

Hold Down

Anilyst

Did it on my own now, wen't and got my own sound
Repping for my hometown, from your hood to your grounds I hold down the NO T
own

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I am from Fresno Killafornia
Where they live for the thrill of the moment, where they still mix pills wit
h coronas, you can still get killed on a corner
No pity for those who are loners
Its the city that built my persona
From an itty bitty boy to a grown up
The epitome of living like a soldier
Home of the best ass
Smoke on the best stash
If you need to toke on a sack homie just ask
Cause the NO's where I rest at
I know where the connects at
There's a whole lot of meth labs
And I don't ever rep that
But I just gotta vent facts
To make you take a step back
And picture the place that I'm from
Envision whatever I say out my lungs
Depict it with words that I lay over drums
Picture this image we straight from the slums
It's scary to most, so I dare you to go
To the 559 that's the area code, drive at night through the various roads
Trouble is casually doubling
Families practically crumbling
Couples be battling custody
Could you imagine the fuckery?
The good the bad the ugly
The hood the lavish and lovely
My status is bubbling, so, this must be the land of the lucky now fuck with
me

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Hot in the summer, freeze in the winters
All year around it's the season of winners
Hold shit down for the people that's with us
NO town means we don't need no quitters
We just keep giving weak folks jitters
I know a couple people that be so bitter
Cause I keep on killin like my fingers on the milla
And I keep on feeling like I'm living in a thrilla
I don't give a fuck because we gets crazy
Gotta give it up to the city that made me
Cause I get a ton of love from it daily
And I'll never front because this shit raised me

All the battles I've battled through
Gave me the baddest of attitudes
A savage surpassing you so high above you can't handle my altitude
I do what I have to do
Better move when I'm passin through, or this cat gone damage you, leave you
in a van by blackstone avenue
Or the tower district
Got an ounce broke down and twisted
Spending hours lifted
Hold it down for the town don't it sound terrific?
Fiends on ice
Kids taking hits on pipes
On sight people get in raw fights
Not soft when you live a hard life
Felons living low
Friends turn to foes
If you never been before step in to the door welcome to the NO

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