

Hold On (feat. Rick Ross)

[Pusha T](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I sold more dope than I sold records
You niggas sold records, never sold dope
So I ain't hearing none of that street shit
Cause in my mind, you mothafuckas sold soap
Got rich selling hope to the hopeless
But I'm a thinker, methodic in my motives
I motivate to put my niggas into motors
No woman, no child, no witness, no Jehovahs
Like Scarface but it's God's face in that mirror
We was made in his image, dialing and it's much clearer
Scoring from the heights but I wanted mine purer
Aryan, blonde hair, blue-eyed like the FÃ¼hrer
The judge and the jury, the jewellery mad froze
Water colors on my neck, fuck rhyming when you blinding niggas
We ain't the same color clarity of diamond, nigga
Nah, I ain't got nothing in common with yous
Pain in my heart, it's as black as my skin
They tipping the scale for these crackers to win
No reading, no writing, made us savage of men
They praying for jail but I mastered the pen
Descendant from kings, we at it again
Just hand me the crown, I'm active again
Everything that it seems, hear my passion again
Was never my dream, the immaculate win I was pissing my shorts having rich nigga thoughts
Wish I had a pistol before all the friends I done fought
Over night I seen a nigga go get a Carrera
Two weeks later I had to be that boy pallbearer
Young king bury me inside a glass casket
Windex wipe me down for the life after
Crack dealer living like a hoop star
Black marble, white walls in my new spot
Four chains, big studs, a nigga too fly

Top down, tank top, I think I'm 2Pac
So I'm labeled the rebel, nigga get on my level
We were born to be kings, only major league teams
Chasing my paper, couldn't fathom my wealth
Built a school in Ethiopia, should enroll in myself
God body and mind, food for the soul
When you feeding on hate, you empty, my nigga, it shows
Follow the codes, ain't no love for these hoes
If you slip and you fall I got you my nigga, hold on
If you right or you wrong, if you riding come on
By the end of this song, can't be hiding for long
I seen children get slaughtered, niggas' grandmothers assaulted
Throw a gang sign, dare you do something about it
Fuck copping them foams, when you copping the home
Cop a kilo and have them people on top of your home
Follow the codes, ain't no love for these hoes
If you slipping you fall, I got you, my nigga, hold on
If you right or you wrong, if you riding come on
By the end of this song, I got you, my nigga, hold on

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>