# Hold Up

**Drapht**

Hold up, I've rolled up and I blocked all the main doors.
And no ones fucking leaving 'til I got what I came for.
Insane how? cos I'm poorer than the darkest rain-cloud.
No escape, far too late to make any change now.
Just lay down on the ground and don't make a move,
and if you do there's no return where I'll be taking you.
Not paying deuce to your crews, here's my two cents.
You got more loose ends than relationships with two men.
I'm proving nothing in this Russian Roulette.
You think you're tough, but when you're bluffing,
I see you busting a sweat.
Mustn't have yet, met the Sylla' S-to-the-B-X.
Now you're smelling your death like the breath of a T-Rex.
Are we next? Cos I'm running low on patience.
And I know how you getting played,
sucking dick at the station.
Plant a plantation, just to rise above.
I woulda been long gone if I relied on love.
This is a hold-up.

Hold up, Hold up, Hold up, Hold up.
Before I step into a world where it's colder.
A dark place with a weights on your shoulder.
Only you can make a change.
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Is this how far I gotta go to get my point across?
Half your heads hit the floor before the coins been tossed.
Your lost in fear, gonna cost you years off your lifespan.
While tight pants are biting styles tighter than your bike pants.
Dancing with death, my van's on the road,
ready to explode.
Every man standing should know that I know what you're up to,
know what you miss.
I know how many your fucking pussies that want to diss.
Your fish just caught on my line leaving your brain scarred.
I cut and scale quicker than the fence of a train yard
and nah that's ever, pain's far from pleasure.
I train hard for leisure and never ever forget you
whether you want to honour your name and stay true
or whether you wanted the fame and try change your youth.
I done what I gotta do, it's up to you if it begins
to transform this sandstorm the paradise within.

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You think I'm fucking around and count down the seconds.

This mechanism is gonna detonate a lesson.
I'm guessing the rest of you want to be leaving here alive
and not bleeding from the eyes
from reading between the lines, it's simple.
Simple as your radio rap shit.
The skill ninety per cent of the ratio lacks is.
I'm sacking Mr. Howard is my second demand
or you can at least tell Bush to stop injecting his hand
up his rear, playing puppeteer killing our citizens.
I'm up in here feeling like I living imprisonment.
I'm giving it a hundred per cent with intent to escape
and break away by slipping under the fence.
Ladies and gents, Clark Kent ain't coming here to help ya.
I ain't armed so stay calm or napalm will melt the ground
from underneath, your time to meet the reaper.
Loosen your soul quicker than your sneaker.

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