

## **Finn Brothers**

### **"Hold Up"**

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EHHT:

We sending this one out right here  
To all the young thug and young hustlers out there  
You know I'm sayin', grown up with their moms  
strugglin'  
In the hood yo' I'm sayin', ya know how it is  
Trying to keep it tight, you know I'm sayin'  
Geah

Born and raised a black youth, no happy days  
My moms and pops went they separate ways  
Now she solo with half the dough, and three kids  
No house, a damn tight situation we in  
Hit the streets to look for work and pay  
So her kids can have it better than she had one day  
Try to teach me some rules, "Get A's in school  
Keep your head up high and don't run with the fools"  
That was the lesson, always listen to moms  
Bible she totin, always quotin from Psalms  
Young but I'm knowin' the right thang to do  
Know the things to say when times is blue  
Times is hard and really unfortunate  
I'm young and I really don't like the shit  
But I dream nice things when I sleep at night  
When I grow up I'll make everything alright  
Sing

SOULTRE':

I know it's hard sometimes  
But if you can make a way, you need to hold up  
I know a better way  
And if you can wait today it'll be alright...

EHHT:

Now I'm 15, my life done hit a split screen  
What used to be a good kid struck a bad gene  
Bad dreams, young thugs and crime scenes  
Skip school, saggin' my jeans and blow green

My moms don't know where I get the shit from  
If you keep trippin' you know the outcome  
Laid up somewhere, or in jail  
Makin' collect calls tryin' to make bail  
Hell, and you know how I struggle for the cheddar  
Before I give it away better get it together  
My guilty conscience sayin' not no listen  
The other have tellin' me, keep a good intention  
Aw shit, a nigga need a mind of his own  
Too much to deal with, I really don't feel shit  
Young thug ready to take on the world  
Who made my life take such a twirl  
C'mon

Chorus...

Now my situation's changed, no chains remain  
Now I try to check out the game and cause pain  
Long live the days of homeboys and straps  
Gang of tombstones for the ones that caught caps  
Make snaps off raps, reminiscin' of days  
Good part is shot up while 'More Bounce' plays  
Missin the days sometimes, but keeps my eyes on the future  
Keep my hands on my heat cause niggas might shoot ya  
Rob a nigga blind, just like Stevie  
I used to do the same when a nigga was greedy  
But my come-up was wrong, flipped it, now it's strong  
Now I clocks snaps, keep the street shit in my songs  
Trying to make it up on a stage from doin' a bid  
Trying to make a better way like she did for my kids  
Right now watch out, keep my nose to the grind  
Yeah boy, this world is mine  
Geah

Chorus...

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