

## **P. Diddy**

# **"Hold Up"**

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Aiyyo, turn me up in my headphones, man  
I want this shit motherfuckin' blarin'  
It ain't loud enough, man  
Oh, these muh'fuckers think I'm gon' play with 'em  
Oh, I ain't gon' play wit'cha, I ain't gon' play wit'cha,  
man

Ha ha ha, I need y'all to sing, children  
Sing, I like it when the children sing  
I like it when you sing  
That lets you know somethin's comin'  
Oh, it's comin', aww, man somethin's comin'  
I like this sound of this somethin's comin'

You can picture like a photograph, envision the image  
Of 125th street and Lenox  
The old folks, their souls are cold like tenants  
Tryin' to keep your weight up, better eat that spinach

For four twenty five, niggaz lives get diminished  
The world serious, I'm tryin' to win a pennant  
Cops be on patrol through the block every minute  
Itchin' just to pop somethin', swearin' I'm a menace

They disturb me but it's love like tennis  
Man, cap to the side and my jersey is vintage  
Chicks'll make a nigga dick hard like a Guinness  
Damn, it's a scam but I handle my business

Tryin' to be the man if the Lord be my witness  
Do my tennis with the walk sign for my physical fitness  
16's sicker than all signed flows, it's ridiculous, hold up

Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up

Easy now, I'm seein' 'em, mind where you patrol  
Fall back, young'un, play your lane like a goal  
When his majesty speaks, speech defy gravity  
Bluetooth, nigga but I don't have any cavities

Diddy got it wrapped like cocoon  
Pop shit like needles through [Incomprehensible]  
balloons  
I urge you to tell a friend, warn a brother  
About my splurges, merges with Warner Brothers

Thugs actin' funny cause 'chicks call me Honey  
See a 9 figure nigga makin' Bugs Bunny money  
Eons beyond bling bling  
So I chose to get engaged to these sweet 16's

Make a name, let it bang, so beautiful  
The theme music for crews that move pharmaceuticals  
Or suitable for a recruitable whore  
To service the whole crew when we out on tour

Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up

It's like the music will literally stop time  
Hold up, hold up, hold up  
We roll up, 20 deep, cock D swole up  
Get inflicted by my verbal conviction  
A Bad Boy but far from a Detroit Piston

You're not focused enough, you're not listenin'  
You need to slow down, hold up like kickstand  
Hop to it, get on your grind music  
Across 110th, sharp Caesar with a lime music

Fine tuned with the proper soul seasonin'  
Your live shows are borin', you're just not pleasin' 'em  
Stop teasin' 'em, you can't rock Palladium  
We bring New York back like that Westside stadium

Fuck the game and if the fame went away  
Still be the hardest workin' man in entertainment today  
Learn a lesson and that's no questionin' that  
No guesswork involved, so stop stressin' the facts,  
hold up

Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Told y'all really, really, y'all can't hold up  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up

