

Cassia Eller

"Hold Dat"

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[Swizz Beats]

Got the 9 in the stash, stash, got the glock on my waist, waist, got the ak in the car, no matter who you are, no matter who you are yeah dogg, check, check, back up, back up, got the m-15 in the stash, got the ar-15 in the stash, got the uzi in the dash, c'mon dogg, full surface

[Cassidy verse-1]

This aint nuttin for the radiooo's, this drug music, this the thug music nuttin but love up in the club music, twist the dub sip some bub music, get your glove, grip the snub music, the benz roof is the rims dubs duices, a lot of ya'll gonna starv tell cass eat, i did my hole album in 4 and a half weeks, (hold dat!), and still got more in the stash sleep, come and see the boy get 4 and half cheap, (hold dat!), i rap tight like levis a lot a guys wanna be me and i can see why, holla!, i got a fly in the C clive, hop off the G-4, hop in the G-5, im here baby, they not prepared baby, yo swizz where you at? [Swizz Beats]we aint goin nowhere baby!

[Chorus]

[Swizz Beats]

Hold dat!, Hold dat!, Hold dat!, it's aint were you from it's where you at real niggas always hold da gat so hold dat!, Hold Dat!, Hold Dat!, Hold Dat!, it aint were you from it's where you at real niggas always hold da gat so hold dat!

[Cassidy verse-2]

I'll let you hold sommin, im sick my nose runnin, keep the flows commin, freak the hoes youngin, whoa youngin, slow your roll youngin, im holdin the steal i'll peel your hole onion, i made deals on the stroll and sold onions, now i play the rose wit the red gold stuntin, that's crazy bling, i stack gravy, you can't do a thing but sing wit the fat lady, ock it's over, cass a stock holder, i got dolger, plus i cop bolders, of coke daddy, you grown and broke daddy, you should put a rope around your throat daddy, you can't explain your

self, hang yourself, and take the thing off the shelf and
then bang yourself, it aint were you from shorty, it's
were your gun shorty, and them shots will come so
watch your toungue shorty

[Chorus]

[Cassidy verse-3]

I be holdin the pound, when i stroll my strip, and im
hold it down you can hold my dick, yeah i sold crack,
it's got bought and sold back, and i'll throw a youngin a
pack like hold dat!, but if you get fronted i want my
dough back, 'cause i'll show a nigga the gat with no
rap, ya'll cats know ya'll wack, ya'll no match, how you
gonna challenge the champ with no stacks? you wanna
bet we can set a number, i just snatched the Hank
Gather throw back, with the leather numbers, im a
stunner, everyday im fly and everyday im high till the
day i die, i smoke the dro, i got snow like tha pocono,
and my watch tell you what the time is in tokyo, the shit
floated it cover my hole wrist, and i'll throw a nigga a
clip like hold dis!

[Chorus]...

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