

Hold It Down

Gudda Gudda

No complaints, life is all good, ain't it?
I'm maintaining in the game where the game changes
Homies that I grew up with became strangers
I'm still the same but they changed when I became famous
I spell that word, all this fam, ain't us in it
I believed in my dream but you ain't put yo trust in it
I'm going up and my real niggas stay down
Now we at the table food fightin, throwin cake around
Yea, I'm talkin chicken to cheddar, etcetera
So why yourself a better people? It only could better ya
Sharpen up my lyrics to bury competitors
Pray before I ride in the booth, I'm a predator
Chasin anvil, talkin several
So I can open up the thoughts and get the revenue
I won't stop until it's on
Told my workers and the bosses so that they can hold it on

Damn it feel good to be a made nigga
Death before the silent to the grave nigga
And I'm a hold this shit down
Feet planted to the pavement, I got 10 toes down

Tins on my strong and I'm still goin
Desposin all the fake, now the real showin
This is chess not checkers, get your game up
I done kept it real for too long for me to change up
Money on my mind, wutchu thinkin bout?
Got some niggas in the street, I'm tryna take em out
That's what a boss do, horse shoe on the back of my pants
That's my true religion when I walk through
I praise God for the blessings that He gave me
I got some demons in my closet, hope He'll save me
No pops, but my mama did raise me
She told me cut the grass and watch the snakes creep
Yea, one hand on The Bible
Prayin while I got my other hand on the riffle
All I need is God and my guns
And a couple real niggas by my side and I'm good

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