

Joe Budden "Wait A Minute"

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Wa-wa-wait just a minute
Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute
Yeah, wa-wa-wait just a minute, uh
Wa-wa-wait just a minute
Let that beat rock
Go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff that get you real high in the air
Go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff that get you real high in the air
Yeah y'all, yeah y'all
Let me put somethin in ya ear y'all
Jers' and we finally here y'all
Fresh from Z the borough and Alliyah y'all
Thugs wanna act I dare y'all
Gassed off that haze and the Smirnoff
The answer to questions I hear y'all
Me and that dude don't compare naw
He's one rhyme song
While I'm Nick Cannon folks at my best when the
+drumline's+ on
Beef is welcome I'll get my dudes
I'm not A. Houston I won't leave when the help come
Now wa-wa-wait just a minute
I think boo made a mistake just a minute
Two-wayin me like get her in the club
She must got me confused wit a nigga she's fuck
Cause I don't bring sand to the beach
So they don't get mad when other girls put they hands
on me
If I do bring out for all the world to stare
It's cause I think she'll look better than all the girls here
Now wait, wa-wa-wait just a minute
I think dude's started to hate just a minute
He'll need a few 8-balls to fix those dropped out
diamonds a few grades short
Now go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff to get you real high in the air
Soon as she say she gotta escape for a minute
Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute
Now wa-wa-wait just a minute
Drop and shake-shake-shake just a minute
Soon as he's about to show hate for a minute

Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute
We gon do it like yeah y'all, yeah y'all
Let me put somethin' in ya ear y'all
Somethin' that you might wanna hear y'all
What's with all the tough looks and the stares for?
Yeah I'm a boss so I'll always have hate
Why you playin' in the hood like you'll always have
weight
Streets is fulla rats just waitin' to send you back
And we call 'em +fat man+ cause he's always wit Jake
Now wait, wa-wa-wait just a minute
I think that watch is fake just a minute
Both got Jacob's here's that ain't ya fault
Your bezel slim, mine's a lil' thicker
Diamonds in mine is just a lil' bigger
Your be's plastic mine's is all glitter
I keep it hot, but I'm like A-Rod
I'm the best but I let dude keep my spot
Now wait, wa-wa-wait just a minute
Get smacked wit the back of the 8 just a minute
Keep hearin' what dude said in the street
One elevator ride y'all are dead to beat
Yep it's me, wave to haters
Cause I'm like Arnold drop the guns and they made me
Mayor
So next time they throw hate for a minute
Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute
Go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff that get you real high in the air
Soon as she say she gotta escape for a minute
Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute
Now wa-wa-wait just a minute
Drop and shake-shake-shake just a minute
Soon as he's about to show hate for a minute
Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute
Go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff that get you real high in the air
Go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff that get you real high in the air
Go on put ya hands high in the air
Wit that stuff that get you real high in the air
Soon as she say she gotta escape for a minute
Hold up, wa-wa-wait just a minute

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