

# Can't Hold Us Down

Lost Boyz

[Mr. Cheeks]

You know the life situations, hard times of deep conversations  
Beef in the streets, eliminations  
Shit gets iller, it's mad bullshit us niggas go through  
They hate us, being broke and gettin dough too  
Well let me show you, niggas how I feel when I'm singin  
Ya niggas be constantly O.D.'ing  
You can't show them crackers love, yo they love to take advantage  
Keep actin like ya black watch where ya land bitch  
A word from the wise, you know us  
The late street slummers  
We creep on you with rentals, no hummers  
We celebrate the summers, burn trees sit up on the bench  
Against the fench, watchin tournaments  
These niggas know the scene, niggas roll dice for the green  
Bitches the more ice the mean  
Keep the cars shining, these love the creep thru the actional  
And that the hood the fuckin main attraction  
The hot bitches and niggas ayo we all make it happen  
Sword sellin drugs are workin hard, we all rappin  
Hope you recognize the realism, that I'm spittin  
Not the hardest rap artist, but I'm hittin  
Put the Gennus to my lip take a sip of it  
Light my L, write my rhyme watch how I flip the shit  
Ayo ya niggas ya be counterfeit, so tone it down a bit  
A move along with you bullshit

Chorus: Lost Boyz & Mel

You can't hold us down, You can't hold us down  
You can't hold us down, You can't fuck around

[Mr. Cheeks]

I creep the streets with my sounds blastin from the get up  
Lay back comfortable, why the fuck sit up  
Rims shining, ordinary guy, makin cheddar  
Life for me and wifey and for the kid it's more better  
Better school and yo niggas makin better more  
Like some old addition listen kid, cheddar roots  
Kid you feelin me, these rap niggas killin me  
Shit my team thru police they be drillin me  
Niggas thrillin me, I shine like the diamond  
For real a fuckin wit you money kid I'm only rhymin  
But if you wanna get it on, yo we can do it  
Any business that's mine yo I'm steppin to it  
Livin life with no fear  
My teams got my back and my rear  
Niggas if you want me, I'm right here  
Talkin out ya mouth, runnin out with gems and cant win  
These DJ's makin tapes and can't spin  
These rap niggas, makin money but they really trash  
Niggas frontin like they want Parelli ass  
Aiyo I pass, I'd rather listen to some R&B  
Some hot shit maybe starrin me

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Cheeks]

It seems that my minds playin games on me  
Police stay harass try to throw the chains on me  
And try to warn me once I got up inside the game  
Niggas told me that shit would never be the same  
Niggas chains what money comes around the set  
Niggas told me though so a nigga wont forget  
Where I came from, you know the fuckin scoop  
Police hate to see us cats when we on the stoop  
Know the best, are whips caught sword in the chest  
Knowin that we enter murder, money and the sex  
Drugs, fuck with honeys who be hustlin for cheddar  
They only out to make it better  
Startin where it comes from  
We used to sell those drums too  
We represent the slums boo  
How we do basically no doubt, LB Fam IV Life, yo we out

Chorus 2X