

Hold Your Own

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Ayo, Bans, what you cookin'?)
(It's Malik on the track)
(Run that shit up, Jay)
It's YoungBoy
(Khris James, what the fuck?)

Street nigga and she got a real possessive body
Youngin', don't you want your life? Don't be stupid, this ain't kamikaze
How you 'posed to hustle? You can't focus, you out here takin' Roxies
Knowin' I got the trick like hocus pocus for to drop the boxes

Hold your own, young man
Hold
And remember no love
Inside these streets you roam

Go, New York in a peacoat, catch me jumpin' out of taxis
Just paid ten million for my taxes, no time for flashin'
Transaction active, he too flashy
What's the worse perhaps could happen?
Result in him tied up on the other side of the bed, stuffed under the mattress

Tryna twist my world around like she a Rubik's Cube
Tryna bring some love around to stop my hustle, I'll murder Cupid
She say, "You don't deserve me, stupid, you fuckin' jerk, let go of my shirt"

Since grandma died, I ain't go to church, she a gospel woman, the past hurt
In the eight Atlantic section, hand in a pot, I'm with VL
Been a chef before a rapper, I was tryna show 'em that my recipes still good
still

Duckin' from a line of steel, they done [?] the car
Tell the bosses in my time, "I'm on the line, hold your cigar"
Shots fired, we send 'em back, the neighbors say they saw us
And they knowin' we can't control it, but try protectin' they lil' boy
Feelin' insecure, I could work you good, but feel like a lil' boy
That's just me, I'm thinkin' out loud, but your bitch'll tell you I go hard
I done jumped up out my sleep, I'm on K2, it's not that boy
No direction, ain't no plans, just tell Khris to just press record
Just bought a new house for my girl, my daughters, and my lil' boys
Six million, bitch, I'm sittin' on top the mountain like Costello, nigga

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Just did time, became a hustler, tryna turn it from backwards (What that mean?)

He been tryna make the money keep on stackin'
Education out the streets, don't need no lecture pastor
Run from police, they don't like me 'cause I'm a rich fuckin' bastard
Turn it up, go faster, I come from stolen cars to my own whip
Got a shooter inside with me, ain't got no name, they like, "Who own him?"
Told youngin, "Don't leave the backside of that Nawf," they like, "Who zoned him?"
Finally rich, I came home and turned around, they said, "They cloned him"
Mathematics gon' switch my whole position, we play with numbers here

Start it, end it, puttin' shit in the grave, this be them diggers, yeah
Green flag tattoos all on they face and they be quick to kill
From the environment, holdin' my bitch body, it was an attempt to get me dri
lled
The art of water, art of murder, look who standin' still
Audemars came stainless steel
Portrait painter can't even paint the kid
DA tryna paint the picture
A lie, I can't, the truths, I bid
Signed a gentle bond, still set the bid
Dreame of contract business as a kid

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