

## Shawty Lo

### "Hol Up"

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[Hook:]

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone

I'm gone, I'm trippin

Got me on the juice I'm trippin

I'm gone, I'm trippin

Molly and the juice I'm trippin

4 caps in the cup, drink some

Big booty on my face, I'm a spank some

Girl I'm a treat your pussy like a plat song

Beat it up, beat it up like a base drum

I'm too gone, so wasted

And if I had to trash, it wouldn't make it

Pull up to the lot nigga 10 knots

Tell the dj break it base to the time

Short hair, I don't care

Is you 18, tell her come here

I just got a thang for them young hoes

I guess I got a thing for the ello

[Hook:]

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone

I'm gone, I'm trippin

Got me on the juice I'm trippin

I'm gone, I'm trippin

Molly and the juice I'm trippin

I got the drink in my cup and I'm making ugly faces

And that bitch molly she whippin, we having drunken relations

Hallucinating vacation, I try to down some with gas

I'm on the blunt after blunt and I keep on falling the cash

And I'm like hold up, I'm trippin

All the girls in the vip sippin  
Half of them already start strippin  
They keep on clappin that ass, hit the ass and tippin  
I super start ball and the fuck I'll gone  
This that bank yeah shit that we on  
Vision blurry head spinning like a cyclone  
It's here time to go, I try to get up, I was like

[Hook:]

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone  
I'm gone, I'm trippin  
Got me on the juice I'm trippin  
I'm gone, I'm trippin  
Molly and the juice I'm trippin

Nigga go tell your molly that you trippin  
I like spankin these hoes, I be trippin  
Nigga like me don't give a fuck  
All black rimey with some all black chucks  
I'm gone, nigga I'm smokin  
On some sticky icky shit come from Oakland  
Where them bitches at, we pimping  
But them hoes ain't fucking, we pimpin  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, faded  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone  
Ride around the porsche so priceless  
Still try to motherfuck with no license

[Hook:]

Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm fade away  
Hol up, hol up, hol up, I'm gone  
I'm gone, I'm trippin  
Got me on the juice I'm trippin  
I'm gone, I'm trippin  
Molly and the juice I'm trippin.

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