

# Hold Up

[Beyoncé](#) ©

Hold up, they don't love you like I love you  
Slow down, they don't love you like I love you  
Back up, they don't love you like I love you  
Step down, they don't love you like I love you  
Can't you see there's no other man above you?  
What a wicked way to treat the girl that loves you  
Hold up, they don't love you like I love you  
Oh, down, they don't love you like I love you

Something don't feel right  
Because it ain't right  
Especially comin' up after midnight  
I smell your secret, and I'm not too perfect  
To ever feel this worthless  
How did it come down to this?  
Going through your call list  
I don't wanna lose my pride, but I'ma fuck me up a bitch  
Know that I kept it sexy, and know I kept it fun  
There's something that I'm missing, maybe my head for one

What's worse, lookin' jealous or crazy?  
Jealous or crazy?  
Or like being walked all over lately, walked all over lately  
I'd rather be crazy

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Let's imagine for a moment that you never made a name for yourself  
Or mastered wealth, they had you labeled as a king  
Never made it out the cage, still out there movin' in them streets  
Never had the baddest woman in the game up in your sheets  
Would they be down to ride?  
No, they used to hide from you, lie to you

But y'all know we were made for each other  
So I find you and hold you down  
Me sing se

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Oh it is such a shame  
You let this good love go to waste  
I always keep the top tier, 5 star  
Backseat lovin' in the car  
Like make that wood, like make that wood  
Holly like a boulevard

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I hop up out the bed and get my swag on  
I look in the mirror, say, "What's up?"  
What's up, what's up, what's up  
I hop up out the bed and get my swag on  
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What's up, what's up, what's up

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