

DJ Jazzy Jeff, Hold It Down

Intro: Method Man]

Aight, Staten Island what up,
Yeah, Long Island what up, Come on,
Jazzy Jeff yall, Phillie what's good,
Haha, New Jersey,
Yo I just had a Phillie cheese steak, That shit was good as a muthafucka.

☐Not the lyrics to "HOLD IT DOWN (FEAT. METHOD MAN)"? , Please report that below

[Method Man]

Yo, Yo, Who do it till the death,
Let the magnificent Jeff go do it to the rest,
You see the difference, Assumin we a threat,
Yall just impotent, Aint no use of screwin with the best naw,
I wrote a 16 a throw it in a tech,
Shootin game at these fools now for foolin with a vet yeah,
It's Mr. Mef really, Who did you expect,
Another shit talkin MC, With booty on the breath naw,
Let's smoke somthin, Let your dude hold somthin,
And this dudes coke runnin till the blue coats commin yes,
Cruise still stuntin, Radio still frontin,
And the stuff they still bumpin got me numb, I feel nothin Jeff,
So I'ma get it like I spit it,
Get my glass you can fill it to the rim with the realest and,
I'm talkin back when Biggie Smalls was the illest,
And the boys from Cypress Hill said how I could just kill a man.

☐Do you know what album had this song, can you report to us below?

[Chorus 2X: Method Man]

Already knowin how we go, Let's get at your people,
I'm flowin these streets know, I hold it down,
And for the channel, The G code Jeff,
Just let the peeps know I'm reppin the east coast, So hold it now.

☐If you can not find the lyrics you want, You may want to request them.

[Method Man]

Until my niggas get room enough to breath,
I'ma break down the leaf, My brotha crush the weed,
Not Puff Daddy, No boy I puff the trees,
In a room full of crackers I might cut the cheese,
They called me Mr., I got what you need,
And a bag of sour dezz, You aint gotta pluck the seeds naw,
So hit the peddle, I'll bring you up to speed,
Nearly smashed up to beamer, No more cognac for me,
See I'm in my backyard still cleanin,
All the fiends still fiendin, Better deal with the demons and,
I'm just bein rash, I'm like what's the meanin,
Cause as far as MCin I aint likin what I'm seein man,
Nah, So M-E-F's on some other shit,
Feel it like that first piece of pussy, Fell in love with it,
Yall know what up with it, If I'm with my brohter get,
Money, Clothes, Hoes, 24s on the mother ship.

[Chorus]