

# Kanye West "Hold On (Feat. Dwele)"

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(Featuring Dwele & QMB)

[Kanye]

Uh oh uh oh uh

Uh uh uh uh uh uh...

Uh-uh uh uh uh uh uh uh...

Kanye to the...

Yeah

Ok

I'm getting spins all day in L.A like Felle Fel

Luv, we can go the D where Dwele dwell

D.C, P.G or ATL

Back in The CHI I made my life like the magazine

Honey wanna know the details about my Ebony

Well that's X-X-L

Far as the penthouse, yeah that's upscale

Mademoiselle got a hell of a Black tail

I'm feeling her vibe, her Body and Soul

I heard you stay in a metropolitan home

Well lets kill all the parlay'in and offer you a

comsopolitan

Lets jet out the club, get some oxygen

Your friends claim I'm a player, you be lucky to keep  
me

But you know people gon' be talking 'bout us weekly

My car be, in a robbery, P.O.R.T but what's more

important to me

Is that you...

(Dwele)

Open your ears

Don't allow these words to be ignored by years

Fearing lullibies, containing the same old lies (same  
old lies)

Dealing just to deal is a crime

Besides I know you wouldn't mind

Trying something new so...

(CHORUS)

Let's (Let's)Try (Try)

We can work it out  
If you let love(love) guide (guide)  
The way that you feel for me  
Oh(Oh) Why(Why)  
Let this opportunity pass (pass) by (by)  
You should hold on

Please don't resist (don't resist)  
Bless those harmonies to me, escape your lips (escape  
your lips)  
There's no need to go home  
Just to dance along (dance aloo-o-one)  
I know you can't enjoy it on your own  
Really I don't see nothing wrong  
With you and I spending some time--

Also let me mention, (Oooh)  
My only intention, (Oooh)  
Is to feed you every single thing you hunger for---  
In my heart I have to (Oooh)  
And-- want to have you (Oooh)  
So fulfilled that you will never need to ask for more--

[QMB]

Now someone told my girl that she's a trophy wife  
Sorta like Grant Hill and Kobe's wife  
So when we at a club, and she be so polite  
But when we back at home she be poltergeist  
I mean provoking fights  
Trying to poke me with knives  
And last time I tried to poke her she just told me  
goodnight  
See her clothing be tight  
She was pervert approved  
So she gave up on life, now she don't wanna move  
Hypnotized by the tube  
So she stay with the clicker  
In a cup full of liquor  
Thinkin it's makin her thicker  
But it's makin her slimmer  
So our future is dimmer  
I can't remember last time I took my baby to dinner  
See I'm missn' a sister who was freaky and ruthless  
In a yorkshire terrier in the pocket with pooches  
In a pocket with Gucc's  
Was taking my lunch money  
Just like the gooches  
I'll tell you the truth miss

Girl instead of running from my love,  
You can run to (to) to these arms,

That's made for you  
So why not stay

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