

Hold up (feat. Big Boi) (Produced by Dre & Vidal)

Chris Brown

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Big Boi
YeaHook line and sinker
Knew she was mine
The day I seen that guy
The big mouth bass
On the line
It's time for me to retrieve her
And go git her like a wild receiver
But we don't play no ball
See when we come through
We baby girl gon' BB don't play at all
On the real we need to nip this in the bud
Cause we kept it real with everyone
So tell me why they hatin' (everybody's hatin')
It feels like they just waitin' (for us to grow apart)
It's just hard for me to do
But baby if I'm your man
I guess I gotta be your man
These men just gotta understand
Little girl, with curves and hips, luscious lips
Girl I can't front now
I'm nervous I'm like hold up
Wait, wait a minute
I'm genuine with it
I ain't tryna' put no pimpin' in it
I'm like hold up
Can I talk to her
Hold up
Can I take her out
Hold up, uh
That's why I gotta tell you
Now a days is so crazy
Out here
You'd wanna be cuttin' me
If your daughter struts with me
Lucky me, and you'd be lucky too
No entourage, no crew
Just me ridin' with my boo
I got her
But don't think I'm replacin' you
Girl know you know what I do

And I know you made your mind up
It'll take days and days, and decades to find another
Dude that's gonna walk in my shoes
And girl keep it one with you
As long if you do the usual I'm like hold up
Wait, wait a minute
I'm genuine with it
I ain't tryna' put no pimpin' in it
I'm like hold up
Can I talk to her
Hold up
Can I take her out
Hold up, uh
That's why I gotta tell you Now baby please
Hang up the phone
Cause I'm talkin' to your father
Mrs Jones, Mr Jones
I've been talkin' to your daughter
And she like me
She told me she like me
And I really like her
She gon' be my wifey
I say baby please
Hang up the phone
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Hold up, uh
That's why I gotta tell you Now is the time for me to come clean
Now is the time for us to turn that yellow light to green light
And proceed us together, be more better like lemon pepper on your wings
And you'll never find another fella that's betta than your king
I ming go sing gon' talk about goods
Who playin'

But we cant have no picket fence cause we got acres &and acres of land
The haters are takin' it mad
That we can handle these fakers for class
Mannerisms on that C.O. five and a half on they ass
Girl buy, give it a try, give yo boy a chance
Ever since you landed in myspace it seems like I'm yours again
My top friend, rock them
We don't need no all day hits
Pop them
Put ol' Google on a boss backI'm like hold up
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Baby please

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