

Da Band, Hold Me Down

DA BAND LYRICS

“Hold Me Down”

[Babs]

Yall niggas done met ya match
Im somthin like a pimp you bust i bust back
I bang dudes yeah they callin me wife beat
My stomach stay flat babys mothas dont like me
Chicks conceded then i give em my ice see
Im the knockout queen yall hos dont wanna fight me
Sexy brown skin complexion
Cuz shits in my purse its a deadly weapon yeah
I dont pay for nothin at all i even get free dutches at the corner store
Shot caller dudes stop as soon as i see
Babs bunny the blackjack queen of the week huh
Im fire just what the thugs desire
Got a high pitched flow MC Mariah
When i walk down the streets niggas squeak their tires
Got every club for more we passin street flyers
I been there VIP its a short night
With a bottle of haze my weave is so tight
Im ready for some action hands in the air
Crystal over here in the club no beer
Struttin bad girl i do it for nothin
Tight dickies shirt with a pop top button
Babs repeat it im suckin up the rap game need it
Thorough bread plus i stay weeded

[Fred]

Im in and out the magazines back to the tv shows
Attendin business meetings with the 40s and my 34s
Every days an episode all because im episode
Just like rats they wanna know where my cheddar flows
Everydays like valentine hah i keep it rollin
Never made a dime for rhyme yeah
I make the people no my people dont beleive it though
Someone has been leavin no words sayin cold you stack on no you serpico
Cuz you headin through the line makin and carryin their flow
So it must be those freaky po pos i hope
They better pray they dont run no chrome or your momma gonna be singin that song

[Chopper]

What you say Freddy P ya heard me
Its all chopper city ya heard me
Your little brother ya heard me
I representin the band ya dig to the death
New orleans the third wall i mack now yall
Let me catch a nigga bootin up ima be like whats hap nigga
I crush balls and it a mothafuckin fact nigga
You know what type of shit im 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 im sayin we see them ninjas
Hoppin off of they cottage and choppin you down like timber
You can try to stop me i will end ya
Shit my killer instincts like cinder
Im a bad boy you better make it
Make it out fifty
Chopper city by position i can paint you a picture

[Ness]

Hey yo choppa i dig you like a fuckin shark man

You see its ness the enforcer from the band man
We the hottest thing since microwave popcorn dog
This is real its about to go down like this hey yo
Puffin on sour deezys you know it aint legal when i never been to iraq but packin desert
eagles on me
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
Ok this part of the deal
Bounty huntas all on my heals
Lookin for me huh so were in devilles
I take the planes trains automobiles boats
Overseas passport to brazil
Travel with the fittest nigga i talk it i live it
Gotta talk before you walk any nigga can get it

[Dylan]
man im not even gonna try to figure that shit out

[Thanks to LylDummy1003@aol.com for these lyrics]