

Hol' Up

Kendrick Lamar

I wrote this record while thirty thousand feet in the air

Stewardess complimentin' me on my nappy hair

If I can f-ck her in front of all of these passengers

They'll prob'ly think I'm a terrorist

Eat my asparagus, then I'm askin' her

Thoughts of a young nigga, fast money and freedom

A crash dummy for diamonds, I know you dyin' to meet 'em

I'll prob'ly die in a minute

Just bury me with twenty bitches, twenty million, and a Comptown fittedHol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)Yeah, big shit poppin'

Section 80Back in this bitch in the back of that bitch

Wit' my back against the wall and yo' bitch on the edge of my dick

Jump off

I call a bitch a bitch, a ho a ho, a woman a woman

I never did nothin' but break the ground on top of the asphalt

Tire mark gave you evidence that I'm easily peddlin' with the speed of a lightnin' bolt

As a kid I killed two adults, I'm too advanced

I live my twenties at two years old, the wiser man

Truth be told, I'm like eighty-seven

Wicked as eighty reverends in a pool of fire wit' devils holdin' hands

From the distance, don't know which one is a Christian, damn

Who can I trust in 2012? There's no one

Not even myself, a Gemini screamin' for help, somebodyHol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'

When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't an optionHol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)

Hol' up (Hol' up)Yeah, big shit poppin'

(Ay, ay, kick her out the studio, Ali)24/7 nigga, workin' his ass for it, she poppin' that ass for it

The King of Diamonds wit' diamonds I never do ask for

They checkin' my passport, I'm too accustomed with Customs

She call in the task force, I killed it, somebody cuff 'im

They want me to fast-forward the game, and why you complain

When you niggas is past poor, you'll never hop in my lane

When you pushin' a RAV4, you wreckin' my Jaguar

You play like a bad sport, her feet on the dashboardHol' up (Hol' up)
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Hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up)Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'
When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't an optionHol' up (Hol' up)
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Hol' up (Hol' up)Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'
When you do it like this, nigga...I wrote this record while thirty thousand feet in the air
Stewardess complimentin' me on my nappy hair
If I can fuck her in front of all of these passengers
They'll prob'ly think I'm Osama
The plane emergency landed, it was an honorHol' up

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