

Hold On

Tsu Surf

We was rippin' and runnin', found a couple other hobbies now
Ain't got to rob, ain't got to cook and cut it rock it now
Ain't what you know, it's who you know
Connections drop it down
Shit was never white, it was more like a Bobby Brown
Daughter was born, I was cuffed
What would you do to hold her?
It's like asking a dehydrated, "What would you do for soda?"
I had plans, never met her, but I knew I owed her
Two straps, shit, they was trying to charge Super Soaker
Blood thicker than water, but water taste better
So I wouldn't be shocked at any signature on any hate letter
These enemies come in the forms of friends now
Tenant the whip, that's a 30, them clips extends now
Got a problem with straps, I need to let 'em go
But these niggas keep giving me reasons to let 'em go
Is my daddy proud? I will never know
If I was 8 again, I'd have so much to tell him though
But I'm a kid with a kid, I do my own popping
Shit, I do pray that he home watching
Ain't play ball like he wanted
But I be doing something, I mean that's better than nothing
Nothing but dreams, truthful schemes where I live at
This rap shit, we live that
The cops took his life and won't give back
Fuck the shovel, I can't dig that
Mom's in outer space, don't even know where her kid at
And we digress
Since them [?] boys she stayed up in my projects
They say they get me, but steady question my concept