

# Hold On

Trick Daddy

Hey cue that shit that the verse mixed up  
(See what I'm sayin)

Gotsta hold on  
I been trapped for so long  
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Gotsta hold on

See,  
See marijuana got me copin wit my problems  
And hennessy got me hopin I could solve em  
My baby mama ull of drama  
Tryin to scar me  
But unlike my old sorry ass father I tried harder  
My baby raised to hate her daddy  
Her mammy playa hate and wishin that she had me  
She hate to see me on tha street  
And still on my feet  
Betta yet this bitch wish them crackers had me  
See everybody wantsa hustle  
But dont nobody wanna suffer  
Nobody wantsta die cuz they all bustas  
And suckaz  
Aint never gon have nothin  
Cuz they be frontin  
Gotta sacrifice  
Three time for every dime they be wantin  
And believe me  
Being a thug it aint that easy  
I once was a fool but see they had to free me  
I'm undercover man  
But still they aint respectin me  
Tryin to get the best of me constantly stressin me

We gotta hold on (hold on)  
See you must be strong (so strong)  
Against thug happiness (gotsta hold on)  
You can go wrong (i been trapped for so long)  
For my homies in the hood (gotsta hold on)  
What will you do (i been trapped or so long)  
Which life will you choose (gotsta hold on)

(I been trapped for so long)

See big daddy gave her diamond rings  
He introduced her to the finer things  
Looked out started buyin her things  
Minor things for the small change  
And had her off the chain  
And it's a awful thang  
She aint even cost a thang  
Even though I'm thugged out  
She loved how  
I did wrong for so long

And still got by  
See thug money got blood on it  
Plus it leave residue  
Boy I'm tellin you  
I put mo bread on it  
I lost a homie in the stuggle right  
And just the other night  
Somebody tried to take my dogs life  
Atempted homicide  
They outside and aint gon let em ride  
Dont wanna talk  
And aint gon let em slide  
They want war instead  
They want more for dead  
Rather die open fire or do life for their's  
Take a life instead  
Kill his wife in bed  
Ten times to tha head  
what tha shooter said?

See  
I thinkin bout whaen i was younger  
I had to hustle in the summer  
No time for cryin had to help my mama  
Any time and any weather  
Whatever's clever  
And hardly ever never  
Had to step and get my shit together  
I left my homies in tha pen and reason being  
See every man got his own sin  
But I'm a always remember yall  
Cuz after all yall still my dogs  
And when ya jump we can still ball  
My nigga Ronnie, Lil Willie and Fat Fred  
Big Black, My dog Sparky and Lil Ed  
It be times like this  
I sit around like this  
Cryin bout this  
Thinkin why my clicque  
Gotta go and die like this  
No duckin  
No fearin nothin  
Hearin nothin stayin rich but buggin  
We call that thuggin  
But dont be thuggin for nothin own somethin  
Do or ya kids and ya mama  
Save the drama  
Young nigga hold on

Na it aint no time or no suicidal shit nigga  
While you still thinkin you a thug  
You might as well go head and suffer  
Cuz that's what we doin  
That's what it's about  
I ya forgot