

# Busta Rhymes, Hold Up

Nigga, hold up  
Every time my money fold up (Ayy)  
When I show up  
Every single block, I sew up (Oh)  
Like a needle to the thread or a seamstress, so I tell her every time I go up (Boom)  
Just in case you niggas thought it couldn't happen any more, bitch, I'm forever gonna blow up

And now it's time to go, I gotta get this bread  
Yo, it's time for celebration, lift a nigga throne up

A nigga travel with the money, lift a nigga soul up  
Cup half-full, cup half-empty, let me bless a nigga with a whole cup  
'Til we finish every bottle in this motherfucker and a nigga need to throw up  
So much dough, this shit'll spread like flour  
If you ain't gettin' to the money, your pocket need to grow up (Uh)  
I think you speedin', little nigga, you probably need to slow up  
While you runnin' in a deli, I'm pullin' out a razor and givin' niggas cold cuts  
I ain't interested in partially natural asses, I wanna see a whole butt

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And now it's our turn, we gotta bust they head, yo, it's time for celebration, watch the way we post u

Talk foul about the God, I hope you motherfuckers choke up  
To go against the team, you're livin' in a dream and most you motherfuckers probably even smoke  
I pay 'em no mind, slide, I throw the money up and go rush  
Ayo, we up, bitch, cool, enjoy life, tell me why you niggas actin' so tough  
Last Dragon face-ass niggas, motherfuckers be remindin' me of Sho'nuff  
We good over here, you need to focus on your own stuff  
Lightin' up the party 'til we start remindin' them of old Puff

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