

Hold On

Lil' Kim

Oh how it hurts, like child birth
The wounds heal slow, you just don't know
At times, I don't know what to say
And all I do is pray, day to day
But still, I feel my strength might die
Like right now, I'm tryin' hard not to cry
Even when I close my eyes, I still see it
Damn, I just don't believe it
The bad times I buried, like the cemetery
Unworthy people playin' beneficiaries
A lotta people eatin' off of one man's death
Don't you worry B.I., I'ma ride to my last breath
You killas, caused a lotta devastation
You have no idea what you did to this nation
I fuckin' hate you, excuse my frustration
But just when I'm about to quit, God tells me to just

Don't you give up, be strong
Hold on, hold on
Things are gonna get better
Tough times, they last so long
Hold on, hold on
If you believe, they will get better

Frank White, the man with the money and the fame
Passed away, now bitches wanna claim his name
I been with my nigga before he came in the game
No one's, no V's, we used to take the train
Just us and the Mafia goin' out to parties
I guess back then we was real nobodies
But he was my nigga, and I was his bitch
I rolled hard with him, how could I forget him
Had beef with yo wife that ain't patched up
But still got love for your kids
Even wrote 'em in my will
And I'ma make sure the fam keep a decent meal
No matter what I got to do, or who I got to kill
Shit is real, baby, there ain't no appeal
If I'm fucked up, imagine how Mrs. Wallace feels
Sometimes I sit and think how it would be if we was married
Of if I woulda kept the child that I carried
So to my ladies, don't think I haven't walked in yo shoes
Or thought this was only happenin' to you, righ'
Here's my shoulder, you can lean on this boo
Cuz trust me, I know exactly what you're going through

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So I guess you know the story of how it all ends
Depressed, stressed, don't know who's my real friends
One thing's for sure, I can count on my mens
D-Roc, Money, L, Lil' Cease, and PD

My whole B.I. family, remind me of you
We miss you so much, I love you so much
Never thought life without you would be so rough
But I know we gon make it
We ain't happy, but we fakin'
And to New York, thanks for the support
And all our real fans, I'm shoutin' out the whole land
This is somethin' young kids just won't understand
How they took away this beautiful man
Who shared so many memories
I could go on and on, but a song can only be so long
It's been hard, but I told God that I put up a fight
So here's a Long Kiss Goodnight, Frank White

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