

## 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