

# 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 dead  
Me 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 realest  
The 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 figures  
Buckshots 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  
Listen  
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

Songwriters

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