

# Bun B, Hold You Down

(feat. Trey Songz, Mike Jones, Baby)

Hey, Hey, we keepin it treal, samba baby

[chorus:]

If u need love im lovin, if u need a thug im thuggin, whatever u need girl ima hold u down, need a li  
dough we flippin got somewhwere to go im whippin, be a love hustla whatever u need girl ima hold

[Bun B]

Bun B da ima man amongst men my chain is white gold my steel is Tungsten i'm made of tough sk  
(hold up) take mo then a average nigga to check me Ima rider till the wheels go ballin they blow ou  
(damn) one hundred and one percent G and its no doubt that if u need a man to make u feel secure  
u aint gotta look no more i got the cure

u want money and jewels (jewels) u want clothes and cars (cars) wanna live VIP rubbin shoulders v  
stars (stars) wanna fly in G4's (4's) or sail the seas then your wish is my command u can do what y  
(hey) the lap of luxury is what you'll be layin in just respect the playa and the game that hes playin  
in (forreal) i can show u a side of life u never seen (huh) cuz even the kid the treal need a seperate

[chorus]

[Mike Jones]

See all that listenin to them hoes in your ear gotta quit i see they smile when im around when i leav  
they talk shit they just mad cuz i got u flippin jagos poppin tags brand new clothes u cant tell by the  
tag i dont mean to boast and brag but them hoes around u hatin they just waitin on u to slip so i co  
leave yo ass with nathan then when i do that they gon back door and try to holla hopin ima do them  
you and drop them off some dollas but i aint cuz i cant afford to go back down that road id rather st  
my J-O and stack a bank roll but i aint cuz i cant afford to go back down that road id rather stay on  
J-O and stack a bank roll but if u real and u down and in public you dont clown holla at me ill be aro  
(mike jones) but if u real and u down and in public you dont clown holla at me ill be around Yea

[chorus]

i been puttin it down nigga and holdin my grounds nigga from off the mound nigga we duckin them  
nigga takin they crown nigga and shovin the town nigga rocks off the ground got the cush by the po  
nigga ankle blingin baby wrist on freeze got the pinky on the ice love a bitch wit gold teeths nigga h  
girl nigga lovin the G keep the work under the seat she do it for me take a trip to port her off to the  
beach tell her homie hold it down cuz we hustle to eat and got me feelin like i lost my jones i done l  
my horns so H town is on and nuttin change cuz the palms got chrome nigga do this in the early cu  
gettin it on and baby girl u could shop alone and fly the four to France and take a hundred bones

[chorus]