

# Hold Up

Quadeca

Hold up, wait, I got the clout and thats no debate  
Hold up, wait, shooting my shots like it's Golden State  
Hold up, hold up, I hit it out of the park, you just stole the base  
So much, so much praise, see me in public like hold up, wait

Yeah, I've been in a whole new place, feeling like there's more estate ( More estate)  
My whip say Quadeca on it and they look at me weird like I know that face ( I know that guy)  
I've been in a whole new place praying that I fall from grace  
I wish there wasn't so much change, see me like  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, wait

Sixteen, I got big dreams  
See me making phone calls, I've got big brings  
All these bitches wanna real rapper who got deals cracking and their meals packaged  
I'm the next best thing  
So every night I've been working late  
I have trouble separating work and play  
Like Trump separating church and state  
Rappers breathing heavy like the third debate  
I can hear it in the mic  
Down a spirit and the lyrics that you write  
Like an insecure freezer, all your spirit's the appearance of your ice I got drive and just steered into hype  
Hold up, wait, that hypocritical from me fully  
I just spent a thousand on Supreme hoodies  
So fuck this elitist shit  
I'm even worse than these rappers but look up to me, really

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Yeah, I've been in a whole new place, feeling like there's more estate ( More estate)  
My whip say Quadeca on it and they look at me weird like I know that face ( I know that guy)  
I've been in a whole new place, everyday I been bowling A's  
I wish there wasn't so much change, see me like  
Hold up, hold up, hold up, wait

Wait!  
Damn, I invented the flow  
Damn, I walked in with your hoe, I ain't even want that lil' bitch  
Everytime I'm in the booth, I'm'a walk out with a hit  
You know me well, Apple Watch, Nike band, Hermès jacket, Nike pants  
Icy flow, about to blow on accident

Hold up, I paid a K for that verse  
And it got like eighteen words in it  
That's like fifty dollars per word  
I guess they're gonna make me work for it  
They don't take me serious  
They're gonna have to take my word for it

Trying to shut me down, not my fault, they got a name and they keep searchin  
g it  
Bitch I'm coming for that top spot  
Let me tell you, you ain't deserving it  
All you better and I am the answer, if my name's on your page please circle  
it  
And I ain't Tay-K  
I don't gotta go to Chick-fil-A  
Just to murder shit  
Producers gotta stop sending me beats, 'cause I'm pressing play and then I'm  
burning it  
If I want my plays, boy I'm earning 'em  
Quadecca's great, I've never heard of him  
That's what they say, then I turn the music on  
I turn it up and now it's turning them  
Into fans, tell me how I win again  
Bitter man, all of y'all belong in the stands  
I ain't one of these motherfuckers trying to make money and cash And flex it  
up on my Instagram  
Really, man, is that who I really am?  
I don't wanna handshake with your filthy hands. hundred bands, but I'd be ha  
ppy with just 50 bands, 50 bands but I'd just be happy with 50 fans. Imma ge  
t all this shit cause I really can but I ain't the type to show up late. But  
when I hear a whack-  
ass verse I just look up my screen like hold up, hold up wait