

## Curren\$y "Hold On"

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

Hey yo, oh  
A yard for my dogs, a crib for my main, bitch  
I've been a man and I am still stainless  
Haters called vapor, inhaling the anguish  
Kill these bees human fashion painless  
Cellphone my bitch to auctions cat paintings  
Gotta have a more than cain load me to debating  
Just x nares fifth crack lacerations  
Dope cuts motherfucker catch up, the girls eyes  
wondering she wan' know if that's us  
Heard about that spitter's stroke and she won't be next  
up  
Only man talking about boy when I catch up  
Shit bound to get all messed up and that's all messed  
up  
Let's go press up, I be in the cut  
Got a can of ozzie I'm in the truck  
Fresh cut, word the Gucci man photo shoot  
Spinning in your city homie and sending hoes through

Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home  
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm gone,  
yeah, yeah  
Started in this mighty young

Well I stay for my child when I'm nigger sky blazing  
And look how I've changed them hood hoes to ladies  
And look how i turned them Hoopties to Mercedes  
And I mean that.. bull was kinda crazy  
But I was too focus on getting bread, pay me  
Now they're telling all of those DJ's to play me  
Mama sent me down and told me all about the hazy  
My favourite color was green like money's just a baby  
The niggers turn freaky, visions turn shady  
But no more great days, I wake up out amazing  
Purple gaze give me lazy eyes like McGrady  
And as on everything that dirty first raised me  
And as on everything that I did is in all flavors

Practice makes perfect, perfect make paper

Paper take patience, and I'm still waiting  
So it's fuck you baby, I've been ranned out of favors

Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home  
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm gone,  
yeah, yeah  
Started in this mighty young

I always plan my position, posted like a sinner  
Money on my mind, the bank account getting thicker  
Blowing out of pounds, cases of the nigga,  
Surrounded by these bitches I'm far from..  
And these planes need g when they're starting to look  
suspicious  
Getting on the planes every time I get conventional  
I'm paying no attention, I keep on twisting up  
This purpose's so sticky, it's getting stuck to my fingers  
Just said we're here, hitting game from all angles  
You got it in the choke call is more like a sprinkle  
You say I want it the best and I ain't ever dropped a  
single  
My flow won point, you can tell from the lingo  
Christmas act of trees, I'm smoking kris kringle  
Blue cheese, sour deez and the kush taste mingle  
Try to keep it real, I am nowhere near plane  
The plane's on the way, clear the runway and the land  
hole

Yeah, hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Baby girl hold on, let me find something to roll up on  
Car in the driveway don't mean I'm home  
One night in front of the house don't mean I'm gone,  
yeah, yeah  
Started in this mighty young.

Visit [Curren\\$y](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.