

# Hold Up

Chris Miles

Came from the bottom, eating rappers all day I'm a lion  
If you saying they dope, you lying  
Tryna make it big in the game I ain't in it for the bug or supply  
Real talk go hard, flowing that cinder block, I'm unstoppable  
Killing rappers every day, cause beating the beat of his own death  
When I fulfill, I'm hard to kill  
To be shooting the bullets and ricochet never was comical  
On the prodigal, my heart be lies to my lungs  
I'm like Picasso and the mind of Einstein combined into one  
And I get everybody to go psycho when I spit rhymes on my tongue  
When I go ham you get hammered  
I'm seeing all rappers or panthers  
And you're a cat I'm a panther  
I be getting that dough, you get antlers  
My flow is reckless, I wreck shit  
And I just sever in seconds  
You know that I be repping that  
Down to the point that I'm breathless

I tell em, hold up, hold up, stop for a second  
All we do is grind, yeah, that be the method  
I'm killing instrumentals daily on that 24/7  
And yeah I flow so sicken I get your whole crew...  
I tell 'em hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up  
Wait, stop for a second  
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Wait, stop for a second  
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Wait, stop for a second  
I tell 'em

Hold up, bow down to the prince, it's Sixx  
Every other lyricist get lynched  
The shit, heed every word pass my lips  
I spit, bars bout the gang, leaving dudes bluer than the Crips, legit  
Overdrive, I'ma hit my switch, ah  
Young nigga with a pony tail, showing Hip Hop I'm the holy grail  
Every tactic I attack in, with this rapping is massive, you only frail  
So stale when I get in the bed and it's fresh  
Every little minute that passes yes  
Shows I'm best, next, no one, there's no S, on my chest  
Super and beyond that, I'm fire, nothing I'm beyond that  
I hate emcees and beyond rap, don't do drugs I'm beyond crack  
Beyond slack, I'm going in, I been hungry  
Yeah appetite of the Olsen twins, notice him  
Born to win, gone to roast your hopeless kin  
Your outfits breaks necks, mine gets dome to spin  
No it's him, Suicide, let the blows begin  
Battling bodies and the souls within, you dig?

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Hold up, hold up, wait, stop for a second  
Bout to go off and the pop on the record  
I am a legend define the rest of them  
Doing my thang, now wait more men...  
I be up late nights take on  
I dove in, this game and they go on without stay to it  
These broads, man I'd like to break it down...  
Kill 'em with the flow, you ain't nothing like vasectomies  
Get these haters crawling like the freaking human centipedes  
I am a beast, eating competition with no recipe  
Hold up, wait a second, I ain't stopping till I rest in peace  
The next emcee to blow, I am deadly, no joke  
With my melodies, I sever beasts, leave em deceased and choke 'em  
The disease of a mind compulsive, my rhymes with the pencil  
Hopefully in time I will shine but till then moreover, hol' up