

# Can't Hold Back

WC

Mm, mm, mm

Aw Yeah  
I'm wit this  
It's me, the shadiest one  
(Dub, callin' all dubs)

Hot licks, hot licks  
Comin' wit them hot licks, hot licks  
Hit 'em wit them hot licks, hot licks  
Rollin' with them hot licks  
Hot licks

Haters steppin to me, they wanna get some  
But I'ma dub, yo, yo, you know the outcome  
Another victory, they can't get wit' me  
Smoke from the left so coupe it's all they ever see  
I'm on the grind, I got's to get mine, loc  
I been puttin' it down since the days of low pro, so  
Why's everybody now hatin' on me? (why?)  
Could it be I'm runnin' wit the dub SCG  
Or is it that I'm countin my riches  
Getting' my fingernails cleaned  
And being braided by the finest bitches  
Whateva the case you need to back up off my Benz  
Keep my name out yo mouth and slow down like loose ends  
Cuz I wrote for gears, y'all  
Came to 'fore I served all y'all  
I deserve my R y'all  
Dub C, the new leader of the pack  
Wit' the brand new sack, and yo, I can't hold back

It ain't a problem that I can't fix,  
And I can do it wit' yo bitch  
So if you lookin' for trouble and you wanna feel muscle  
All up against yo brain  
It'll weigh those troubles down the drain  
I said I'll weigh those troubles down the drain  
(Bang, bang dub C!)

Not just braggin', snippin', saggin'  
Bang when I talk make the whole world c-walk  
I wants a little, yeah nigga, no doubt  
I put myself in this game, and I'm the only one can take me out  
The 4 droppa wit the Jocelyn complexion  
Still love the women with tats and C-sections  
Protection, got my own bodyguard nigga  
Fuck security, sleep wit my finga on the trigga  
A street scholar, born into nada go riff-rockin' prada  
To rockin' shows in the Dama Fleet collar (hoo hooooo!)  
Never thought a rapper can be livin' like this  
All I wanted was for real loc's to feel my shit  
Paid dues, curb served, for what, connected?  
Sometimes feared but I'm never disrespected  
Get the cash and mash, drivin' for the meal ticket  
Stretch and takin' work, we gon get it, I can't hold back

Get up, get up, get up, now throw your hood in the air  
Let me know you out there  
Eastside, Westside, South and up North  
If y'all respect mines then I will respect yours  
From the crips to bloods to latinos  
I'm down with any nigga that's down for makin' c-notes  
Illegal, a dozen egos can't lie  
I'm addicted to twistin fools for them birds that don't fly  
cause real G's chase cheese and shake busters  
Cut for one another motherfuckin' color  
We quick to bring it, but ain't got time for the drama  
I'm all about stackin' dollaz and swangin' Impalas  
I got my money to make, niggaz a gank, yea to chase  
Keys a takin', bottles of paint, pounds of flip, a bottle of steak  
Nigga to drink, pepper the bank, hose the brake, goes the weight  
Foez the cane, but it's over, finish this game, what's my name?

I'm, I'm, I'm a dub to the C  
I'ma dub to the C  
I'ma dub to the C  
I'ma dub to the C

Bang bang  
Hoo Hoooo!