

Onyx, Hold Up

(feat. Havoc (Mobb Deep), X-1)

[talking]

Yeah nigga... haha yeah (South Suicide Queens)
That's right... uh uh, Q.U. nigga (yea yea)
Shit like that, knowhamsayin put these drinks up
yaheard? - let's do this right, what yo

[X-1]

Hold up, this is for my thugs on the block
For my one stop niggaz that be huggin the spot
Sittin on crates, gettin loaded, get that cake
Dodgin drinks, spit and hafta cover they face
Kick some tye, big truck with tricks inside
In too deep, tryna sell bricks from the side
See no games, with real niggaz from other hoods
Car titles get lost, some niggaz get fooled
But God forgive me if a nigga cross the fam
Holdin the heat, the streets'll make me force ya hand
From my wild crew, sets the new guns off the roof
To them slick dudes, hot and they workin the phone booth
Cuz Lord knows I'm gonna reload and bust back
Incredible gats, indicted for a federal rap
They ain't duck low enough, shots shredded they hat
Murdered and gone, nigga it's a medical fact

[Hook x2: Havoc]

Hold up, this is for my gangsta team
and my dime little mamis rockin Timbs and jeans
When it's on, know we ain't afraid to clap them things
In the club, gettin bent, goin cra-zay!

[Sonsee]

Hold up, this is for my chicks in the spot
All my bus stop bitches that be pushin them drops
Playin the gate, get it ma, get those papas
Hustle that face, seven G's below ya waist
Project chick, dippin whips, cruisin the strip
Gettin money for tuition, go to school and she strip
Kill in the club, when niggaz dicks get hard
Murda mami set you up and niggaz bricks get robbed
Help her soul if a chick try to set my team
I'm tying her up, rep till the death of Queens
All my staircase niggaz keep flippin the jun's
All my outta state niggaz keep gettin them ones
Guns in the air, hit you with invisible glocks
that mean you never see it comin nigga, 52 shots
I'm takin ya block nigga, if you like it or not
You either roll or get rushed (blaow bloaw!) I guess not

[Hook x2: Havoc]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Sticky Fingaz, the nigga that be stickin them spots
For all my gun-cock niggaz that be bustin off shots
Lay in the straight, black mask raidin ya gate
Show me ya safe before I put two in ya face
Dirt on my kicks, hoodies all lookin for whips
Catch a rat nigga, leave his Bentley sittin on bricks
Bloody ice-pick fights in the yard
Ten times outta ten, step to me and ya life get scarred
Shoot-outs in broad daylight, bustin at feds
Dirty cops with a ki of coke, bring 'em out dead
For my jail niggaz, stashin bangers deep in they cots

For my grimy niggaz, hidin under cars from cops
Empty the glock, hitchu with disposable gats
Bust you, wipe it off, throw it away, it's a rap
What nigga? I see you back in the hood scrap
Turn ya Benz to a coffin nigga, straight like that

[Hook x2: Havoc]

Hold up...

"South Suicide Queens"
"Enjoy!"
"South Suicide Queens"
"Enjoy!"