

## Holding Back the Years

Master P

Holding back, the years  
Thinking bout the fear, I've had so long  
When somebody, hears this  
Listen to the feeling, that's gone

Ugh, turned ten G's to a million bucks  
Started from nothing, yeah then I came up  
Grandma gone, but I'm still trying to hold on  
Pockets full of big faces, baby get your roll on  
And ain't nobody gon' help you, when you broke nigga  
Kanye West through the wire, with a coke nigga  
And it's easy for me, to make a mess dog  
See these haters they be rolling, with they vest on  
I put my trust in God, I ain't got no friends  
And bitches say they really love you, when you got ends  
But see me, I be rolling like the polo man  
I be solo, cause niggaz quick to take the stand  
They say P you help the kids, but you hang with thugs  
Just be happy, that a nigga ain't selling drugs  
Uh, cause ain't nobody here perfect  
When one of us make it, come back cause we worth it

Ugh, from the hood to the trap house  
Only way to make it scrap, with thus rap out  
My lil' brother doing time, cause the FEDs want him  
Everyday halloween, cause them youngsters got the mask on em  
I use my gift, call it music  
Murdered this game, like a uzi  
And bounce back, from the good through the bad times  
But I ain't tripping, did it better then the last time  
And all my homies, locked up and incarcerated  
Hold your head V-Glass, that one made it  
Man I come from the streets, to the bubble  
From the projects to the mansions, with Louis covers  
Riding cars, with convertible doors  
Money bags, and convertible floors  
House filled, with butlers and maids  
And this reality, I remember dreaming this in the 8th grade

[Chorus]