

# Hold Ya Head

Showbiz & A.G.

Once again back again with my friends  
Diamond's beats are fat just like a Benz  
Andre the Giant is great, but I should also mention  
Lord Finesse, he's the Funky Technician  
I'm on my way to the studio, it's the only way that I know  
How to play down low  
Punching keys like Rocky Balboa  
Saying rest in peace to Tshaka Figeoroa  
Some got to grow up before they blow up  
And did you ever know a young brother who had shit sewed up?  
Rented some BM's some Volvos, some Benz  
So much jewels I had to pass shit down to my friends  
But when down and out and pockets are low  
See how fast friends go when there's no cash flow  
So I head for the top, times are hard  
Pushing moms, no pops, I had to get my own props  
I can wild out, but instead  
I just keep to myself and Showbiz just hold his head

Wally World (Just hold ya head)  
True Dog (Just hold ya head)  
Kerry Dope (Just hold ya head)  
My cousin Chris (Just hold ya head)

Hold ya head, that's what Showbiz said  
In memory of Koto Harris, the eulogy read:  
Another friend was laid to rest  
This world is just chaos, confusion, and a big mess  
But we got to keep striving  
To leave town, never stay down but keep rising  
>From the ghetto, not always ghetto minded  
Some is striving, the finish line they never find it  
All of the sudden they life stops  
>From black on black to harassed by white cops  
Some went into jail to do time  
They take away your time, your freedom, and your state of mind  
So pay attention, these are facts, black  
Take it from the Giant cause I've been there and back  
This is advice so take it  
Stay strong on your path, and you will make it  
I'm not trying to tell you what to do  
Just hold ya head, and everything else will follow through

To Tyrell (Just hold ya head)  
To Cool K (Just hold ya head)  
My brother Kel (Just hold ya head)  
Big Todd (Just hold ya head)

Green light, that's go or should I stop?  
I'm not trying to get bagged by any narc cops  
What are you, on dope, or is this a joke?  
Is this the day you pull me over, searching for cracks and coke?  
What's the problem, you know I'm sober  
If you drove a fucking Nova you wouldn't have to pull over  
You're making me late, my papers is straight  
Never hesitate to run a check and then let me skate  
Take my business card, it's in my left hand

You got the right motherfucker but the wrong goddamn plan  
So pass me by, or you wonder why  
Niggas pull out their glock and point it right between your eye  
But I got my shit together, I never flip with the weather  
And I always think clever  
I think positive and legit  
I gotta give big shouts to my peeps Kendu and Infinite  
Brothers stare into my face like I'm a sucker  
It's too easy to kill another young motherfucker  
So I ignore it, I turn the other cheek  
Yo Show, you ain't got any time for these niggas, these boys is weak  
Some punks want to spit razors shit for rocks  
Packing a glock, and I don't shoot blanks  
Young boys that thought they was ready, step to this  
They made wrong moves because that ass got rocksteady  
Down the line, far from kind  
Whip in behind, and still packing nothing but a nine  
Back on the block, or out on the streets  
I recoup a Dre's scheme real neat to make ends meet  
But I can't live trife, shot stabbed with a knife  
I want kids and a wife, not 25 to life  
Negative thoughts are dead  
Showbiz is the man that always hold his motherfucking head

To my man Tone (Just hold ya head)  
To Mad Mark (Just hold ya head)  
To Carmello (Just hold ya head)  
To Big Jordan (Just hold ya head)

Yeah, even though we can say rest in peace to the brothers that ain't here,  
It's just never going to bring you back. So we got to love the ones that  
We're close to now. And I say, and I say, and we out. A.G., my man.

I'd like to say what's up to my man Icewater, my man D-  
Smooth, my brother Cali  
Dog, just to everybody man, just hold ya motherfucking head.

Word, cause we've been there, and we in here. Out, and we out.