

## Pure Pleazure

### "Hold Up"

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[talking]

Yeah nigga... haha yeah (South Suicide Queens)  
That's right... uh uh, Q.U. nigga (yea yea)  
Shit like that, knowhamsayin put these drinks up  
yaheard? - let's do this right, what yo

[X-1]

Hold up, this is for my thugs on the block  
For my one stop niggaz that be huggin the spot  
Sittin on crates, gettin loaded, get that cake  
Dodgin drinks, spit and hafta cover they face  
Kick some tye, big truck with tricks inside  
In too deep, tryna sell bricks from the side  
See no games, with real niggaz from other hoods  
Car titles get lost, some niggaz get jooked  
But God forgive me if a nigga cross the fam  
Holdin the heat, the streets'll make me force ya hand  
From my wild crew, sets the new guns off the roof  
To them slick dudes, hot and they workin the phone  
booth  
Cuz Lord knows I'm gonna reload and bust back  
Incredible gats, indicted for a federal rap  
They ain't duck low enough, shots shredded they hat  
Murdered and gone, nigga it's a medical fact

[Hook: Havoc] - 2X

Hold up, this is for my gangsta team  
and my dime little mamis rockin Timbs and jeans  
When it's on, know we ain't afraid to clap them things  
In the club, gettin bent, goin cra-zay!

[Sonsee]

Hold up, this is for my chicks in the spot  
All my bus stop bitches that be pushin them drops  
Playin the gate, get it ma, get those papes  
Hustle that face, seven G's below ya waist  
Project chick, dippin whips, cruisin the strip  
Gettin money for tuition, go to school and she strip  
Kill in the club, when niggaz dicks get hard  
Murda mami set you up and niggaz bricks get robbed  
Help her soul if a chick try to set my team

I'm tying her up, rep till the death of Queens  
All my staircase niggaz keep flippin the jun's  
All my outta state niggaz keep gettin them ones  
Guns in the air, hit you with invisible glocks  
that mean you never see it comin nigga, 52 shots  
I'm takin ya block nigga, if you like it or not  
You either roll or get rushed (blaow bloaw!) I guess not

[Hook: Havoc] - 2X

[Sticky Fingaz]

Sticky Fingaz, the nigga that be stickin them spots  
For all my gun-cock niggaz that be bustin off shots  
Lay in the straight, black mask raidin ya gate  
Show me ya safe before I put two in ya face  
Dirt on my kicks, hoodies all lookin for whips  
Catch a rat nigga, leave his Bentley sittin on bricks  
Bloody ice-pick fights in the yard  
Ten times outta ten, step to me and ya life get scarred  
Shoot-outs in broad daylight, bustin at feds  
Dirty cops with a ki of coke, bring 'em out dead  
For my jail niggaz, stashin bangers deep in they cots  
For my grimy niggaz, hidin under cars from cops  
Empty the glock, hitchu with disposable gats  
Bust you, wipe it off, throw it away, it's a rap  
What nigga? I see you back in the hood scrap  
Turn ya Benz to a coffin nigga, straight like that

[Hook: Havoc] - 2X

Hold up...

"South Suicide Queens"

"Enjoy!"

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