

Hold Up (ft. Diddy, Young Jeezy & T.I.)

Trae tha Truth

Diddy]

King motherfucker

Ay yo, some of y'all bitches be motherfuckin' speeding and talking out of turn

You need to slow the fuck down and hold up man

Ay yo, Trae The Truth, get at these niggas, c'mon

I am king, you know what it is

Bitch came up to me, she said "who you is?"

You know what I had to tell her

I said "I'm Diddy, bitch!"

I'm feelin' like I'm fly as fuck, no planes

Yellin' where them haters at? Ain't nothin' changed

Still talkin' white bricks, cocaine

In the club with a hundred racks, I'm just sayin'

Yeah, bitch I'm like hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up

Yeah, wait a minute bitch

Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up

Yeah, I'm just sayin'

I'm just sayin' hold up

California 'rari bitch, top just fold up

Nigga with an attitude, Michael Kors polo

Top'll get to poppin', make 'em freeze up like a photo

Nightmares 'bout the feds, smellin' like Hermes

Black with a check, now you Cortez

The exorcist nigga, when I roll it turn heads

Put some Ninas 'to they 'fros/froze like starin' at Medusa hair

You see me in these streets on these beats

With them hoes of the kitchen

A pussy nigga think different, pussy nigga trippin'

It's Jizzle from the bottom, die a legend out this bitch

I get to whippin' up that fo', and get a second out that bitch

King of the streets, twin drops I'm storin'

Bitch I ball for the city, just like my last name Horton

So much green inside the trunk, it should've stayed in the garden

All I do is pay the price, I never ask what they chargin'

I pull up on your bitch and repossess her like you owe that

Put her in a flick and display her like she was Kodak

King motherfucker I'm classic like I was throwback

This ain't what you want pussy nigga, you better know that

Too deep in this 'rari, something blowin' like Bob Marley

Hit my youngin' with a chopper, tell him ride like Harley
I do this for my niggas in the city of the slow shit
Well they pulled up, and they bang something
Them laws come, we don't know shit
Street nigga problems, we don't never duck 'em
I'm an asshole, Trae forever young 'n fuck 'em
Nuts hangin' to the point it ain't nowhere to stuff 'em
I let my chain play nigga, I don't ever tuck 'em
Jays in the yard, Ki's in the kitchen
AKs in the closet, a quarter million in the ceiling
...wonder how they never caught me
All I gotta say is pay your taxes, pay your lawyer fee
People runnin' at a nigga, know the nigga I got
Yeah that's above the law, call it what you call it
Don't take no shit, 'cause I ain't no toilet
See me shawty, you see me...
I pulled up, hopped out, sharp as shit
Rolls Royce so big, can't park the shit
You ain't 'bout that life, quit startin' shit
Cause we ain't gon' wanna hear that ol' siren shit
Ay yo, ABN
Trae The Truth
Kings, baby
I got stadium place, bitches
And I ain't just talkin' to women neither

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>