

Bad Boy's Da Band, Hold Me Down

Yeah, Brooklyn, New York, stay focused
It's ya girl, Babs Bunny, the streets first lady
Diddy, I see you, baby
Y'all niggaz done met ya match
I'm somethin' like a pimp you bust I bust back
I game dudes got 'em callin me wifey
My stomach stay flat baby, mothers don't like me, huh
Chicks this heated then I give 'em my ice see
I'm the knockout queen y'all hoes don't wanna fight me
Sexy, brown skin complexion
Concealed in my purse it's a deadly weapon, yeah
I don't pay for nothin' at all
I even get free dutches at the corner store
Shot caller dudes stop as soon as I speak
Babs Bunny the black jet queen of the week, huh
I'm fire just what the thugs desire
Got a high pitched flow MC Mariah
When I walk down the streets niggaz squeak their tires
Got every club promoter passin' me flyers
I'm in there V.I.P. a sure night
With a bottle of haze, my weave is so tight
I'm ready for some action, hands in the air
Crystal over here in the club no beer
Stuntin' bad girl, I do it for nothin'
Tight dickies shirt with a pop top button
Babs repeat it I'm something that the rap game needed
Thorough bread plus I stay weeded
All I need from you is your word that when I come to the stai
You gon hold me down 'cause when you come to M.I.
I'm gon hold you down, you know it's Freddy P
Te hit man of the band, y'all know how I'm doing it now, shit
I'm in and out them magazines back to the TV shows
Attendin' business meetings with a 40's and my dirty flows
Everyday's an episode all because them episodes
Just like rats they wanna know where my cheddar flows
Everyday like valentine, how I keep it rollin'?
Never made a dime from rap yet
I thank them people no my people don't believe it though
Someone has been leavin' those words sayin' cold
You think I don't know you serving Coke
'Cause you ain't a dude alive that couldn't carry their Coke
So it must be them freakin' po po's I hope they better pray
They don't run up wrong or your momma gonna be singin that song
What you say Freddy P ya heard me, it's Lord Chopper City
Ya heard me, your little brother ya heard me
I representin' the band ya dig to the death
New Orleans the third ward Magnolia
Let me catch a nigga bootin' up I'ma be like what's hap nigga
I crush bones and ain't a mothafuckin' fat nigga
You know what type of shit I'm on I let the Mack hit ya
You cant box my squad, our left jabs quicka
Then any bitch nigga that tries to come against us
All my sistas, I promise to make it part of my agenda to get ya
You know what I'm sayin', we see them ninjas
Hoppin' off of them Ducatis choppin' you down like timber
You can try to stop me, I will injure
Shit my killer instincts like cinder
I'm a bad boy guerrilla making millionaire figures
Chopper City 'bout to dis ya, I can paint you a picture
Hey yo, Chopper man I dig you like the fuckin' shovel man
Its E Ness the enforcer from the band man
We the hottest thing since microwave popcorn dog
It's real, it's about to go down like this ay yo
Puffin' on sour deezys you know it ain't illegal

And I never been to Iraq but packin' desert eagles I mean
Call me a liar but the fires back
Bad Boy empire is where the fires at
I got the Sean John truck with the tires to match
The whole hood on fire the wires tapped
Okay this part of the deal, bounty huntas all on my heels
Lookin' for me huh somewhere in the Ville
I takes planes trains, automobiles, boats
Overseas passport to Brazil
Survival of the fittest, nigga I talk it I live it
Gotta crawl before you walk any nigga can get it
All dance for the family ya know Elliott ness, me
I hold it down til dead before dishonor trust, what me
Tell ya Dylan Dillinger, join the family all West Indian
I for, lemme see some lighters now, call you
Ya me, me in a band which is poor in need
Ya must see, man a don, nah me no blood clot be
She see me, shot ya eye out, you no see, see, see, see
Little more me have to wild out with set she see, see
She check all of me guns, she plottin' theify theify
Me have a half a pint fa your an Eagle eye if she need it
Check the people like some mortars are
Rule the people with me gun like Moses rule 'em rod
Bumba clot enough ta move ya and them Ouija
Man I righteous hearted, [Incomprehensible]
Pull the burn out me trunky, pistol pack the fassey
Shots every area, foes will no like me why
Them new Jordan and new Nike
My glocks come out when it's time fa ya bashee
Ask dem ya gonna see da band is me family
If ya disrespect ya fi never feel mornin'