

Hol' Up

Kendrick Lamar

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I wrote this record while thirty thousand feet in the air
Stewardess complimentin' me on my nappy hair
If I can f-ck her in front of all of these passengers
They'll prob'ly think I'm a terrorist
Eat my asparagus, then I'm askin' her
Thoughts of a young nigga, fast money and freedom
A crash dummy for diamonds, I know you dyin' to meet 'em
I'll prob'ly die in a minute
Just bury me with twenty bitches, twenty million, and a Comptown fitted
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Yeah, big shit poppin'
Section 80
Back in this bitch in the back of that bitch
Wit' my back against the wall and yo' bitch on the edge of my dick
Jump off
I call a bitch a bitch, a ho a ho, a woman a woman
I never did nothin' but break the ground on top of the asphalt
Tire mark gave you evidence that I'm easily peddlin' with the speed of a lightnin' bolt
As a kid I killed two adults, I'm too advanced
I live my twenties at two years old, the wiser man
Truth be told, I'm like eighty-seven
Wicked as eighty reverends in a pool of fire wit' devils holdin' hands
From the distance, don't know which one is a Christian, damn
Who can I trust in 2012? There's no one
Not even myself, a Gemini screamin' for help, somebody
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'
When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't an option
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Yeah, big shit poppin' (Ay, ay, kick her out the studio, Ali)
24/7 nigga, workin' his ass for it, she poppin' that
ass for it
The King of Diamonds wit' diamonds I never do ask for
They checkin' my passport, I'm too accustomed with Customs

She call in the task force, I killed it, somebody cuff 'I'm
They want me to fast-forward the game, and why you complain
When you niggas is past poor, you'll never hop in my lane
When you pushin' a RAV4, you wreckin' my Jaguar
You play like a bad sport, her feet on the dashboard Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'
When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't an option Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up) hol' up (Hol' up)
Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'
When you do it like this, nigga I wrote this record while thirty thousand feet in the air
Stewardess complimentin' me on my nappy hair
If I can fuck her in front of all of these passengers
They'll prob'ly think I'm Osama
The plane emergency landed, it was an honor hol' up

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