

# Hold On (feat. Mary J. Blige)

## Lil' Kim

Oh how it hurts, like child birth  
The wounds heal slow, you just don't know  
At times, I don't know what to say  
And all I do is pray, day to day  
But still, I feel my strength might die  
Like right now, I'm tryin' hard not to cry  
Even when I close my eyes, I still see it  
Damn, I just don't believe it  
The bad times I buried, like the cemetery  
Unworthy people playin' beneficiaries  
A lotta people eatin' off of one man's death  
Don't you worry B.I., I'ma ride to my last breath  
You killas, caused a lotta devastation  
You have no idea what you did to this nation  
I fuckin' hate you, excuse my frustration  
But just when I'm about to quit, God tells me to just  
Don't you give up, be strong  
Hold on, hold on  
Things are gonna get better  
Tough times, they last so long  
Hold on, hold on

If you believe, they will get better  
Frank White, the man with the money and the fame  
Passed away, now bitches wanna claim his name  
I been with my nigga before he came in the game  
No one's, no V's, we used to take the train  
Just us and the Mafia goin' out to parties  
I guess back then we was real nobodies  
But he was my nigga, and I was his bitch  
I rolled hard with him, how could I forget him  
Had beef with yo wife that ain't patched up  
But still got love for your kids  
Even wrote 'em in my will  
And I'ma make sure the fam keep a decent meal  
No matter what I got to do, or who I got to kill  
Shit is real, baby, there ain't no appeal  
If I'm fucked up, imagine how Mrs. Wallace feels  
Sometimes I sit and think how it would be if we was married  
Of if I woulda kept the child that I carried  
So to my ladies, don't think I haven't walked in yo shoes  
Or thought this was only happenin' to you, righ'  
Here's my shoulder, you can lean on this boo  
Cuz trust me, I know exactly what you're going through

So I guess you know the story of how it all ends  
Depressed, stressed, don't know who's my real friends  
One thing's for sure, I can count on my mens  
D-Roc, Money, L, Lil' Cease, and PD  
My whole B.I. family, remind me of you  
We miss you so much, I love you so much  
Never thought life without you would be so rough  
But I know we gon make it  
We ain't happy, but we fakin'  
And to New York, thanks for the support  
And all our real fans, I'm shoutin' out the whole land  
This is somethin' young kids just won't understand  
How they took away this beautiful man  
Who shared so many memories  
I could go on and on, but a song can only be so long  
It's been hard, but I told God that I put up a fight  
So here's a Long Kiss Goodnight, Frank White

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