

Chink Santana, Hold On

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Miscellaneous

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Another motherfuckin' dollar..

But look, nigga...

It's how we do

Livin' in the ghetto, ooh, ooh

And it really all about takin' that money, man

If they catch me, they betta kill me

Ain't comin' out like no punk

Shit, can't let no nigga take nothin' from me, man

Cause look, yo... they steppin' in my zone

And infiltratin' my home

And what the fuck would you do?

If a nigga straight... took ya cake

And tried to break you, break you

[chorus]

[bridge]

I wish that I could let it go

How we in the struggle and hustlin' just to make it out the ghetto

I wish that I could let it go

I wish that we ain't have to be so canivin' just to make it out the ghetto

I wish that I could let it go

How my niggas in the pen doin' time just to make it out the ghetto

I wish that I could let it go

I wish that genocide wasn't survivin' just to make it out the ghetto

[verse three]

Everyday is just weed, rocks, and pistols, cops comin' to git you

When niggas that wanna put you on shirts readin', "We Miss You"

Everything I been through, nothin' but issues

Tired of goin' to funerals and passin' moms the tissue

Getcha prayer in ya life, it's hard to listen

When there ain't nothin' fair in ya life

It's God that's missin', that's what they be tellin' me

And I try to wait but He be takin' so long

I'll probably catch another felony, inhalin' weed

Keepin' me broke, though, I slangs my coke

I probably push less weight than the trees I smoke

And ain't no hope for tomorrow, hot, heavy wit sorrow

Cause my peers bring tears from findin' em full of hollows

I know you probably goin' through the same thang

The same pain, cause we caught up in the same game

And don't a damn thang change, nigga, bump this song

Cause you strong and you ain't alone, nigga... just try to hold on