

# Hold Up (Ft. T Streets)

Lil' Wayne

OK

Bitch I'm me, American gangsta

Weezy F baby, born in a manger

Trouble is my friend,

I ain't far in the danger

Clip full of wings,

Turn you boys into angels

Shoot ya in your halo,

Shoot you like halo

New Orleans A-hole,

Flee-o, Fuego

All about my bread like bagels, they know

I'm raw like Qualo,

Ball like gay hoes

Weed so strong

Its like I twist tornadoes

Spit like 9's,

4 5th's, and 3 8 oh's

Niggas want problems,

Well I am problematic

It's back to pickin' cotton

Cause you niggas cotton candy

I'ma east side damu,

Deep water Shamu

Shoot you from your head to your shoulders, shampoo

Kush and the bamboo,

Pussy in the bedroom

Pass that bitch down like an heirloom,

TunechiHold up

Hold up

Wait a minute

Hold up

Hold upHustle till nightfall

Party till sunlight

Guns in the boxes

Don't make this a gun fight

Fuck them other niggas

I fuck them niggas bitches

Benadryl shit

Trigga finger itchin'Hustle till nightfall  
Party till sunlight  
Guns in the boxes  
Don't make this a gun fight  
Fuck them other niggas  
I fuck them niggas bitches  
Benadryl shit  
Trigga finger itchin'Hold up  
Hold up  
Wait a minute  
Hold up  
Hold upBitch I'm streets, I rep that east  
Gimme the beef, I'll put the beef in da grease  
Kush in the sweets, your bitch in the sheets  
I fucked that bitch, mission complete  
Real nigga talk, gangsta conversation  
I'm a real nigga don't fuck wit' imitations  
Young Money nigga ain't no limitations  
I don't play games niggas simulation  
Which one of y'all niggas say ya bout it?  
It's a fucked up world T-Streets take ya out of it  
That's word to the glock.  
Glock in the sock  
Who's left playin' shields better stop at the dot  
Hold upUh,  
Married to the money,  
You welcome to the reception  
She came with problems,  
Fuck it that's my step sons  
Sleepin' in the Maybach,  
Wake me when the jet come  
And I keep the toast  
Turn yo ass to bread crumbs  
Uh based on a true story,  
I got a million flows they ain't even two stories  
Sleepin' on the edge,  
I hope I don't toss and turn  
Shoot down the early bird  
And that's how I get the worm yeah  
Real nigga university, alumni  
Just check my watch  
And that bitch say sometimes  
She say when I'm in her  
It feel like I'm soul searchin'  
And they say money talks,

Well its my spokes person  
Uh grab a star from the sun roof  
I fuck her in her dreams  
And make her come true, yeah  
Young Money in the power  
Send my B's at you like a motherfuckin flower Hold up  
Hold up  
Wait a minute  
Hold up  
Hold up Hustle till nightfall  
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Songwriters

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