

Hold Up

MC Eiht

[EIHT]

We sending this one out right here
To all the young thug and young hustlers out there
You know I'm sayin', grown up with their moms strugglin'
In the hood yo' I'm sayin', ya know how it is
Trying to keep it tight, you know I'm sayin'
GeahBorn and raised a black youth, no happy days
My moms and pops went they separate ways
Now she solo with half the dough, and three kids
No house, a damn tight situation we inHit the streets to look for work and pay
So her kids can have it better than she had one day
Try to teach me some rules, "Get A's in school
Keep your head up high and don't run with the fools" That was the lesson, always listen to moms
Bible she totin, always quotin from Psalms
Young but I'm knowin' the right thang to do
Know the things to say when times is blue Times is hard and really unfortunate
I'm young and I really don't like the shit
But I dream nice things when I sleep at night
When I grow up I'll make everything alright
Sing[SOULTRE]
I know it's hard sometimes
But if you can make a way, you need to hold up
I know a better way
And if you can wait today it'll be alright...[EIHT]
Now I'm 15, my life done hit a split screen
What used to be a good kid struck a bad gene
Bad dreams, young thugs and crime scenes
Skip school, saggin' my jeans and blow green My moms don't know where I get the shit from
If you keep trippin' you know the outcome
Laid up somewhere, or in jail
Makin' collect calls tryin' to make bail Hell, and you know how I struggle for the cheddar
Before I give it away better get it together
My guilty conscience sayin' not no listen
The other have tellin' me, keep a good intention Aw shit, a nigga need a mind of his own
Too much to deal with, I really don't feel shit
Young thug ready to take on the world
Who made my life take such a twirl
Come on[Chorus]
Now my situation's changed, no chains remain

Now I try to check out the game and cause pain
Long live the days of homeboys and straps
Gang of tombstones for the ones that caught caps
Make snaps off raps, reminiscin' of days
Good part is shot up while 'More Bounce' plays
Missin the days sometimes, but keeps my eyes on the future
Keep my hands on my heat cause niggas might shoot ya
Rob a nigga blind, just like Stevie
I used to do the same when a nigga was greedy
But my come-up was wrong, flipped it, now it's strong
Now I clocks snaps, keep the street shit in my songs
Trying to make it up on a stage from doin' a bid
Trying to make a better way like she did for my kids
Right now watch out, keep my nose to the grind
Yeah boy, this world is mine
Geah[Chorus]

Songwriters

COMBS, SEAN/JAMERSON, TROY DONALD/MUCHITA, KEJUAN WALIEK
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,
Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>