

Hold Up

Chamillionaire

[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking] Hold up, hold up
If you got change for a dollar in your pocket right now
Then it's time to exit the club
If you've been sippin out the same cup since you got here and now you swallowin ice (woo)
Then it's time to exit the club
If you made one toss and all the money you had disappeared, then please step to the rear
Then it's time to step your game up
ch-ch-cheah, ch-ch-cheah, ch-ch-cheah, Chamillitary mayne
[Chorus - Chamillionaire] Got a couple grand hold it up (up)
With your left hand and say man hold up (man hold up)
Boys in the front blowin up (up)
With the fat stacks in the club, that's us (man that's us)
My boys got the club sewed up
Stacks so fat, that they can't fold up (can't fold up)
The girls in the club know us (us)
Because we act bad everytime we show up (sho nuff)
[Verse - Chamillionaire] Yeah, you know it's on tonight
I got 'em strippin for my tip when I'm in "Harlem Nights" (\$5 Tuesdays nigga)
Uh, yeah and I got on all this ice (woo)
I just came from Johnny the Jeweler, better guard your sight (just paid Johnny partner)
Uh, yeah, in Dallas "Gentlemen's"
These other boys is holdin ones, we holdin Benjamins (that's real talk)
Uh, yeah, go ahead and send 'em in
Cause we so rich, them haters sick, but ain't no medicine (them haters sick)
Uh, yeah, police harassin us
Who's vehicle is this? Is somethin that you've asked enough (for real)
Uh, yeah, groupies for passin just
We kick 'em out that candy door, they come right back to us (come right back to us, already)
Uh, yeah, the golden plaques was up
but I saw gold and that was old, so I got platinum plus (revenge)
Uh, yeah, bring it if you bad enough
But if you not get up outta here or back it up (back, back it up)
Uh, Pimp C OG's, so I'm a ballin by that bar in here, like he told me (that Sweet Jones)

Uh, yeah, my nigga drinks on me
I got some dough you can "Get Thrown" like the homie Bun B (threwed, threwed)
Uh, yeah, they wanna be like me, I'm in that lot, I'm hoppin outta candy ESV's
Uh, yeah (yeah), she tried to kept on me
that's when I spot my trunk and "Swang" it like T-R-A-E (swang and I swang and I swang to the left)

Uh, yeah, don't act like y'all forgot
that I've been makin Houston hits legit as Rap-A-Lot (what up International Red)
Uh, yeah, let off the gas and stop
if you still spinnin like them mix show DJ's, add the box (what up home of the Boys)
Uh, yeah, we watchin Magnavox, the car TV's is big enough, boys in the back can watch (already)
Uh, yeah, they want my cash to stop, but it won't stop (it won't stop)
cause I stay grindin 'til my casket drop (now run it back)
Uh, yeah, they want my cash to stop, but it won't stop (ch-cheah)
cause I stay grindin 'til my casket drop (Chamillitary mayne)
They told me that talk is cheap, but broke hoes be sure talkin
Used to be moonwalkin, now those be strobe walkin
Broke hoes for sure callin, fo fos and fos crawlin
Don't play with my paper get a broke nose and oh darling
Sure starvin, hungry for fetti like it's fettuccine
Got a problem, they see me, cause I'ma solve it, believe me
Better be good at magic and bottle the baddest genie
Had to holla at Jay, cause the neck just look better blingy
Wanna be me, I'm just too real to be duplicated
If you don't know me, yeah you never met me, then you should hate it
You can have an opinion, but I ain't one to debate it
If you ridin spinners, stop it, that nonsense is overrated
Even if you on dubs, especially if you on hubs
Them sixes is stationary, but somethin that you will love
Shout out to the blue and cuz, shout out to my B and bloods
We ain't tryna be gangsta, for real, we just doin us
Yeah we gettin that paper, if you say that we're not
It's obvious you residin somewhere up under a rock
Got 'em staring outside, they love how the trunk pop
Like Block E-N-T is me, they be all on my Yung Joc
Reppin them hard blocks, where them hustlers they all ready
Your lady all hung up on you, now she callin your boy's celly
And that's because y'all petty, my paper's for sure heavy
Don't play cause that boy deadly with hands like that boy Freddie
[Chorus]

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