Beyoncé, Hold up

Hold up
They don’t love you like I love you
Slow down
They don’t love you like I love you
Back up
They don’t love you like I love you
Step down
They don’t love you like I love you
Can’t you see there’s no other man above you
What a wicked way to treat the girl that loves you
Hold up
They don’t love you like I love you
Now
They don’t love you like I love you

Something don’t feel right
Coz it ain’t right
Especially coming up after midnight
I smell your secret, and I’m not too perfect
To ever feel this worthless
How did it come down to this?
Going through yor call lust
I don’t wanna lose my pride
But I'm gonna fuck me up a bitch
Know that I kept it sexy and know I kept it fun
Something that I’m missing might be my head for one

What’s worse, looking jealous or crazy?
jealous or crazy
Or like been walked all over lately
walked all over lately
I’d rather be crazy

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Let’s imagine for a moment that you never made a name for yourself
Or mastered wealth they never had you labeled as a king
You never made it out the cage, to locked up, moving in the streets
Never had the baddest woman in the game up in your sheets
Would they be down to ride?
No!
They used to hide from you, lie to you
But you all know we made for each other
So I find you and hold down
Miss Bey sing

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It is such a shame
Yu let this good love go to waste
I always keep the top tier, 5 star
Backseat lovin in the car
Make that wood like make that wood
I leave like a boulevard

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I hope up out the bad and get my swag on
I looked in the mirror and said “What’s up?”
“What’s up?, what’s up?, what’s up?”
/2x