

Hold On

Young Buck

Yeah niggas, G-Unit in this motherfucker
(it's the Unit)
Aiyyo 50, aiyyo this nigga barely breathing nigga!

It won't be long 'fore you dead...
You wanna run your mouth crazy talking 'bout me
Nigga I come for your head...
And leave your monkey ass laid out in the street
(2x)

I hit your heart you dead, I squeeze 'til the semi run out
Niggas know me good, I'm my hood call me a dumb out
I'm the nigga in the hooptie with my hat down low
Can't tell that this a hit, 'til the mac-10 blow
I got 32 shots, I ain't got to aim
I'll wave this bitch in your direction mayne (ha ha)
Beams, clips and grips, this a sticky situation (yeah)
Adrenaline rush, I squeeze, my heart start pacing

Same glock, same block, same chain, same watch
Same six-fo' drop, same nigga on top
Don't blame me if your motherfucking block get hot
Cause I'm just trying to make a living, nigga stay up outta prison
In a position of power
In a position where bitch ass cowards can't fuck with ours
And just do me, who he, say he gon' sue me?
Motherfucker I got bread (it won't be long 'fore you dead)

If, you, can't, hold on nigga hold on
It seems like an ambulance
Always takes so long when you're hit
It won't be long 'fore you dead

When you wired up in ain't no smiling
See all of 'em whylin, and these niggas is violent
Little do you know your time could be expiring
And you know that Reaper coming when that heater start dumping
Nobody seen nothing, these niggas is silent
From 12th Avenue, all the way to the projects
Real niggas, we don't fuck around with the nonsense
Murder One shit, that's how it get - motherfucker what

I put the fifth to your head, your white tee turn red
Nigga now give up the bread, I'll fill ya ass with lead
Put a hole in your wig, with the cig', ya dig?
Said fuck the kids, I don't play that shit (c'mon)
It's all part of the game, man the game ain't fair
The trigger gots no heart, nigga my gun don't care
The hammer hit that shell homie you see that flare
Your life start to flash, ya dead, nigga who cares? (YEAH!)

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Me and my bitch we break up, we make up, see Jacob for the stones

We kick up, that's what's up, cause I'm out, with the chrome
You fuck up, you get bucked, Buck'll get you
Push a knife through your chest boy I ain't fucking with you

The Unit's my hood, my coke, my weed, my dope
My pills, my liquor, my family, my niggas
We soldiers, we killers, they know us, they feel us
They know we Gorillas, you know who the realest

The Unit's my gang, my set, my mac, my tec
My protects, my family, do you, understand me?
My knife, my gun, my wife, my son
My love, my niggas, my stacks, them figures

Buck shots, hit his ass from the shotgun blast
Black Dickie suit and a fucking black ski mask
Shoot first, this is how I react and we act
like it's nothing, Ca\$hville niggas used to that
Listen

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