

Hold On (Feat. Young Roddy, Trademark)

Curren\$y

Hey yo, oh
A yoh for my dogs, a crib for my main, bitch
I've been to Maine and I am still stainless
See this car vapor, inhaling the anguish
Kill these bees human fashion painless
Cellphone my bitch to auctions cat paintings
Gotta have a more than cain load me to debatings
Just x nares fifth crack lacerations
Dope motherfucker catch up, the girls eyes
Heard about that spiter's stroke and she won't be next up
Only man talking about boy when I catch up
Shit bound to get all messed up and that's all messed up
Let's go press up, I've been the cut
Got a can of ozzie I'm in the truck
Fresh cut, word the Gucci man photo shoot
Spinning in your city homie and sending whose through Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm done, yeah, yeah
Started in this mighty young Well I stay for my child when I'm nigger sky blazing
And look how I've changed I'm whose than ladies
And look hard time don't hook this to Mercedes
And I mean that bull was kinda crazy
But I was too focus on getting bread..
Now they're telling all of those DJ's to play me
Mama sent me down and told me all about the hazey
My miracle I was dream like money's just a baby
The niggers turn freaky, visions turn shady
But no more great days, I wake up out amazing
Purple gaze give me lazy eyes like my grady
And as on everything that dirty first raised me
And as on everything that I did is in all flavors
Practices makes perfect, perfect make paper
Paper take patience, and I'm still waiting
So it's fuck you baby, I've been ranned out of papers Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm done, yeah, yeah
Started in this mighty young I always plan my position, like a sinner

Money on my mind, the bank account getting bigger
Blowing out of pounds, cases of the niggers,
Surrounded by these bitches I'm far from
And these planes need g when they're starting to look suspicious
Getting on the planes every time I get conventional
I'm paying no attention, I keep on twisting up
This purpose's so sticky, it's getting stuck to my fingers
Just said we're here, hitting the can from all angles
You got it in the choke call is more like a sprinkle
You say I want it the best and I ain't ever dropped a single
My flow won point, you can tell from the
Christmas act of trees, I'm smoking
Try to keep it real, I am nowhere near plane
The plane's on the way, clear the runway and the land hole Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm done, yeah, yeah
Started in this mighty young.

Songwriters

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