Busta Rhymes, Hold Up

Nigga, hold up
Every time my money fold up (Ayy)
When I show up
Every single block, I sew up (Oh)
Like a needle to the thread or a seamstress, so I tell her every time I go up (Boom)
Just in case you niggas thought it couldn't happen any more, bitch, I'm forever gonna blow up

And now it's time to go, I gotta get this bread
Yo, it's time for celebration, lift a nigga throne up

A nigga travel with the money, lift a nigga soul up
Cup half-full, cup half-empty, let me bless a nigga with a whole cup
'Til we finish every bottle in this motherfucker and a nigga need to throw up
So much dough, this shit'll spread like flour
If you ain't gettin' to the money, your pocket need to grow up (Uh)
I think you speedin', little nigga, you probably need to slow up
While you runnin' in a deli, I'm pullin' out a razor and givin' niggas cold cuts
I ain't interested in partially natural asses, I wanna see a whole butt

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And now it's our turn, we gotta bust they head, yo, it's time for celebration, watch the way we post u

Talk foul about the God, I hope you motherfuckers choke up
To go against the team, you're livin' in a dream and most you motherfuckers probably even smoke
I pay 'em no mind, slide, I throw the money up and go rush
Ayo, we up, bitch, cool, enjoy life, tell me why you niggas actin' so tough
Last Dragon face-ass niggas, motherfuckers be remindin' me of Sho'nuff
We good over here, you need to focus on your own stuff
Lightin' up the party 'til we start remindin' them of old Puff

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