

# Hold Yuh Freestyle

## Wale

[Wale]Ok I'm Wale but you can call me nada  
my momma old G which makes me a Don Dada  
momma say I'm a cutta cuz my hair like a shotta  
the feds like to follow cause my bread like to knot up  
so roll up the Marley my eyes are low up in this party  
I'm looking for a (?)  
Louie where my eyes at  
Prada where my feets at  
you aint gon find that  
ask me where my mind at  
you could never find out  
ride nine nine five haters in my eye sight  
more about nothing  
muthaf-cker better download  
(?) my DL's on the down load  
keep em in the closet MJ Noami  
I don't need no friends (?)  
my broad is a trophy  
broad's out Moco broad's out Southeast  
Killer stay uptown, load NBA trick  
never give my heart to hoes that want my play sh-t  
gold digger sonar, roam like it aint nothing  
(?) but look what I made from it  
Carmelo straight stuntin  
purple label 8 hundred  
I better get the four Rose had the summer  
read n-gga sh-t  
ATL was sippin them  
Magic city sippin them  
Gucci (?) cover my dreads I think I'm Gilligan  
I don't really mess with the feds (?)  
if they not talking no bread than we aint listening  
straight lane Kiffen them

we aint playing for rings and that trophy I mention before I let em keep  
Reggie Bush Im murking my Kardashian (car dash in)  
might as well crash and pass it to Miles Austin  
thats how I'm going, hoes want but now I'm on  
A couple poems a couple songs and now its on

and this woman is loving the way that I perform

(?)

Shout out my n-gga miles

they stop the whole game everytime I come around  
and me and them rappers don't share no common ground  
I'm a sphere they a square they can't even come around

I aint finished yet, I aint finished yet

bitches love me, houston like spinach dip (?)

get it I got that cold flow, Winnepeg

this is work I am in a different World, Winnefred

Tulisa all black Caprices, (?) so far gone going on (?)

and me and my broads (?) and (?)

so everytime I treat em in the mall I gotta re-up

and ya'll gotta relax talking bout that he wack

or they be reminiscing over you word to P-Rock

riding in a CL, hope I never see jail

and even if I do I know my momma gon be well

(?) love em whether she know it,

the youngest outta two see (?) while she grown up

when they hate I never give a whole f-ck

I have sh-t purple haze purple half cents

I have dollars for a young'un never had sense

I have sins so my parents never had lent

now I'm getting it everything lavish I'm ballin

LeBron low punch I was maverick

Ravishing, rick rude of rappin you bastards

and i just want to hold her

she all that I can handle

[Gyptian Chorus]

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