

## Happy Head

### "Hold Up"

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Verse 1:

Yo, check

I capital punish brothers that fronted

Can only write rhymes any time they get blunted

We be at the spot chillin

While you're stealin

Niggas is still walkin, Rasco is four-wheelin

Only built for speed, yes indeed

27 years old, with no seed

I'm a raw breed

But still got mouths to feed

So don't be givin me shit I don't need

I make the head hurt

>From the supadupa legwork

Now these brothas be wantin the red shirt

I bring it to the chest when I surpass the rest

Now a different story when I come blast the vest

Teflon spittin and written, I stab kitten

Comin out your face

Sideways, it's forbidden

Better get the guiden

I swopped like Batmidden

Soon as niggas open they mouth I start shittin

Right down they neck, they threw the whole nine

Seen you fools scopin my plans the whole time

Said I couldn't rhyme, that's funny

Women didn't want it but now they yell honey

Bring 'em to the house

Watch 'em come out the blouse

Unzip the pants then watch the snake dance

Assume the stance, cash in advance

I got the full package but watch the right hand

Verse 2:

It's the five-minute drill

But still we stack bills

Take you to the shop to fix them broke wheels

Tell you how it feels to starve with no meals

Bring it to the front to pump with no frills

All extra shit can get the backsplitt

Ras be the brother that women relax with

I do a backflip, then pirouette inject  
Plus be the nigga that never lost a bet  
Television sets ain't big enough to see  
And now my career ain't big enough for three  
Still down with 'em, can talk and laugh with 'em  
But tell you one thing, can't split it in half with 'em  
Half a 1/3 to me sounds absurd  
I rather keep a 100% to pay rent  
Lay out the prints, the plans to stand grande  
And keep the joint jumpin from Philly to San Fran  
Never gave a damn how hard y'all can slam  
Broke out the mic to smoke your half gram  
A 150 pounds with worldwide respect  
Be chillin at the crib while Wolf signs the check

1998  
Soul Father  
PB Wolf, on the 1's and the 2's  
Wack crews get bruised  
Check us out y'all  
Check us out y'all

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