Hold Up (feat. T Streets)

Lil Wayne

Let go, okayBitch, 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 angelsShoot 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 hoesWeed so strong, it's like I twist tornadoes
Spit like 9s, 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 candyI'ma east side damu, deep water shamoo
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 upWe hustle till nightfall
Party till sunlight
Guns in the boxes
Don't make this a gun fightFuck them other niggas
I fuck them niggas bitches
Benadryl shit
Trigga finger itchesAnd we hustle till nightfall
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Wait a minute
Hold up, hold upBitch, I'm streets, I rep that east
Gimmie the beef, I'll put the beef in da grease
Kush in the sweets, your bitch in the sheets
I fucked that bitch, mission completeReal 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 simulationWhich one of y'all niggas say ya 'bout it?
It's a fucked up world, T-Streets take ya out it
That's word to the glock, glock in my sock
Who's left playin' shields better stop at the dot
Hold upUh, married to the money, you're welcome to the reception

And 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 crumbsUh, based on a true story
I got a million flows, they ain't even 2 storey's
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, yeahReal 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, it's my spokes personUh, 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' flowerHold up, hold up, hold up
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