Mastaminds Website Lyrics – Hanging On

Chorus:

When everything in my life is going wrong,

You know you keep me holdin’ on.

You give me all that I need to keep me strong,

And that’s what keeps me hangin’ on.

Check. Mastaminds on the scene, yeah I’m to the extreme.

Like ice no vanilla man I’m talkin’ about cream.

Cash rules everything around me and my team

But I ain’t talkin’ about bling, Baby I’m talkin’ about green.

Money, cars and clothes—all the shit that it brings

Just ain’t enough to satisfy my hunger for greed.

With keys to the gates of heaven but I sold my wings

For codeine, a pound of green and a M-16.

I used to dream of becoming somebody,

Now that I’m somebody who the hell gon’ stop me?

My style’s so cocky, ballin’ is a hobby,

(Make ya fiend on my theme song will pump you like Rocky).

Top seed of poppy, erbs be the greenest,

Strong arm the game like I’m Pedro Martinez.

Make the world fiend this Mastamind’s story,

Goin’ out in a blaze of glory like I’m Jon Bon Jovi

(Chorus) 2

What kind of drink you like?

Whatever kind you like.

What kind of food you like?

Whatever kind you like.

What kind of dude you like.

You’re the kind I like.

Aight, stick with me and everything’ll be tight.

This goes out to all my sisters, bitches and gold diggers,

My nine to five live groupies and go-getters,

Them lullaby spitters calling up babysitters...

To roam around the club lookin’ for paid niggas.

Coke and smack sniffers, lookin’ for drug dealers,

Hookers and bullshitters, clit and tit lickers.

My night club strippers be lookin’ for big tippers.

Möet & wine sippers be pullin’ down my zippers.

When they’re gone off tha liquor, them girls get loose.

Matter of fact I wrote this verse with a bottle of Goose.

Ain’t no frontin’ in the booth, I’m just tellin’ the truth.

My flow never gets old—I am the fountain of youth!

(Chorus) 3

I represent my block with the (sherm) head cluckers,

Show you how to push in a street full of cluckers.

Them girls know we ballin’ so they all wanna luv us,

Gotta pocket full of money, back pocket full of rubbers.

A fighter and a lover, beast under the covers,

To girls and their mothers—call me a motherlover.

I ain’t tryin’ to get in trouble, so IDs please.

At ease, this goes out to my H-O-Es:

My latin chick named (Runny), blond chick named Bunny,

I get ‘em both together, call ‘em Milk and Honey.

A hip-hop junky; can’t live without a radio.

MP3, two to one I like the ratio.

She’s down with fellatio; gotta pop bottles though.

Models that sport Prada and snort a little yayo.

In the M-I-Ayo I put in work,

I’ll knock the fellow off the horse on your Polo shirt!

(Chorus) 4