

Young Buck Featuring 50 Cent "Hold On [Explicit]"

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Yeah niggaz, G-Unit in this motherfucker
Aiiyo 50, aiiyo, this nigga barely breathin', nigga

It won't be long 'fore you dead
You wanna run your mouth crazy talkin' 'bout me
Nigga, I come for your head
And leave your monkey ass laid out in the street

It won't be long 'fore you dead
You wanna run your mouth crazy talkin' 'bout me
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I hit your heart, you dead, I squeeze till the semi run
out
Niggaz know me good and my hood call me a dumb
out
I'm the nigga in the hooptie with my hat down low
Can't tell that this a hit till the Mac-10 blow

I got 32 shots, I ain't got to aim
I'll wave this bitch in your direction, mayne
Beams, clips and grips, this a sticky situation
Adrenaline rush, I squeeze, my heart start pacin'

Same glock, same block, same chain, same watch
Same six-four drop, same nigga on top
Don't blame me if your motherfuckin' block get hot
'Cause I'm just tryin' to make a livin', nigga stay up
outta prison

In a position of power
In a position where bitch ass cowards can't fuck with
ours
And just do me, who he, say he gon' sue me?
Motherfucker, I got bread

It won't be long 'fore you dead
If you can't hold on, nigga, hold on
It seems like it never lasts
Always takes so long when you're hit
It won't be long 'fore you dead

When you wired up in, ain't no smilin'
See all of 'em whylin' and these niggaz is violent
Little do you know your time could be expirin'
And you know that reaper comin' when that heater start
dumpin'
Like nobody seen nothin', these niggaz is silent

From 12th Avenue, all the way to the projects
Real niggaz, we don't fuck around with the nonsense
Murder one, shit, that's how it get, motherfucker, what?

I put the fifth to your head, your white tee turn red
Nigga, now give up the bread, I'll fill ya ass with lead
Put a hole in your wig with the cig, ya dig?
Said, fuck the kids, I don't play that shit

It's all part of the game, man, the game ain't fair
The trigger gots no heart, nigga, my gun don't care
The hammer hit that shell, homie, you see that flare
Your life start to flash, ya dead, nigga, who cares?

If you can't hold on, nigga, hold on
It seems like it never lasts
Always takes so long when you're hit
It won't be long 'fore you dead

Me and my bitch, we break up, we make up, see Jacob
for the stones
We kick up, that's what's up 'cause I'm out with the
chrome
You fuck up, you get bucked, Buck'll getcha
Push a knife through your chest, boy, I ain't fuckin' wit
cha

The Unit's my hood, my coke, my weed, my dope
My pills, my liquor, my family, my niggaz
We soldiers, we killers, they know us, they feel us
They know we gorillas, you know who the realest

The Unit's my gang, my set, my mac, my tec
My protects, my family, do you understand me?
My knife, my gun, my wife, my son
My love, my niggaz, my stacks, them figures

Buck shots, hit his ass from the shotgun blast
Black Dickie suit and a fuckin' black ski mask
Shoot first, this is how I react and we act
Like it's nothin', Cashville niggaz used to that, listen

If you can't hold on, nigga, hold on

It seems like it never lasts
Always takes so long when you're hit
It won't be long 'fore you dead

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