

Hold Up (feat. Big Boi)

Chris Brown

Chris Brown, Big Boi, yeah
Oh, she's mine and see, God knew she was mine
The day I seen that guy, the big mouth bass on the line
Its time for me to retrieve her and go get her like a wild receiver
But we dont play no ball, see, when they come through
You, baby girl, were gon take it all On the real we need to nip this in the bud
Cause we kept it real with everyone
So tell me why they hatin, everybody's hatin?
It feels like theyre just waitin for us to grow apart Its just hard for me to do
But baby, if Im your man I guess I gotta be your man
These men just gotta understand
Little girl with curves and hips, luscious lips
Girl, I cant front now, Im nervous Im like, hold up, wait, wait a minute
Im genuine with it, I aint tryna put no pimpin in it
Im like, hold up, can I talk to her?
Hold up, can I take her out?
Hold up, uh, thats why I gotta tell you now Now a days is so crazy out here, do you wanna [Incomprehensible]
If your daughter struts with me, lucky me
And you'd be lucky too, no entourage, no crew
Just me ridin with my boo, I got her but dont think Im replacin you Girl, I know you know what I do and Im a
major minor
It'll take days and days and decades to find another dude
Thats gonna walk in my shoes and, girl, keep it one with you
As long if you do the usual And Im talkin bout, hold up, wait, wait a minute
Im genuine with it, I aint tryna put no pimpin in it
Im like, hold up, can I talk to her?
Hold up, can I take her out?
Hold up, uh, thats why I gotta tell you now Baby, please hang up the phone
Cause Im talkin to your father
Mrs. Jones, Mr. Jones
Ive been talkin to your daughter And she like me
She told me she like me
And I really like her
She gon be my wifey Baby, please hang up the phone
Cause Im talkin to your father
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She gon be my wifeyIm like, hold up, wait, wait a minute
Im genuine with it, I aint tryna put no pimpin in it
Im like, hold up, hold up, hold up
Thats why I gotta tell you nowNow is the time for me to come clean
Now is the time for us to turn that yellow light to green light and proceed
Us together be more better like lemon pepper on your wings
And you'll never find another fellow thats better than your kingI ming, go sing, gon talk about goods who playin
But we cant have no picket fence cause we got acres and acres of land
The haters are takin it mad that we can handle these fakers for class
Mannerisms on that CO5 and a half on theirGirl, buy, give it a try, give your boy a chance
Ever since you landed in my space seems like Ima yours again
My top friend, rock them, we dont need no all day hits
Pop them, put old google on a boss backIm like, hold up, wait, wait a minute
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Hold up, can I take her out?
Hold up, uh, thats why I gotta tell you nowBaby, please
And she like me and I really like her
Baby, please
She gon be my wifey
Baby, please

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