

## Young Buck f/ 50 Cent

### "Hold On"

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{\*gunshot\*}

[Intro: Young Buck]

Yeah niggaz, G-Unit in this motherfucker (it's the Unit)  
Aiiyo 50, aiiyo this nigga barely breathin nigga!

[50 Cent - repeat 2X]

It won't be long 'fore you dead...  
You wanna run your mouth crazy talkin 'bout me  
Nigga I come for your head...  
And leave your monkey ass laid out in the street

[50 Cent]

I hit your heart you dead, I squeeze 'til the semi run out  
Niggaz know me good, I'm my hood call me a dumb  
out  
I'm the nigga in the hooptie with my hat down low  
Can't tell that this a hit, 'til the mac-10 blow  
I got 32 shots, I ain't got to aim  
I'll wave this bitch in your direction mayne (ha ha)  
Beams, clips and grips, this a sticky situation (yeah)  
Adrenaline rush, I squeeze, my heart start pacin

[Young Buck]

Same glock, same block, same chain, same watch  
Same six-fo' drop, same nigga on top  
Don't blame me if your muh'fuckin block get hot  
Cause I'm just tryin to make a livin, nigga stay up outta  
prison  
In a position of power  
In a position where bitch ass cowards can't fuck with  
ours  
And just do me, who he, say he gon' sue me?  
Muh'fucker I got bread (it won't be long 'fore you dead)

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

If, you, can't, hold on nigga hold on  
It seems like it never lasts  
Always takes so long when you're hit  
It won't be long 'fore you dead

[Young Buck]

When you wired up in ain't no smilin  
See all of 'em whylin, and these niggaz is violent  
Little do you know your time could be expirin  
And you know that Reaper comin when that heater start  
dumpin  
Nobody seen nothin, these niggaz is silent  
From 12th Avenue, all the way to the projects  
Real niggaz, we don't fuck around with the nonsense  
Murder One shit, that's how it get - muh'fucker what

[50 Cent]

I put the fifth to your head, your white tee turn red  
Nigga now give up the bread, I'll fill ya ass with lead  
Put a hole in your wig, with the cig', ya dig?  
Said fuck the kids, I don't play that shit (c'mon)  
It's all part of the game, man the game ain't fair  
The trigger gots no heart, nigga my gun don't care  
The hammer hit that shell homie you see that flare  
Your life start to flash, ya dead, nigga who cares?  
(YEAH!)

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

Me and my bitch we break up, we make up, see Jacob  
for the stones  
We kick up, that's what's up, cause I'm out, with the  
chrome  
You fuck up, you get bucked, Buck'll getcha  
Push a knife through your chest boy I ain't fuckin  
wit'cha

[Young Buck]

The Unit's my hood, my coke, my weed, my dope  
My pills, my liquor, my family, my niggaz  
We soldiers, we killers, they know us, they feel us  
They know we Gorillas, you know who the realest

[50 Cent]

The Unit's my gang, my set, my mac, my tec  
My protects, my family, do you, understand me?  
My knife, my gun, my wife, my son  
My love, my niggaz, my stacks, them figures

[Young Buck]

Buck shots, hit his ass from the shotgun blast  
Black Dickie suit and a fuckin black ski mask  
Shoot first, this is how I react and we act  
like it's nothin, Ca\$hville niggaz used to that  
Listen

[Chorus]

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