

# Hold Down the Fort

Mobb Deep

Yeah, we gotta hold down the fort  
We gotta hold down the block  
We gotta hold down the fort  
We gotta hold down the fort, check it  
Nineteen-ninety-motherfuckin-three right?  
What's YOUR new year's resolution motherfucker?  
Check this out  
We gotta hold down the block  
Word is bond kid, uhh, aight

Beef on the block, who is he?  
Set it Dunn, me and my automatic likes to get busy  
Ghetto representer, there ain't no motherfucker better  
While you be catchin feelings like a love letter  
I gotta hold down my fort and won't lose  
Nigga die, because I got the tec 9 blues  
Bulletproof Polo, I'm goin out solo  
Whoever wanna come better step like they know cuz  
I'ma survive, more rougher than a certified  
Around the way, parlay and get high  
My mega blast'll last in days to pass  
Niggaz shoot, too fast, to pull out your gun last  
That's why I like to spark first, and shoot your  
bitch-ass down your next ride'll be a fuckin hearse  
Cause little niggaz don't die son  
Half-step and get that ass lit up like a flare gun  
Cops they want static, whatever they can have it  
My name is Prodigy and I'm known to cause havoc  
And when I flip I be on some ill shit  
I walk the street, like a real super trooper  
The block shit proper, who once got had  
Mad beef with the dread who sold me that dirt bag  
Mad props to the bad little niggaz in the neighborhood  
Long live the short, gotta hold down the fort

Gotta hold down the fort  
GOTTA HOLD DOWN THE FORT  
We gotta hold down the fort  
YOU GOTTA HOLD DOWN THE FORT  
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So hold me down son (YEAH)  
Hold me down (YEAH YEAH)

Yeah how we go son, pull out the motherfuckin M1  
Straight from the 'Bridge so you know where I'm from  
The little, project nigga, I gets no bigga  
Yo, my crew is buck so motherfuck how you figure  
Step the fuck back, nigga, attack with the mack  
Cause word is bond it's on  
Shit is real around the way so sit back and take notes  
Dead you on your coat, then cut your motherfuckin throat  
Takin life like a thief in the motherfuckin night  
While I write write, you bite bite bite  
Niggaz wanna step to my business  
But I just parlay and sip on my Guinness  
Cause I'm the ripper, Mr. Flip the Scripture

Niggaz can't fuck with the flow of a real lil nigga  
I wreck shop, in fact, get the mac, this is real  
Shit is real, how the fuck you figure, nigga nil  
So son hold me down while I pull out the glock  
Gotta hold down the block, that's word to my pops  
So once again it's on, light up the chalm  
Time to drop the bomb, word is bond

We gotta hold down the block  
HOLD DOWN THE BLOCK  
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WE GOTTA HOLD DOWN THE BLOCK

Yo son he pumpin over here Dunn?  
I know he ain't pumpin over here yo  
Yo word is bond yo son peep he comin over let's bring it to him  
What, what? What what what, what?  
Who the fuck are you?  
Man fuck that, what? \*automatic spray\*

HOLD DOWN THE BLOCK  
Yeah whattup now? What what, what what?  
Whattup now?  
HOLD DOWN THE BLOCK

To all the niggaz that's live or real  
You gotta hold down your block, cock back the glock  
Fuck the cops, cause your neighborhood chores  
If they beef, make em bleed on the project floors  
I get my kicks from loadin up gun clips  
Don't fuck with suburb chicks, I need a gangsta bitch  
Don't need a crew, I can bust you down solo fast  
And after that, dip into the weed stash  
I'm quick to blast, enemies won't last the fate  
I kill em fast so they can't retaliate  
Cause when I'm not alive who'd takes my place  
to hold down the fort, we move on  
My man got my back  
I'm ready to go at anybody, who think they John Gotti  
Peace to Manny C, good lookin out B  
I'm Hellbound, got my block locked down

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WE GOTTA PULL OUT THE GLOCK  
Check it, yeah  
Call that nigga