

Chris Brown Feat. Big Boi "Hold Up"

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Chris Brown, Big Boi, yeah
Oh, she's mine and see, God knew she was mine
The day I seen that guy, the big mouth bass on the line
It's time for me to retrieve her and go get her
like a wild receiver
But we don't play no ball, see, when they come
through
You, baby girl, we're gon' take it all

On the real we need to nip this in the bud
'Cause we kept it real with everyone
So tell me why they hating, everybody's
hating?
It feels like they're just waitin' for us to
grow apart

It's just hard for me to do
But baby, if I'm your man I guess I gotta be
your man
These men just gotta understand
Little girl with curves and hips, luscious lips
Girl, I can't front now, I'm nervous

I'm like, hold up, wait, wait a minute
I'm genuine with it, I ain't tryna put no
pimpin' in it
I'm like, hold up, can I talk to her?
Hold up, can I take her out?
Hold up, uh, that's why I gotta tell you now

Now a days is so crazy out here, do you wanna
[Incomprehensible]
If your daughter struts with me, lucky me
And you'd be lucky too, no entourage, no crew
Just me ridin' with my boo, I got her but
don't think I'm replacin' you

Girl, I know you know what I do and I'm a major
minor
It'll take days and days and decades to find another
dude
That's gonna walk in my shoes and, girl, keep

it one with you
As long if you do the usual

And I'm talkin' 'bout, hold up,
wait, wait a minute
I'm genuine with it, I ain't tryna put no
pimpin' in it
I'm like, hold up, can I talk to her?
Hold up, can I take her out?
Hold up, uh, that's why I gotta tell you now

Baby, please hang up the phone
'Cause I'm talkin' to your father
Mrs. Jones, Mr. Jones
I've been talkin' to your daughter

And she like me
She told me she like me
And I really like her
She gon' be my wifey

Baby, please hang up the phone
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pimpin' in it
I'm like, hold up, hold up, hold up
That's why I gotta tell you now

Now is the time for me to come clean
Now is the time for us to turn that yellow light to green
light and proceed
Us together be more better like lemon pepper on your
wings
And you'll never find another fellow that's
better than your king

I ming, go sing, gon' talk about goods who
playin'
But we can't have no picket fence
'Cause we got acres and acres of land
The haters are takin' it mad that we can handle
these fakers for class

Mannerisms on that CO5 and a half on their

Girl, buy, give it a try, give your boy a chance
Ever since you landed in my space seems like
IÃ¢â€Œ™ ma yours again
My top friend, rock them, we donÃ¢â€Œ™ t need no all
day hits
Pop them, put old google on a boss back

IÃ¢â€Œ™ m like, hold up, wait, wait a minute
IÃ¢â€Œ™ m genuine with it, I ainÃ¢â€Œ™ t tryna put no
pimpinÃ¢â€Œ™ in it
IÃ¢â€Œ™ m like, hold up, can I talk to her?
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Hold up, uh, thatÃ¢â€Œ™ s why I gotta tell you now

Baby, please
And she like me and I really like her
Baby, please
She gonÃ¢â€Œ™ be my wifey
Baby, please

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