

# Hold Up (feat. T Streets)

Lil Wayne

Let go, okay 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, 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 candy I'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, tunechi Hold up, hold up  
Wait a minute  
Hold up, hold up We 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 itches And we hustle till nightfall  
Party till sunlight  
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Trigga finger itches Hold up, hold up  
Wait a minute  
Hold up, hold up Bitch, 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 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 it  
That's word to the glock, glock in my sock  
Who's left playin' shields better stop at the dot  
Hold up Uh, 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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