

Sam Adams

"Hold On"

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Can't forget
Dj Cash
Whooo kidd
Damn
Cash Rules
As we proceed

Hold Onn
I'm coming, Hold on
I'm coming (cant forget)

Hold on, see you baby
Gotta feel for the jeans you wearin
Gonna leave the rhythm, just a minute
Ain't no one here
we don't have to talk bout it
And i know you'll understand it
you know how to treat a lady
you're the only one here

I'm jumping off of stages
The bass is breaking eardrums
Rusko on the beat, Sammy Adams when that beat
drops
All those in the city never see me when the lights on
I'm the one on stage getting flashed by these Nikons
They say i'm an icon, for these younger kids
But no one sees what the wonders is, no days off in the
summer bitch
We got this hip-hop dub step on some other shit
This thing is wrapped up sucker good luck on the other
years
and after everything you say there's a certain pause
All they feeling what im spittin how comes there aint no
applause
Freestyles aint the same as writtens when you aint a
fucken boss
And I can't even think of putting down on someone else
thoughts
Yea, and I got a shout to Boston
I come off in this town so much my genre should be

often
Quote unquote my iller then that rapper that you
fostering
Yall can have your cake but that aint shit without the
frosting

I feel like im smarting and older then yall
But trying to get a hold but me don't know me at all
I'm not your homie not your bitch, won't write you dog
Your getting booed of staged im getting curtain calls
Yep curtain calls, too many birds to ever say that im not
involved
But it's all good baby, there aint nothing wrong
Baby there aint nothing wrong (wrong)

Hold on, see you baby
Gotta feel for the jeans you wearin
Gonna leave the rhythm, just a minute
Ain't no one here
we don't have to talk bout it
And i know you'll understand it
you know how to treat a lady
you're the only one here

Yea, and since im here well I might just have to smash
again
Music's about to break so I guess it will be back in ten
Got a feel for them denims that your wearing man
If not then you summer now change your shit aint never
planned
And these grown men around me look like fucken boys
Talking salaries around me acting like im unemployed
Far from me got caged get diced on
Make a head of slippers in my crib or got my Nikes on
Cut the grass low, looking for them pythons
Snakes never cease to exist in this shit im on
Oh im everybody wants a piece of
So do what's best for you, before you slice up out the
pizza
Yea, and after every stage that I fucken kill
We in the Hotel
Guess whose daughters getting feeled
In industry deserve time now
No, We don't want your money
Suckas, We tryin to vibe out

I feel like im smarting and older then yall
But trying to get a hold but me don't know me at all
I'm not your homie not your bitch, won't write you dog
Your getting booed of staged im getting curtain calls
Yep curtain calls, too many birds to ever say im not

involved

But it's all good baby, there aint nothing wrong
no no Baby there aint nothing wrong (wrong)

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