polo man
I be solo, cause niggaz quick to take the stand
They say P you help the kids, but you hang with thugs
Just be happy, that a nigga ain't selling drugs
Uh, cause ain't nobody here perfect
When one of us make it, come back cause we worth it

Ugh, from the hood to the trap house
Only way to make it scrap, with thus rap out
My lil' brother doing time, cause the FEDs want him
Everyday halloween, cause them youngsters got the mask on em
I use my gift, call it music
Murdered this game, like a uzi
And bounce back, from the good through the bad times
But I ain't tripping, did it better then the last time
And all my homies, locked up and incarcerated
Hold your head V-Glass, that one made it
Man I come from the streets, to the bubble
From the projects to the mansions, with Louis covers
Riding cars, with convertible doors
Money bags, and convertible floors
House filled, with butlers and maids
And this reality, I remember dreaming this in the 8th grade

[Chorus]