

## Marco Polo & Torae f/ Masta Ace, Sean Price

### "Hold Up"

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(Hold up) (I-I used to roll up, this is a hold-up) --> Rakim  
(Ho-hold-hold it now) --> Chuck D (A-a hold-up) -->  
Rakim (Hold it right there) --> Kool G Rap (Because you  
might get shot) --> Erick Sermon (Hold up) (Crew-crews  
crumble up un-under pressure, god) --> Fredro Starr  
(Hold it right-right-right-right there) --> Kool G Rap  
(Don't get too close because you might get shot) -->  
Erick Sermon [ VERSE 1: Masta Ace ] Y'all rap cats is so  
bogus That's why in the clutch all y'all choke like 'dro  
smokers Just say the magic words like ho-pocus And  
poof, your career is a blur like no focus Y'all don't know  
me, but I ain't new Got mad years in the game, but I  
ain't through I could look a young kid in the mouth and  
rap like I live in the south But the fact is - I ain't you  
Look, it's just me here spittin some game Hold up - did  
I just say 'spittin some game'? Coulda rhymed that with  
'in the drop gettin some brain' Or try to make a claim  
like 'I'm shippin some caine' But nah, I don't rap like a  
typical lame Talkin 'bout how a chain got 'em dickin  
some dame I'm such a fan of the game that I'm sick of  
the same So I go back in the archives and listen to Kane  
What (Ho-ho-hold up) (I used to roll up, this is a hold-  
up) --> Rakim (Ho-hold it now) --> Chuck D (A-a hold-a  
hold-up) --> Rakim (Ho-hold it right there) --> Kool G  
Rap (Because you might get shot) --> Erick Sermon  
(Ho-hold up) (I-I used to ro-roll up, this is a hold-up) -->  
Rakim (Hold it now) --> Chuck D (Hold it right-right  
there) --> Kool G Rap (Don't get too close because you  
might get shot) --> Erick Sermon [ VERSE 2: Sean Price  
] Yo, the pistol was chrome and the handle pearl grey  
When I pop Kings I kill 'em, I'm James Earl Ray Fuckin  
around, I ain't with the games girls play I'm clutchin the  
pound, I know where your main girl stay I'm rappin for  
real, you motherfuckers rappin for play Packin the  
steel, actin like it's back in the day Clappin a tray but  
actually ( ? ) with the caine With a gun I get dumb like  
I'm back in the Bay Listen, my vocab off the chain Hold  
up - did I just say 'off the chain'? Coulda said some  
other shit like 'I'm better than y'all' Line 'em up, watch  
how fast my competitors fall Niggas rap tough, but  
they fuckin sweater is small Kinda funny like you work

for Dave Letterman, paw Listen, crackin jokes sell crack  
to folks Roll it black, smoke it up till it scratch your  
throat P (Ho-hold up) (I-I used to roll up, this is a hold-  
up) --> Rakim (Ho-ho-hold it now) --> Chuck D (A hold-a  
hold-up) --> Rakim (Hold it right there) --> Kool G Rap  
(Because you might get shot) --> Erick Sermon (Ho-ho-  
hold up) (Crews crumble up under pressure, god) -->  
Fredro Starr (Hold it right-right there) --> Kool G Rap  
(Don't get too close because you might get shot) -->  
Erick Sermon [ VERSE 3: Torae ] Listen closely, so your  
attention's undivided You should hold up cause you  
'bout to witness some fly shit My shit Sean and Ace  
allowed me to demonstrate Styles buckwild, meanwhile  
yo ass I obliterate Get it straight, the facts is right and  
exact Do it for the love of the rap and the dubs on the  
'Lac Do it cause I'm lovin the fact you love what the  
spittin do Brainiac dum-dums bust the scientifical  
Nigga, it's just Tor here with two of the best Hold up -  
did I just say 'two of the best'? Coulda said 'the Double  
Barrel leave two in your chest' Flamin your flesh, T'rae  
David Koresh It's the off-beat on-beat man with the  
mostest Y'all niggas sweet like the fillin in a hostess  
This shit is heat, y'all can seal it in your holster  
Brooklyn, we body the beat and then it's over

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