

# Slum Village, Holding On

Elzhi> I know I might sound like I got a cold and I'm sneezing  
But I'm grown and I'm breathing  
Hear the tone in my speaking  
Both of my parents gone for a reason  
Daddy's wrong just for leaving  
Mother moved on and I'm grieving  
Now spirits above the stones and the demons  
She belongs in the teaching where there's a throne in the kingdom  
And deep inside my bones I'm believing  
That my poems that I'm reading is the psalms to my freedom  
But life can be known as deceiving  
What I'm shown isn't pleasing  
Makes me wanna throw stones at a deacon  
In his home when he preachin  
See that's Satan making my heart cold as a breeze till it's frozen from freezin  
Gotta get right  
I'm might not make it over this evening  
Cause your time here is shorter than breath going from weezing  
And I heard my nigga Tone he was bleeding  
Through his clothes it was leaking from some chromes that was squeezing  
Now when I'm all alone I be thinking I'm against all odds  
Praying that God will show me the evens  
But I'm sick of being poor through the season  
Smoking dro through the drinking  
With two hoes through the weekend

Bout to bone till I semen

Chorus

T3> But sometimes I feel alone on these streets

It gets cold in these streets

My heart and soul on these streets

I lost my moms so I hold to a piece

Of a place, date and time

When we both intertwined

It was love for a fatherless son

Although he had love for his son visits were none to seldom

I sit on the porch till the mail come

And when it came

Ther never was a letter with my name(damn)

But moms was ther for me

She held it down cause she cared for me

She never left

Even in her last breath when she slept next to death

She was always at her best

Never stressed

That's why i love her

Chorus

You gotta keep holdin on

You gotta keep keep holdin on keep holdin on 4x

Chorus