

Buddha Monk f/ C.C.F. Division

"Hold Up"

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[ShaCronz] Call my the black Bronson, Cronz smoke
hemp like Jack Johnson When it beat my peep's heat
clap constant In the streets name spread like my
reputation I bet you hatin, die for respect, seconds you
wasted Godfather mc's to be a robber to mc's
Nowadays coward snitches so I don't bother mc's
Surrounded by drama parada bitches Got a Cron Dada,
blanks out, spit by Lamas with this production Got hoes
suckin dick I flow reluctant if you got dough then show
somethin Fouls don't let him hold somethin, quick Keep
it funky, like sweaty draws, roll with steady force Once
the heat in his face, barely pause Ready for war,
especially on tour May sure enemies that threat will be
no more I peer act of Emmy, chicks'll sex a female
whore Live television, fuck the D's, we flee no more
[Chorus: Free Murda] You think you got it sewn up
Nigga don't get your hopes up Everybody wanna blow
up Shit slowed up, since the cold Christ rose up
Stressin niggas, smoke up, get the dough up (Nigga,
it's a hold up) [Free Murda] It's either freedom or
death, kill or be killed Either you murder or get
murdered Any sweet streets, that's real I roll thorough
with snake eyes in the 'ville That'll eat your food with no
problem It leave a bad taste in your mouth Like No
Frills, foes that squeal, get fold in their grill Yo, stick
the dolja, holdin in crills Sad the way they growin up so
they blaimin their fathers Niggas that was your hand,
that was blazin revolvers You scared of Brooklyn? Like
that old baseball team You a Brooklyn Dodger,
Crooklyn dumb-dumb launcher Don Juan, you don't
bother Never ice grill, ice on my chain give me chills
Long pants, no creases, with a low shirt I know you
heard about my Cali No dirt, fools untook your tally
Fools done took a wiz Now you got no work, couldn't
never bend me A nigga like me when no skirt Have you
Die Hard like Bruce Willis What I mean is you die slow
from the hands of true killers Know these two villains,
Lil' Free and Cron Gotti Don like John Gotti, with a
chrome long shotty [Chorus 2x] [ShaCronz] It's a hold
up, who want it? I'm nothin nice, duke I slice you High
dude, roll dice and heist schools, in night schools turn

pigs to ground hogs, my hound dogs surround the
streets Rob with four-pound and easy, loungin speach
Real niggas put it down in the east, control towns with
heat Hard to be found, I creap, FT, the B'ville, the
privacy We kill MC's, grab the keys, sail away I could
drive ease, blowin tropic trees, monopoly rise Probably
nothin stoppin me from coppin three-fives I thought I
told y'all, when I first came out Game clout, Fort
Greene soldier, crush your dame out Ya didn't believe
the rumor, until ya herse came out They found your
head with your brain out, dead, lookin drained out You
got burnt, caught spittin my name out Caught you in
the same house, bubblin Gain stealth in this game, I
got to let my pain out to torch you, smoke herb to get
this strain out We lost troops, egoist, freeze, hold risk
Cronz need no bitch, at the Cee-Lo split I keep your
chips all, Free toast it [Free Murda] Always squeeze
and bust your gun, Lil' Free trust no one Chain down to
my dick, that's frozen Bust city nigga, fuck what he
holdin Leave your brain roastin, like dollars you foldin
U.K., I wet your ass up like coldcuts I roll with don
niggas that rock kicks like sho nuff ENT's will get your
ass tore up If hollow tips don't make you slow up Got
dum-dum's that blow up Now you swoll up, already
know where the snitch at Fool you wanna chit-chat, fuck
around and get clapped Felt your eyes pitch black,
from all the gun buttin Keep my guns bustin, high one
touchin yo' ass from big guns that's rushin This little
nigga have your son runnin This gangsta killa, bang
me, my dogs'll bang the killa Shots ring, blood stain on
your Range killa Triple low for show though, gangsta,
run in my jeans Pack a auto-shotty, pull my leg to run in
my jeans Like diarrhea, squeezin with tire heaters That
jam up, don't get your man amped up, throw shots Up
in this land truck until I catch other writers Your dogs
bark, but don't bite us In the dark it's hard to fight us
You see the spark, what's the dawn fire? You marked
for death, this Don Juan's an all liar

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