

Strike f/ Animal Chief, Method Man

"Hold Up"

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[Intro: Method Man] Yea, whattup yo, that's right, yeah
yeah yeah I need to be sure, Ayo this your boy Mr. Meth
right here man 718 to the 313, let's do it, yeah, my
nigga Strike whattup [Chorus: Animal Chief] (Hold up)
Before you get your jaw swole up Take another step,
the Mac might bust, see the cops get touched Squad
cars get blown up when you see us coming up,
screaming 'what nigga' (Hold up) Throw your guns up
before you get touched Or you get crushed by D.O.T.'s
bust, niggas don't give a fuck We move like the feds on
us, so beware when you see us coming up, screaming
[Animal Chief] Yo I don't need a bottle of Hypnotiq to
get bout it Wild fiends known for carrying guns and
narcotics I'm a hustla, I fell of my feet and bounced
back I'm not guarenteed if I don't make it in rap See I
don't shoot craps, I shoot cats with M40 Gats I never
been shot, but I been pistol whipped by the strap
Stabbed in the back, best friends turned into rats I
used to smoke weed, pop e and guzzle the yak But now
I stack cheese by all means, gun in my jeans I move out
with a small team, misses and me AKs with the guns
and beans, Uzis and M16 We carry more ammo than
US Marines So if you wonder why people call me the
Chief Some people call me Savager Beast I corrupted
the schools and the streets When in the other hood, we
don't lay heat Ran up in stores, seizing the cheese The
Mountain Climbaz do as we please [Chorus] [Method
Man] Ain't nothin sweet right here, I got a fetish for this
mic phone, forget t I'm heading for the top, but not
without my eagle desert A little rough around the
edges, trick, but give me credit I'm something like
Jerome Beddings, you know the bust I spit dust, bu
there ain't a thing about that's prosthetic I'm blacking
out, call a medic, fuck that anesthetic Bring on the pain
from these cosmetics MCs that make up none, that's
right, I said it If you let Tical spread it, we can split this
head of lettuce, but you can't split my Method I'm
copessthetic, now pop another e for evan I'm well rested
for any enemy that you slept with Tical check it, we
serve another copy of the next Meth murder record All
major credit cards accepted I don't gotta be arrested,

or talk about how I'm well connected To be respected,
you know my steeeez [Chorus] [Strike] You gon need
more killas for guns, more cats on your team More
M16s for redbeans, to try to fuck with this latest regime
I put four in your chest, three in your leg and two in
your spleen See I don't gotta come sell you a dream
Nicknamed Detroit's Spike Lee, I stay on the screen I
got soldiers that live in the mud Once a nigga break
loose, the whole industry is catching a flood You better
back, the general is in this bitch, back up Before I lift
my mac up and make your bones crack up Don't worry
bout trying to act up Cuz these MCs from the streets will
have you begging us to put the strap up See any spot is
out cold, I come with enough ammo to swallow up your
area code And I smash niggas outdoors, when it's all
said and done, I earned my spot and ya'll paid for
yours [Chorus]

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