

Hold On

Salt-N-Pepa

Let's have a little church up in here
How ya doin', this is Kirk Franklin
Sharin' with my sisters Cheryl, Sandi, and De De
With Sounds of Blackness
Everybody talkin' about keeping it real, huh
Well I got the real for ya
One time for your holy mind
Come on, hold on, yes

Hold on, don't let go (Rock on)
My God and don't you know (Be strong)
You got the power if you look deep inside (The flow y'all)
Just let God be your light (Rock on)
And He'll make it alright (Be strong)
Don't let go, don't let go (Keep on, uh, yeah, keep it flowin' y'all)

You struggle through your days, workin' then you out
If God ain't in charge, that's all it be about
No doubt, oh yeah, listen to this here
If he got my back then whom shall I fear
Forgive, forget, the tears and the sorrow
Keep your head up, because there's always tomorrow
Put the Lord first, be strong, you can't go wrong
Love is on the way if you just pray, and hold on

Met jealous people, prayed (Tell it) I wouldn't make it
But opportunity knocked (Ha), I had to take it
Never fake it, cuz I be down with the King
He's running everything (So I sing), like the family
When you feel the pressure (Goin' on) and you stressed
Your life is in a mess, this is just a test
God is with you, so people be strong
You can take the whole world on (Now keep it moving)

I ain't trippin' over nothin' (That's right), I count my blessings
Studyin' my words (Uh-huh), steady tryin' to learn my lesson (Yeah)
There's madness in this world, check me out, I ain't stressin' (Word)
Knowledge is the key, joy and peace, the essence (True that)
Do unto others, don't disrespect your mothers
Lend a helping hand to your sisters and your brothers
Trust God, uh, that's all you gotta do
He'll take care of you, now all praises due

All praises due to the Most High (To the Most Hight)
To the Most High heed your prayer to the sky
(You gotta keep your head up to the sky)

So you wanna know why
Praise the Lord everyday, that's how I get high
I, uh, just get by
Can't do me nothin' cuz God is on my side

All praises due to the Most High (To the Most Hight)
To the Most High heed your prayer to the sky
(You gotta keep your head up to the sky)

Said you gotta keep your head

I said you gotta keep your head up to the sky

Oh, come on, have a little church with me
Come on

He brought me through some hard times, it was mad, rough (No doubt)
I thought I couldn't handle it, uh, I had enough
But all praises due to the Most High
You kept me alive when I could have died (Come on)
My God, I think I got to say, Halleluia
You still loved me, when I never even knew ya
Here's to the Man, clap your hands to the song
Sounds of Blackness, Salt and Pepa say, Peace y'all
And hold on