

# Hold Up

Nelly

We doing a hundred on the highway, switchin' lane after lane  
If the po po come then let 'em, ain't no stopping today  
We brought out them horses tonight, the big blocks  
Dual cams, chrome pipes, I know you hear 'em  
Please, who in your hood wouldn't trade places with me?  
If I ain't what you're tryin' to be, then why you hustling see?  
To be young, black and rich, and thank the combination  
Tell me when it's switched, I need to know, listen  
Maybe the problem is you thinking too small  
You niggas only want to rap and that's all  
Your only goal is to buy out the mall, my goal to buy me a mall  
You want to stunt for the summer, I'm trying to buy me the fall  
It's a MySpace lick, you know how heavy hits MySpace get, yow  
It's like I'm hurtin' feelings just by telling the truth  
I'm hurtin' feelings in and out of this booth, now listen  
You see me sitting in a turning lane, you're a nigger, mine a bigger man  
You always braggin' 'bout a little change you need to step up your game  
You better hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up  
You better sit your ass down  
Hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up  
You better sit your ass down  
My block I see you haters watchin' me, but I ain't trippin'  
We all see it ain't no stoppin' me, when you a millionaire  
You steady buyin' property, I got land  
To come catch me, you hit the lottery, niggas so stop playin'  
I ride when I want to, and ye ain't know  
See me buyin' what I want to, walk out the store  
A hundred thousand in my pocket, you can tell how I'm walking  
I ball like a dog, and they keep they heads crunk  
Tossin' at the red light, go on pro, go on tar Candy Red tight  
My 54 nigga, wanted that oregano, fresh off a case  
And now they hatin' every paranoid, yeah you better know it  
What I'm bringin' ye ain't ready for, go right ya  
  
What's to tell em, go and kill em boys, and lights out  
Nigga I ain't playin' witcha, the really dead hit ya  
Don't let me pull up on you in that turning lane nigga  
You see me sitting in a turning lane, you're a nigger, mine a bigger man  
You always braggin' 'bout a little change you need to step up your game

Hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up  
You better sit your ass down  
Hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up  
You better sit your ass down  
Got my bread stacked high like Mike in NBA highlights  
Mansion, me and jacuzzi bubblin? with skylights  
I?m Cool L, duels, killin? niggas? eyesight  
Wal Mart stocks, Mercedes 7, damn right  
My wrists stay glistenin?, two birds kissin?  
And I?m sick of all this money, somebody call the position in  
The American dream, I?m what niggas is envisionin?  
You clowns ain?t makin? your brains, you just drizzin? it  
Packin? like I ain?t famous, talkin? ?bout  
I throw a party at the bank, walk a million out  
Got over 30 movies, what you think you doin? to me?  
You sold a couple records out, how you think you gon? outdo me?  
You know I?m in shape for slappin, you gon? try to sue me  
I buy you off, slide off with your lil? cutie  
All this money is a goddamn nuisance  
Look at my career, yeah, I?m the blueprint  
You see me sitting in a turning lane, you?re a nigger, mine a bigger man  
You always braggin? ?bout a little change you need to step up your game  
Hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up, hold up and hold up  
You better sit your ass down  
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