

Trick Daddy, Hold On

Hey cue that shit that the verse mixed up

(See what I'm sayin)

Gotsta hold on
I been trapped for so long
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Gotsta hold on

See,
See marijuana got me copin wit my problems
And hennesty got me hopin I could solve em
My baby mama ull of drama
Tryin to scar me
But unlike my old sorry ass father I tried harder
My baby raised to hate her daddy
Her mammy playa hate and wishin that she had me
She hate to see me on tha street
And still on my feet
Betta yet this bitch wish them crackers had me
See everybody wantsa hustle
But dont nobody wanna suffer
Nobody wantsta die cuz they all bustas
And suckaz
Aint never gon have nothin
Cuz they be frontin
Gotta sacrifice
Three time for every dime they be wantin
And believe me
Being a thug it aint that easy
I once was a fool but see they had to free me
I'm undercover man
But still they aint respectin me
Tryin to get the best of me constantly stressin me

[hook]

We gotta hold on (hold on)
See you must be strong (so strong)
Against thug happiness (gotsta hold on)
You can go wrong (i been trapped for so long)
For my homies in the hood (gotsta hold on)
What will you do (i been trapped or so long)
Which life will you choose (gotsta hold on)

(I been trapped for so long)

See big daddy gave her diamond rings
He introduced her to the finer things
Looked out started buyin her things
Minor things for the small change
And had her off the chain
And it's a awful thang
She aint even cost a thang
Even though I'm thugged out
She loved how
I did wrong for so long
And still got by
See thug money got blood on it
Plus it leave residue
Boy I'm tellin you

I put no bread on it
I lost a homie in the struggle right
And just the other night
Somebody tried to take my dogs life
Attempted homicide
They outside and aint gon let em ride
Dont wanna talk
And aint gon let em slide
They want war instead
They want more for dead
Rather die open fire or do life for their's
Take a life instead
Kill his wife in bed
Ten times to tha head
what tha shooter said?

[hook]

See
I thinkin bout whaen i was younger
I had to hustle in the summer
No time for cryin had to help my mama
Any time and any weather
Whatever's clever
And hardly ever never
Had to step and get my shit together
I left my homies in tha pen and reason being
See every man got his own sin
But I'm a always remember yall
Cuz after all yall still my dogs
And when ya jump we can still ball
My nigga Ronnie, Lil Willie and Fat Fred
Big Black, My dog Sparky and Lil Ed
It be times like this
I sit around like this
Cryin bout this
Thinkin why my clicque
Gotta go and die like this
No duckin
No fearin nothin
Hearin nothin stayin rich but buggin
We call that thuggin
But dont be thuggin for nothin own somethin
Do or ya kids and ya mama
Save the drama
Young nigga hold on

[hook]

Na it aint no time or no suicidal shit nigga
While you still thinkin you a thug
You might as well go head and suffer
Cuz that's what we doin
That's what it's about
I ya forgot