

## Daz Dillinger

### "Hold Up"

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featuring Crystal

What they tell me I'll be dealing on these streets like a felon

Money stacked to the wall, gotta get it, get it, y'all.  
Blowing smoke in the air, counting money in my chair,  
Cutting checks for these bitches, 'cause my pimping  
bring me bitches.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think a million.

Head out my name, homegirl, these trunks right here  
will stump you,  
I'm pissed on whipping motherfuckers, no time for  
discussions,  
I mind on my squiriller, number one dealer,  
Catch me on my hood on some real shit, nigger.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think a million.

You see me in that Limbo, I'm bumping, cruising  
Bristol,  
Maseratti in the back, put my niggers in my hizo,  
He headed to the shizzles, pocket full of pesos,  
Lights, camera, action, ready, here we dazzle.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think a million.

Get your ass beat, nigger, when you're talking that a  
lot,  
See you add a bat legal bitch, you asking me of that.  
Say you're back in red, nigger, locked up, shot a dead

rat,  
Now you're fucked up on the side walk, this way you've  
been hooked up.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think a billion.

You know it's all no sex,  
Nigger, take it high, give it,  
This money to be made, and you niggers bullshit.  
Now what they knew about my hundreds?  
A bitch that stay blinded, a bitch, you stay strapped on  
and always done for the riding.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
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You think about me, you think a million.

They see me balling, cracking down, it's on the every  
day basis,  
I step up in the club and it's about lot of cases.  
It's the real nigger shit, you can feel it in my presence,  
And hear it a moment a bad bitch is pull out a car.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think a billion.

She got my DPGS ride up to the day that I expire,  
Say bitch, you're a liar, put your pants on fire.  
Put it in the air, another sip to get me higher,  
Stop being scared, your bitch come try out.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,

My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think a billion.

I wear a thousand on my feet, two hundred on my wrist,  
I give these boys a kiss and tell 'em you're dismissed.  
Unless they push and prox they got a big, big, stick  
They got money in the back, nigger, what you got?

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
You think about me, you think millions.

This stone pound gangster,  
I'm silent like a movie,  
Cool cunt collective, every now I lose it.  
Told my hoes fuck em, no time for discussion,  
I'm all about my paper, I leave em in the dust.

Hold up, what the fuck,  
See, I don't really give a fuck about your cut,  
My money stacked to the ceiling,  
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