

# Hold On (ft. Young Roddy & Trademark Da Skydiver)

## Curren\$y

Hey yo, oh  
A yard for my dogs, a crib for my main, bitch  
I've been a man and I am still stainless  
Haters called vapor, inhaling the anguish  
Kill these bees human fashion painless  
Cellphone my bitch to auctions cat paintings  
Gotta have a more than cain load me to debating  
Just x nares fifth crack lacerations  
Dope cuts motherfucker catch up, the girls eyes wondering she wan' know if that's us  
Heard about that spitter's stroke and she won't be next up  
Only man talking about boy when I catch up  
Shit bound to get all messed up and that's all messed up  
Let's go rest up, I be in the cut  
Got a can of ozium in the truck  
Fresh cut, word the Gucci man photo shoot  
Spinning in your city homie, sending hoes through  
Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home  
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm gone, yeah, yeah  
Started in this mighty young Well I stay for my child when that nigga Scott lazy  
And look how I've changed them hood hoes to ladies  
And look how I've turned them Hoopties to Mercedes  
And I mean that (?) was kinda crazy  
But I was too focused on getting bread, pay me  
Now they're telling all of those DJ's to play me  
Mama sent me down and told me all about the hazey  
My favorite color was green like money's just a baby  
The niggers turn flaky, visions turn shady  
But no more great days, I wake up out amazing  
Purple haze give me lazy eyes like McGrady  
And as on everything that dirty first raised me  
And as on everything that I did is in all flavors  
Practice make perfect, perfect make paper  
Paper take patience, and I'm still waiting  
So it's fuck you pay me, I've been ranned out of favors  
Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home

One night in front of the house don't mean I'm gone, yeah, yeah  
Started in this mighty young I always plan my position, posted like a sinner  
Money on my mind, the bank account getting thicker  
Blowing out of pounds, cases of the liquor,  
Surrounded by these bitches I'm far from fictitious  
Niggas claim they G but they start to look suspicious  
Getting on the planes every time I get conventional  
I'm paying no attention, I keep on twisting up  
This purpose's so sticky, it's getting stuck to my fingers  
Just said we're here, hitting the game from all angles  
You got it in the choke call is more like a sprinkle  
You say I'm one of the best and I ain't ever dropped a single  
My flow won point, you can tell from the lingo  
Christmas act of trees, I'm smoking Kris Kringle  
Blue cheese, sour deez and the kush taste mingle  
Trade keep it real, I am nowhere near lame-o  
The plane's on the way, clear the runway and the lanes hoYeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home  
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm gone, yeah, yeah  
Started in this mighty young.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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