Hold On

50 Cent

I woke up this morning, this is insane
Rich as a motherfucker and ain't much changed
Open my eyes, no suprise, I'm with a different bitch
Different day, different ass, different tits
Strap under my pillow, I don't want the jit
I'm not supposed to do this shit, but I forget
The true principles of life are supply and demand
Guess if you never sold dope it's hard to understand
My man got knowledge of self, at my back God
Find out today's mathematics when that Mac go off
My temper volatile, grew up a violent child
Fuck a boy scout, I air your ass out
Nigga, nice chain, dice game, try your luck
Shoot a couple head cracks, leave while you up
I'm a fly nigga, my denim vintage
Gold medal around my neck like I won the OlympicsWe came from nothing, now they saying we straight
Nigga, hold up, hold on
Hold on
These niggas, they watching every dime we make
Hold up, hold on
Hold onWe want that deluxe apartment in the sky with a clear view
Instead we get the D's in the rear view
We learn to play the game how it's supposed to be played
And so you know, you violate, you supposed to be sprayed
It's not a big deal to me, stay calm
I'll shoot the shit out of a nigga, then call it Barrel Bonds
But, if I don't do this shit myself, bet I'll get it done
Shit on my nigga, you shit on me, we of one
Used to do graffiti, now look we major
Don't make me write my name across your face with a razor
Re-Up, no joke, they say theyis sample the bomb
This shit can take a two and we cut this bitch with a one
Watch the fiends stand in line for the potency
No lactose involved, pure coco leaf
You can sniff that or cook that to my belief
That money coming in like we run the streetsWe came from nothing, now they saying we straight
Nigga, hold up, hold on
Hold on
These niggas, they watching every dime we make

Hold up, hold on
Hold onThis shit go how I said, go when it's time to expand
So say it's over your dead body and that's the plan
You a gangster for real, you ready to ride?
Nigga, you gonna die a bad case of too much pride
Check my DNA, homie I'm a different kind
Hit the speed dial, that quick I'll get ya lined
We don't want your block, just cop your work from us
Those niggas you call allies can't be trust
That Rollie all gold, I got the Midas touch
Sometimes it's hard as hell not to touch stuff
On the phone I heard 'Ye smacked the shit outta a kid
Now Jimmy got life, go smack him again
When it's war, it will be war to the bitter end
If they ever say we lose, I start it again
Let's sneak the niggas spray that Semi at your momma crib
With a silencer we couldn't even hear that shitWe came from nothing, now they saying we straight
Nigga, hold up, hold on
Hold on
These niggas, they watching every dime we make
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