

HOLD UP

Yung Bans

Hold up
(Wheezy outta here)

Hold up, hold up, hold up
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Ayy, hundred racks on me right now, little bitch
Shut your mouth and drink my kids
Freaky lil' ho might drink my piss
Wake up, go hit a lick, can't miss

Hold up, lil' bitch, I don't want you, lil' bitch
I ain't cuffin' no shit, you belong to this dick (Wheezy outta here)
Fame got you ridin' a carriage
Pull up right now and embarrass you, yeah
All of these sticks, I'm a terrorist
Your boyfriend a bitch, I'ma scare him, yeah
Nut in the ho, end your marriage
She for the gang and we sharin' her

The stones in my ear are three carats (Gunna)
Niggas talk, remind me of a parrot (Carats)
I'm in that zone, I put that shit on
They try figure out what I'm wearing (Oh)
Fly like a drone, go shop at Patrón
Hit Barneys right after the Jeffery (Yeah)
Addicted to clothes, I dress up at home
She give me her dome, YSL on the throne (Yeah, Wheezy outta here)
Hold up, woah, hold up (Hold up)
Whole lot of cash, we got bricks, bucks
You got the back in that Lambo truck
Hold up, hold up (Hold up)
I went and got in my bag, yup
Play with them slimes, we'll smash you (Wheezy outta here)

Hold up, hold up, hold up
Uh, uh, uh, uh
Ayy, hundred racks on me right now, little bitch (Yeah)
Shut your mouth and drink my kids (Yeah, yeah)
Freaky lil' ho might drink my piss (Woo)
Wake up, go hit a lick, can't miss (Woo)
Hold up, hold up, hold up
Uh, uh, uh, uh

I caught a body, I killed all the oppies
I dress in hibachi, I done robbed my papi
I sold him some soap and I told him it's molly
Automatic the coupe, automatic the shotty
I drip in Off-White, clean up with no spotties
I got a Spyder, my idol was Spikey (Wheezy outta here)
Fuck with it, whackin', went been caught a body
I bury him alive in the back of the Swats
Bitches perform in the line, it's a spot
Murk him and let him sit down and just rot
Shot up his coupe and we shot up the shop
I don't care 'bout no court, I don't care 'bout no cops
(Wheezy outta here)

He dead on the scene, my niggas bang green
Committed lil' bitches, they down for the team
Racks in, packs in, OMG
It's slatt, these niggas know OLP
Young nigga came in with a MAC-10
Serve 'em through the back then
Yeah, I got the packs in, go get the backend
Break the bitch back in
I ain't gotta run off, nigga, that was back then

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