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 debatings
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 youngWell 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 youngI 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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