

# Hold Up

Nelly

We doing a hundred on the highway, switchin lane after lane  
If the po po come then let em, aint 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 wouldnt trade places with me?  
If I aint what youre tryin to be, then why you hustling see?  
To be young, black and rich, and thank the combination  
Tell me when its switched, I need to know, listen Maybe the problem is you thinking too small  
You niggas only want to rap and thats all  
Your only goal is to buy out the mall, my goal to buy me a mall  
You want to stunt for the summer, Im trying to buy me the fall  
Its a MySpace lick, you know how heavy hits MySpace get, yow Its like Im hurtin feelings just by telling the  
truth  
Im hurtin feelings in and out of this booth, now listen  
You see me sitting in a turning lane, youre 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 aint trippin  
We all see it aint 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 aint know  
See me buyin what I want to, walk out the store  
A hundred thousand in my pocket, you can tell how Im 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 Im bringin ye aint ready for, go right ya  
Whats to tell em, go and kill em boys, and lights out  
Nigga I aint playin witcha, the really dead hit ya  
Dont let me pull up on you in that turning lane nigga You see me sitting in a turning lane, youre 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  
Im Cool L, duels, killin niggas eyesight  
Wal Mart stocks, Mercedes 7, damn right My wrists stay glistenin, two birds kissin

And Im sick of all this money, somebody call the position in  
The American dream, Im what niggas is envisionin  
You clowns aint makin your brains, you just drizzin itPackin like I aint 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 Im 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, Im the blueprintYou see me sitting in a turning lane, youre a nigger, mine a bigger man  
You always braggin bout a little change you need to step up your gameHold 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

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