

Hold On (Feat. 50 Cent)

Young Buck

Yeah niggas, G-Unit in this motherfucker (It's the Unit)
Ayo 50, ayo this nigga barely breathing, nigga! It won't be long before you dead
 You wanna run your mouth crazy, talking about me
 Nigga I come for your head
And leave your monkey-ass laid out in the street It won't be long before you dead
 You wanna run your mouth crazy, talking about me
 Nigga I come for your head
And leave your monkey-ass laid out in the street I hit your heart you dead, I squeeze till the semi run out
 Niggas know me good, in my hood, call me a dumb out
 I'm the nigga in the hooptie with my hat down low
 Can't tell that this a hit, until the MAC-10 blow
 I got 32 shots, I ain't got to aim
 I'll wave this bitch in your direction man (Ha-ha)
 Beams, clips and grips, this a sticky situation (Yeah)
Adrenaline rush, I squeeze, my heart start pacing Same Glock, same block, same chain, same watch
 Same six-four drop, same nigga on top
 Don't blame me if your motherfucking block get hot
 Because I'm just tryin' to make a livin', nigga stay up outta prison
 In a position of power
 In a position where bitch-ass cowards can't fuck with ours
 And just do me, who he, say he going sue me?
Motherfucker I got bread (It won't be long before you dead) If you can't, hold on, nigga, hold on
 It seems like an ambulance
 Always takes so long, when you're hit
It won't be long before you dead When you wired up it ain't no smilin'
 See all of them wildin', and these niggas is violent
 Little do you know your time could be expirin'
 And you know that Reaper comin' when that heater start dumpin'
 Ain't nobody seen nothin', these niggas is silent
 From 12th Avenue, all the way to the projects
 Real niggas, we don't fuck around with the nonsense
Murder one shit, that's how it get, motherfucker what? I put the fifth to your head, your white T turn red
 Nigga now give up the bread, I'll fill your ass with lead
 Put a hole in your wig, with the cig', your dig?
 Said fuck with the kid, I don't play that shit (Come on)
 It's all part of the game, man the game ain't fair
 The trigger gots no heart, nigga my gun don't care
 The hammer hit that shell, homie you see that flare
Your life start to flash, your dead, nigga who cares? (Yeah!) If you can't, hold on, nigga, hold on

It seems like an ambulance
Always takes so long, when you're hit

It won't be long before you deadMe and my bitch, we break up, we make up, see Jacob, for the stones
We kicked up, that's what's up, because I'm out with the chrome

You fuck up, you get bucked, Buck'll get ya'

Push a knife through your chest, boy I ain't fucking with ya'The Unit's my hood, my coke, my weed, my dope
My pills; my liquor, my family, my niggas

We soldiers, we killers, they know us, they feel us

They know we gorillas, you know who the realestThe Unit's my gang, my set, my MAC, my TEC
My protection, my family, do you understand me?

My knife, my gun, my wife, my son

My love, my niggas, my stacks, them figuresBuckshots hit his ass from the shotgun blast

Black Dickie suit, and a fucking black ski-mask

Shoot first, this is how I react, and we act

Like it's nothing, Cashville niggas used to that

ListenIf you can't, hold on, nigga, hold on

It seems like an ambulance

Always takes so long, when you're hit

It won't be long before you dead

Songwriters

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