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 We gotta hold down the fort YOU GOTTA HOLD DOWN THE FORT 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
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 We gotta hold down the block 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

We gotta pull out the glock GOTTA PULL OUT THE GLOCK We GOTTA PULL OUT THE GLOCK Check it, yeah Call that nigga