

Machine Gun Fellatio

"Hold On"

Visit "[Hold On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I don't gang bang, hoe, I just gang bang these hoes,
And I keep like eight days roll then I face them after my
shows

And I got you mutant, bro, on my dingalang when she
swing in here like an urangutan

But you don't really want a part of me, 'cause everyone
at my place bang around.

Ok, ok, my skin white like cocaine, walked up, I don't
hold trains, I like keep it up, but this low sucks

Pro paid, pro paid, fuck that shit like propane, I'm east
side of my domaine, but that kick more shit than Lou
King.

Now hold up, shut up, who remembers my come up?
Who remembers my protest when I had no full for my
stomach?

Who remembers my haters when I was keeping it chill?
'Cause if they don't remember, gonna kick their butt,
them hoes remember me.

Hollaback two phones, I don't call shit, wild boy, 'cause
I stole shit

Rain jerk 'cause I moshpit in this ace stand of
anarchists.

My heart is in Arctic, burn one and get car sick,
Floating like a carpet, bitch, I'm higher than a starship.
Predator so I came, bro, you ain't think I got paid first
Put that pussy out the frame, you ain't think that bitch
gave birth.

All these years you would think that I hate church
And they say "thou shall not steal", but fuck that, I'll
take her.

Now hold up, shut up, who remembers my come up?
Who remembers my protest when I had no full for my
stomach?

Who remembers my haters when I was keeping it chill?
'Cause if they don't remember, gonna kick their butt,
them hoes remember me.

Hold on, shut up, hold on, shut up, hold on, shut up.

Who remembers my haters when I was keeping it chill?
'Cause I don't remember them bitch is better them
hoes remember me.

Hold me with these hoes, hold me with these niggers,
Fuck niggers, bitches, too, all I see is these figures.
I'm in that zone, have a fatty life, I ain't seeing them
niggers,
Chances here, chances are of three on three with these
niggers.
Homeboy no bright, all rappers no white
To all her friends give her my friends so we can be
friends with our right.
Seen girl, we got one, scene girl and I got one.
See me, I'm a real nigger, burn that niggers, eating
that one.
Chop on me with no bite, eighteen brown niggers, no
white.
You can bet a nigger for set, nigger, ten out of tens, no
white.
Tell 'em what's not in load, what I hate, what a real
handsome nigger, now wait.
Take my roll and like 'em like a roll to derby, put my
shoes on and I skate.
Say you don't like me, nigger, you know me, nigger,
See a sound of me, that's hate.
Say you wanna rap about me, wanna talk about me,
now lead the city, that's fate.
Say it's coming back and this locking up sound like me,
that's fake.
Say you don't rap with me, you don't fuck with me,
Instead you fuck around me, that's great.

Now hold up, shut up, who remembers my come up?
Who remembers my protest when I had no full for my
stomach?
Who remembers my haters when I was keeping it chill?
'Cause if they don't remember, gonna kick their butt,
them hoes remember me.

Hold on, shut up, hold on, shut up, hold on, shut up.

Who remembers my haters when I was keeping it chill?
'Cause I don't remember them bitch is better them
hoes remember me

Visit [Machine Gun Fellatio](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

