

# Held Me Down

**Boldy James**

Where we at?  
Let's get it

On hell block, playin' hot potato, in the kitchen, tryna re-rock a bagel  
It come to bitches, you know I got a stable  
My project bitch ain't got no cable or no washer-dryer  
Three, four kids, can't cook a lick, but this ho hot as fire  
My other chick, she got some priors, family from the boonies  
Love my dirty Fruit of the Loomies, I love it when she moon me  
Ain't talked to Spoony in a minute, know we good money  
Hood love me, played the hand I was dealt, ain't talkin' gin rummy  
My income be comin' in seven different ways  
Type of nigga married to the streets and never been engaged  
Sawed-off, pump, or twenty-gauge (Front and center stage)  
Magazine hold a fifty-clip, don't make me flip the page  
Been in them shootouts close-range, I been in them raids  
Been afraid to give a bitch my all 'cause I done been betrayed  
I can recall bein' broke, niggas sendin' shade  
I microwave that dope on sixty seconds, call it Minute Maid

Ayy, I can remember once or twice when niggas held me down  
Tapdancin' on the work, thinkin', "Feet, don't fail me now"  
Drug Zonin' from McNichols back to Seven Mile  
Killed all my opps, so ain't no differences to reconcile

G7 GD, scalin' blow with DeeDee on the S.E.B  
I popped my first Barbie doll with Gigi  
Plugged in from Six Mile and Hoover Street to Greenleaf  
Bo J really be thuggin' off of Cooper Street with Riri  
Deep East in the trenches where police kickin' screens off the hinges  
All the fiends bangin' needles and syringes  
Down in Pensacola with the Sinaloa, sendin' bricks of yola to Dakota,  
you a silver spoon-fed Ricky Schroder  
Screamin', "Free my lil' nigga Gio, he a pill-gritter"  
RIP my young nigga , he was a real killer  
Slidin' with the Glick through the slums, know they feel bitter  
Life's a bitch, she must got me sprung, 'cause I'm still with her

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