Hold Up (featuring T Streets)

Lil' Wayne

OK
Bitch I'm me, American gangsta
Weezy F baby, born in a manger
Trouble is my friend,
I ain't far in the danger
Clip full of wings,
Turn you boys into angels
Shoot ya in your halo,
Shoot you like halo
New Orleans A-hole,
Flee-o, Fuego
All about my bread like bagels, they know
I'm raw like Qualo,
Ball like gay hoes
Weed so strong
Its like I twist tornadoes
Spit like 9's,
4 5th's, and 3 8 oh's
Niggas want problems,
Well I am problematic
It's back to pickin' cotton
Cause you niggas cotton candy
I'ma east side damu,
Deep water Shamu
Shoot you from your head to your shoulders, shampoo
Kush and the bamboo,
Pussy in the bedroom
Pass that bitch down like an heirloom,
TunechiHold up
Hold up
Wait a minute
Hold up
Hold upHustle till nightfall
Party till sunlight
Guns in the boxes
Don't make this a gun fight
Fuck them other niggas
I fuck them niggas bitches
Benadryl shit

Trigga finger itchin'Hustle till nightfall
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Hold upBitch I'm streets, I rep that east
Gimme the beef, I'll put the beef in da grease
Kush in the sweets, your bitch in the sheets
I fucked that bitch, mission complete
Real nigga talk, gangsta conversation
I'm a real nigga don't fuck wit' imitations
Young Money nigga ain't no limitations
I don't play games niggas simulation
Which one of y'all niggas say ya bout it?
It's a fucked up world T-Streets take ya out of it
That's word to the glock.
Glock in the sock
Who's left playin' shields better stop at the dot
Hold upUh,
Married to the money,
You welcome to the reception
She came with problems,
Fuck it that's my step sons
Sleepin' in the Maybach,
Wake me when the jet come
And I keep the toast
Turn yo ass to bread crumbs
Uh based on a true story,
I got a million flows they ain't even two stories
Sleepin' on the edge,
I hope I don't toss and turn
Shoot down the early bird
And that's how I get the worm yeah
Real nigga university, alumni
Just check my watch
And that bitch say sometimes
She say when I'm in her
It feel like I'm soul searchin'
And they say money talks,

Well its my spokes person
Uh grab a star from the sun roof
I fuck her in her dreams
And make her come true, yeah
Young Money in the power
Send my B's at you like a motherfuckin flowerHold up
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Songwriters
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