

The Wreckshop Family f/ Mike Jones

"Holl Up"

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[Hook]

Hol' up (hol' up), we on Robatus'
We up in the lane, 22's on buck
Texas wreckless, iced out necklace
This is how we do it now, who's got plex

[A3]

Boom who am I, I'm the Tanker
Everyday all day, gotta keep it gangsta
Down in the Dirty 3rd, where the boys play ya
Jumped out the wide body, to the Navigator
Just got the Escalade stretched, making million dollar
bets
Eddy got my candy looking, dripping-dripping wet
I ain't tripping, never caught slipping
In the fo-do' lane switching, yeah I'm dipping
Hop and I'm skipping, yellow broad pimping
Jumped out starched jeans, J's and I'm limping
Flossing in Austin, Dallas, Laffeyette
ATL, Arkansas, Mississippi keep Screw up in they deck

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike Jones]

I got 22's and up, on my car and truck
Even though I'm behind tint, you still see my princess
cuts
Because I hit the block and I grind daily, that's why I've
been shining lately
No time to wine baby, if you wanna shine baby
22's when I roll up, big dollar signs I'ma fold up
That real drank I'ma po' up, in seven months I blowed
up
Wreckshop-Swishahouse, when we talk close your
mouth
Major without a major deal, we the hottest in the South
If it ain't purple stuff, don't put it in my cup
When "Who Is Mike Jones" drop, I'ma sew the game up
No time to play around, I hit the lab and I lay it down
I open mouth platinum smile, cause I got the platinum
sound

[Big Moe]

I'm fly like an eagle, eagle
Flossing down when burning mayn, wood grain be
sturning mayn
I'm a G like that you know, a nigga named Big Moe
I'm crawling down slow, I'm down on tippie-toe
Rolling down on big car, I'm sipping on big bar
I'm thinking manage-tois, Moe-Yo thinking going far
In this rap game mayn, smoking on Mary Jane
Talking down mayn, I'm for my name mayn
I'm that nigga Big M-O-E, from the hood yeah 1-2-3
I'm letting you know you can't talk down, ain't no plex
with me
I'm balling mayn, chop-chop when I'm crawling mayn
Never nigga be stalling mayn, Moe-Yo I be crawling
mayn

[Hook]

[D-Gotti]

Sitting fly like the Mag-wood, wheeling my Lac
The hood feeling the G-shit, Gotti spit up on tracks
Cause uh, just the other day I slung right up a pay
Cause see what gutter gain, now I'm 'bout to run the
game
Threwed delay you holding grey, I'ma po' the drank
boys know the name
D-Gotti one in the big old body, with the big old shotty
just ain't gon change
18's on bang, beam on breaks on the Bulo'
If it ain't do-do, you could shove it up your culo
Kicking it like Judo, Kool-Aid'ing in the hood
Jacob ticking ice glistening, you hating we good
And I wish a nigga would, look like he wanna take
some'ing
Keep the tool for them crooks, a gangsta gotta pack
some'ing
Lac bumping head black woman, with me
I'm sipping she sipping, we tipsy she finished
And I do it how it's pose to go, you know us
If you can't relate then, hooooo! up

[Hook]

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