

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

Chris Brown

Chris Brown  
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 allOn 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 nervousI'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 youNow 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' youGirl 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  
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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

Songwriters

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