

# Lil' O, Hold it Down

(\*talking\*)

Southsive for live, we balling in the mix  
It's going down H-Town for real, pull it out  
Let em know, we bout to steal the show  
Pull up on 4's, kick down the do, what

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Cause I'ma hold it down, and represent H-Town  
They said we wouldn't make it, swore it wasn't going down  
But I'ma show em now, that we about to clown  
Regulate for Texas state, baby I'ma hold it down yay-yay

[Lil' O]

Hey I'm young dumb full of cum, icy and numb  
Block bleeder balla, pass the great pupon  
My dress code stay thoed, they be like where you from  
I tell em Third Coast Texas race, Houston  
And I stop the piece, when my glocks release  
Catch me on the Southwest, moving flocks of geese  
Talking down on my city, you'll get rocked to sleep  
Cause I keep a AK, ready to chop the streets  
And I don't need no friends, but I need those ends  
I'm trying to get the six double zero Benz  
You try to stop that, it'll be your end  
We bar none boys, we don't see no men  
And we fear no coward, get money and the power  
Reign in the states, with the flakes and the flower  
Hit clubs on Dubs, standing out like a tower  
Hop out in bitches shoes, leaving niggas sour, what

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

[BFK]

I'm a habitual hard knocker, and a menace as well  
Blood thirsty like rotweilers, in the kitchen with scales  
Chickens and mail, got us dodging prison and jail  
Slipping your nail, my niggas off of timid and frail  
Like toxic, come up with smells my aroma is stronger  
Man water corona, stop on cobonas  
We know the ray corners, like we the F-E-D's  
Best believe when we squeeze, niggas chests gon bleed  
Yes indeed, no doubt we bout to rest emcees  
Baller naming as the greatest, full breaded pedigree  
Lifestyle and profile, living big celebrity  
Never push inside my pride or, integrity  
My people deep as a river, bring it on we can rumble  
Turning cowards over like fumbles, or my homies the jungle  
Street smart and lion hearted, what I started I finish  
We provoke it and cause commotion, by the time we done hit it

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

[BFK]

I'ma compose when paper fold, and my attitude's cocky  
And dodging and breaking bones pockets, leaving your posse  
Sluggish and sloppy, smoking like a broken solloppe  
I shake fades and break bread, while I'm blowing on broccoli  
My block bleeding blood hounds, stay down like flat tires  
Convicted and pass bond, we glisten like selfox  
Paper rock path find, ain't no sleeping's the motto  
Dehydrated for our dollas, kottenmouth and can't swallow  
We Dirty Third desperadoes, dumping ashes on bitches  
Mashing on snitches, and pussy glasses matching my bridges  
Slagging and slipping, never in my macking and pimping

I game spit your main bitch, never shackle a pigeon  
My teeth glisten while they greeting, when I'm bending in women  
I'm spinning that pimping, gangsta limping, off of vision and gripping  
Adrenaline dripping when I'm pumping, with a passion for stacking  
Stanking like waltz I catch em, ?charlie hustle in mansions?

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

(Z-Ro in background)  
Yay-ay - 13x

(\*talking\*)  
Dedicated to the streets of H-Town Texas  
The whole Dirty Third, everybody that held a playa down  
When it wasn't going down, you know I'm saying  
Much love from the Fat Rat With The Cheeze, Lil' O  
BFK, Z-Ro, 89 hundred brat