

Hold It Down

Lil' O

[talking]

Southsive for live, we balling in the mix
It's going down H-Town for real, pull it out
Let em know, we bout to steal the show
Pull up on 4's, kick down the do, what

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Cause I'ma hold it down, and represent H-Town
They said we wouldn't make it, swore it wasn't going down
But I'ma show em now, that we about to clown
Regulate for Texas state, baby I'ma hold it down yay-yay

[Lil' O]

Hey I'm young dumb full of cum, icy and numb
Block bleeder balla, pass the great pupon
My dress code stay thoed, they be like where you from
I tell em Third Coast Texas race, Houston
And I stop the piece, when my glocks release
Catch me on the Southwest, moving flocks of geese
Talking down on my city, you'll get rocked to sleep
Cause I keep a AK, ready to chop the streets
And I don't need no friends, but I need those ends
I'm trying to get the six double zero Benz
You try to stop that, it'll be your end
We bar none boys, we don't see no men
And we fear no coward, get money and the power
Reign in the states, with the flakes and the flower
Hit clubs on Dubs, standing out like a tower
Hop out in bitches shoes, leaving niggas sour, what

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

[BFBK]

I'm a habitual hard knocker, and a menace as well
Blood thirsty like rotweilers, in the kitchen with scales
Chickens and mail, got us dodging prison and jail
Slipping your nail, my niggas off of timid and frail
Like toxic, come up with smells my aroma is stronger
Man water corona, stop on cobonas
We know the ray corners, like we the F-E-D's
Best believe when we squeeze, niggas chests gon bleed
Yes indeed, no doubt we bout to rest emcees
Baller naming as the greatest, full breaded pedigree
Lifestyle and profile, living big celebrity
Never push inside my pride or, integrity
My people deep as a river, bring it on we can rumble
Turning cowards over like fumbles, or my homies the jungle
Street smart and lion hearted, what I started I finish
We provoke it and cause commotion, by the time we done hit it

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

[BFBK]

I'ma compose when paper fold, and my attitude's cocky
And dodging and breaking bones pockets, leaving your posse
Sluggish and sloppy, smoking like a broken solloppe
I shake fades and break bread, while I'm blowing on broccoli

My block bleeding blood hounds, stay down like flat tires
Convicted and pass bond, we glisten like selfox
Paper rock path find, ain't no sleeping's the motto
Dehydrated for our dollas, kottenmouth and can't swallow
We Dirty Third desperadoes, dumping ashes on bitches
Mashing on snitches, and pussy glasses matching my bridges
Slagging and slipping, never in my macking and pimping
I game spit your main bitch, never shackle a pigeon
My teeth glisten while they greeting, when I'm bending in women
I'm spinning that pimping, gangsta limping, off of vision and gripping
Adrenaline dripping when I'm pumping, with a passion for stacking
Stanking like waltz I catch em, ?charlie hustle in mansions?

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

[Z-Ro: in background]

Yay-ay [x13]

[talking]

Dedicated to the streets of H-Town Texas
The whole Dirty Third, everybody that held a playa down
When it wasn't going down, you know I'm saying
Much love from the Fat Rat With The Cheeze, Lil' O
BFK, Z-Ro, 89 hundred brat