

# Cocoa Brovaz, Hold It Down

(Steele)

Hold me down, I'm movin on the enemy now  
For a cause, and he cause ya exort at war  
I swore to be dedicated, always elevatin, meditatatin  
Bout the soldiers who couldn't make it  
Take shit forever, that's my position, part of my condition  
Is to long live the tradition of the stick n move  
Get ya tools ready for construction  
We prepare to build or destroy somethin  
Brooklyn born, I be Steele on the real  
And I feel like gettin it on, yo son what's the deal?  
For some reason, niggas be fiendin  
And when niggas be fiendin, they be quick to commit treason  
But I keep breathin through, though the season do  
Be seemin to get alot more hot than usual  
So, who can I confide in, who can I trust to bust when I'm ridin  
I don't need no last minute surprises  
From those who pose as friends but they be lyin  
I keep my eye on the snitch that's spyin  
Plottin to brake down my whole enterprises  
Some niggas soft but some niggas define shit  
True soldier ready for war, so don't try shit  
Why you get critical, 'cause the spots held down by the general

(Chorus 2X)

There's only a few that could ride wit me  
There's only a few that could ride for free  
I hold my weight plus yours, when you can't hold ya own  
'cause I know you do the same for me, so hold me down

(Tek)

Every clique got a soft nigga in it, believe me  
That potray a kid he saw on the streets or in the movies  
Tryin to do the same he seen on the screen  
Got his big guns, Timbs, hoody and his jeans  
Talk the fast talk but there's a pause in this walk  
Rock his jewels, truck and he still eat pork  
He get his little hustle on, he run with his major team  
Crazy ass dread from Jamaica, Queens

Ain't never seen war up in his face before  
Get his news from the barber shop/beeper store  
But if you let him tell it, he's the last man standing  
Talkin bout son, I held it down wit the cannon  
Should of seen the way that I was blazin at the cats  
Twist of the wrist, while I was pattin one back  
Like that kid did to Menace, when he had the four pound  
You know it's only right, I had to hold the fort down

(Storm)

Blazin wit ya friends, when we ridin  
There's no suprisin, it's all good  
Takin chances, in the cut every day  
Tryin to big up, tryin to big up wit my master plan

(Chorus 2X)

(Steele)

As a youth I would sit up in my room and dream  
One day I became wit a ruthless teen  
Little did I know that every step I took  
Had already been signed and sealed in some books  
So I took a look at what I got to work wit of course

And if granted by the source move on wit full force  
What choice to choose, if I sin will I use  
Sittin wit the reverend in my county blues

(Tek)

To which ever form you base your religion on  
Live by the scriptures of the Bible or Karan  
Don't burn bridges if you plan to make riches  
The ones that you least expect to be the worst snitches  
For a dollar, a nigga screamin holla out  
Ya secret whereabouts, so they can come and air ya out  
And took the throne, down the shoot dead and gone  
The struggle goes on, so hold down ya dome

(Chorus 2X)