

Hold Up

Six60

Yeah, nigga, yeah, south suicide Queens
That's right, Q U, nigga, yea yea
Shit like that, know what Im sayin', put these drinks up
Ya heard? Let's do this right, what? Yo
Hold up, this is for my thugs on the block
For my one stop niggaz that be huggin' the spot
Sittin' on crates, gettin' loaded, get that cake
Dodgin' drinks, spit and hafta cover they face
Kick some tye, big truck with tricks inside
In too deep, tryna sell bricks from the side
See no games, with real niggaz from other hoods
Car titles get lost, some niggaz get jooked
But God forgive me if a nigga cross the fam
Holdin' the heat, the streets'll make me force ya hand
From my wild crew, sets the new guns off the roof
To them slick dudes, hot and they workin' the phone booth
'Cuz Lord, knows, I'm gonna reload and bust back
Incredible gats, indicted for a federal rap
They ain't duck low enough, shots shredded they hat
Murdered and gone, nigga, it's a medical fact
Hold up, this is for my gangsta team
And my dime little mamis rockin' timbs and jeans
When it's on, know, we ain't afraid to clap them things
In the club, gettin' bent, goin' crazy
Hold up, this is for my gangsta team
And my dime little mamis rockin' timbs and jeans
When it's on, know, we ain't afraid to clap them things
In the club, gettin' bent, goin' crazy
Hold up, this is for my chicks in the spot
All my bus stop bitches that be pushin' them drops
Playin' the gate, get it ma, get those papes
Hustle that face, seven G's below ya waist
Project chick, dippin' whips, cruisin' the strip
Gettin' money for tuition, go to school and she strip
Kill in the club, when niggaz dicks get hard
Murda mami, set you up and niggaz bricks get robbed
Help her soul if a chick try to set my team
I'm tying her up, rep till the death of Queens
All my staircase niggaz keep flippin' the jun's

All my outta state niggaz keep gettin them ones
Guns in the air, hit you with invisible glocks
That mean you never see it comin' nigga, fifty two shots
I'm takin' ya block nigga, if you like it or not
You either roll or get rushed, I guess not
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In the club, gettin' bent, goin' crazy
Sticky fingaz, the nigga that be stickin' them spots
For all my gun-cock niggards, that be bustin' off shots
Lay in the straight, black mask raidin' ya gate
Show me ya safe before I put two in ya face
Dirt on my kicks, hoodies all lookin' for whips
Catch a rat nigga, leave his Bentley sittin' on bricks
Bloody ice-pick fights in the yard
Ten times outta ten, step to me and ya life get scarred
Shoot outs in broad daylight, bustin' at feds
Dirty cops with a ki of coke, bring 'em out dead
For my jail niggaz, stashin' bangers deep in they cots
For my grimy niggaz, hidin' under cars from cops
Empty the glock, hitchu with disposable gats
Bust you, wipe it off, throw it away, it's a rap
What nigga? I see you back in the hood scrap
Turn ya Benz to a coffin nigga, straight like that
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South suicide Queens, enjoy
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