

Hold Up

Chris Brown

this sounds like an elevator music
Chris Brown
Big Boi
Yeah

Hook, line, and sinker
I knew she was mine the day I seen her
Got a big mouth bass
On the line
It's time for me to retrieve her
And go get her like a wide receiver
But we don't play no ball
See when it comes to you babygirl,
B.B. don't play at all

On the real we need to nip this in the bud
'cause we kept it real with everyone
So tell me why they hating (everybody's hating)
It feels like they just waiting (for us to grow apart)
Yeah
it's just hard for me to do
But baby if I'm your man
I guess I gotta be a man
These men just gotta understand
Little girl, with curves and hips, luscious lips
Girl I can't front now
I'm nervous

I'm like hold up
Wait, wait a minute
I'm genuine with it
I ain't tryna put no pimping in it
I'm like hold up
Can I talk to her?
Hold up
Can I take her out?
Hold up, uh
That's why I gotta tell you

Now a days is so crazy
Out here
You'd wanna be cutting me
If your daughter struts with me
Lucky me, and you'd be lucky too
No entourage, no crew
Just me riding with my boo
I got her
But don't think I'm replacing you

Girl know you know what I do
And I'm a major minor
It'll take days and days and decades to find another
Dude, that's gonna walk in my shoes
And girl keep it one with you
As long if you do the usual

Now baby please

Hang up the phone
'cause I'm talking to your father
Mr Jones, Mr Jones
I've been talking to your daughter
And she likes me
She told me she likes me
And I really like her
She's gonna be my wifey
I say, baby, please
Hang up the phone
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Now is the time for me to come clean
Now is the time for us to turn that yellow light to green light
And proceed us together, be more better like lemon pepper on your wings
And you'll never find another fellow that's better than your king
Know what I mean, know what I'm saying, know what I'm talking about, girl who is playing?
But we can't have no picket fence 'cause we got acres and acres of land
The haters are taking it mad
That we can handle these fakers with class
Mannerisms on that C.O. five and a half on they ass
Girl, bye, give it a try, give your boy a chance
Ever since you landed in my space it seems like I'm yours again
My top friend, drop them
We don't need no audience
Popping
For approval or applause, not them

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