

Chris Brown feat. Big Boi), Hold up

Intro:

Chris Brown

Big Boi

Yea

[Big Boi Rap]

Oh she's mine

And see god knew she was mine

The day I seen that guy

The big mouth bass

On the line

It's time for me to retrieve her

And go git her like a wild reciever

But we dn't play no ball

See when we come through

We babygirl gon' make it ball

[Verse 1: (Chris Brown)]

On the real we need to nip this in the butt

Cause we kept it real with everyone

So tell me why they hatin (everybody's hatin)

It feels like they just waitin (for us to grow apart)

Yeayee

its just hard for me to do

But baby if i'm your man

I guess I gotta be your man

These men just gotta understand

Little girl, with curves and hips, luscious lips

Girl I can't front now

I'm nervous

[Chorus:]

I'm like hold up

Wait, wait a minute

I'm genuine with it

I ain't tryna put no pimpin in it

I'm like hold up

Can I talk to her

Hold up

Can I take her out

Hold up , uh

That's why I gotta tell you

[Verse 2: (Chris Brown)]

Now a days is so crazy

Out here

You'd wanna be cuttin me

If your daughter struts with me

Lucky me, and you'd be lucky too

No entourage, no crew

Just me ridin with my boo

I got her

But don't think i'm replacin you

Girl know you know what I do

And I know you made your mind up

It'll take days and days, and decades to find anOther

Dude that's gonna walk in my shoes

And girl keep it one with you

As long if you do the usual

[Chorus:]

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Hold up , uh
That's why I gotta tell you
Now baby please
Hang up the phOne
Cause i'm talkin to your father
Mrs Jones, Mr Jones
I've been talkin to your daughter
And she like me
She told me she like me
And I really like her
She gon' be my wifey
I say baby please
Hang up the phone
Cause i'm talkin to your father
Mrs Jones, Mr Jones
I've been talkin to your daughter
And she like me
He told me she like me
And I really like her
She gon be my wifey

[Chorus:]

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[Big Boi Rap]

Now is the time for me to come clean
Now is the time for us to turn that yellow light to green light
And proceed us together, be more better like lemon pepper on your wings
And you'll never find another fella that's betta than your king
I ming go sing gon' talk about goods

Who playin

But we cant have no picket fence cause we got acres & acres of land
The haters are takin it mad

That we can handle these fakers for class
Mannerisms on that C.O. five and a half on they ass
Girl buy, give it a try, give yo boy a chance
Ever since you landed in myspace it seems like i'm yours again

My top friend, rock them
We don't need no all day hits
Pop them

Put ol' Google on a boss back

[Chorus:]

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