

Hold Me Down

EPMD

Hold me down
Hold me down
Hold me down
Ah yeah yeah hold me down
Yeah uh-huh uh-huh, hold me down
Word up, yeah, yeah, to hold me down
Hold me down
Word to, everybody that, hold me down
Huh? Ah-huh, yo, what?

Hey yo P back me up now, hold me down
While I go around this town, snatching crowns
From those supposed, wannabe rap vocalists
If you nice get your rope and dosey-do in this
Let me know something, you wanna fight? Let's go something
If not, close your mouth and say nothing
Y'all imitations, fucking up the whole situation
With sucker MC infiltration

Hey yo straight up, you light MC's better get your weight up
I'm benching three hundred and change, starving cats get ate up
Ain't that ill? How I can just stare, and watch the blood spill
From an unknown rapper, but now the rapper's no thrill
Now how real is that? Burning gats, knives and bats
Hot rhyme, status, with the hot wax
Mixed with the street slang, is where it's at
Perhaps, you should close your mouth kid and slide back

Yo E, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo P, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo E, hold me down
I'm holding you down
PMD, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo E, hold me down
I'm holding you down
PMD, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo E, hold me down
I'm holding you down
PMD, hold me down
I'm holding you down

You got shit harder than this, Erick Serm' and Parrish Smith?
What's this? Piped out five, with the kit?
And millions to back it, keep it rugged never wack kid
This ain't just rhymin, God's on the way, and he's askin
Who's been followin the rules, two noided, so we strap tools
And can't cool, this go out to the cats in school
It's not the norm, word bond, so get ready for the rainstorm
Too hot, fuck lukewarm, when we swarm

Yeah we swarm MC's with the bee effect, zzzzz, sting em
Like Muhammad, set the scene I'm bombin on
CEO's, A&R's, street team to a manager

For the cream, we damage ya
On light-skinned, dark-skinned, albino
From a crackhead, dopefiend, or wino
Bring the Ultra-ment, stick you with the Magnetic
Give a shout, to them sweet cats, rap diabetics

Yo P, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo E, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo PMD, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo E, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Yo PMD, hold me down
I'm holding you down
E-Dub, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Mic Doc, hold me down
I'm holding you down
Green Eyed Bandit, holding it down
Yeah, I'm holding you down

Niggas trying to jam the frequency, when on the low
They be peeping me and the E, DJ Scratch, EPMD
The Dream Team, who fiend for the cream since sixteen
Dodging po-nine and marks, with the high beams
God-body, rap style, Mazerrati
Catching bodies, E Double holding shit down with the sawed off shotty
What you thought? We taking more than nickels and shorts?
Get the fuck out of here, nothing sweet here, you get your shit torched

I spit flames at Oklahoma
When done, you can smell the Sermon aroma
In a coma, burned to death, man listen
Did he deserve, the kicked to the curb, ass whipping?
Believe you me, it was his destiny
For the child to end for fucking with men
P and I got something for all y'all
Who stand tall, and dose that like to ball
So we ball like Spalding, in the time of need
Who you calling when your career is falling?
Way down, you've been hit, lay down
Hit the ground, don't get up, stay down
Relax a minute, you shouldn'ta put your two cents in it
Now you up a creek, in the back of a car that's rented