

## Hold On

50 Cent

I woke up this morning, this is insane  
Rich as a motherfucker, and ain't much changed  
Open my eyes, no surprise, I'm with a different bitch  
Different day, different ass, different tits  
Strap under my pillow, I don't want the jit  
I'm not supposed to do this shit, but I forget  
The true principles of life are supply and demand  
Guess if you never sold dope it's hard to understand  
My man got knowledge of self, at my back God  
Find out today's mathematics when that Mac go off  
My temper volatile, grew up a violent child  
Fuck a boy scout, I air your ass out  
Nigga, nice chain, dice game, try your luck  
Shoot a couple head cracks, leave wipe you up  
I'm a fly nigga, my denim vintage  
Gold medal around my neck like I won the Olympics

We came from nothing, now they saying we straight  
Nigga, hold up, hold on  
Hold on  
These niggas, they watching every dime we make  
Hold up, hold on  
Hold on

We want that deluxe apartment in the sky with a clear view  
Instead we get the D's in the rear view  
We learn to play the game how it's supposed to be played  
And so you know, you violate, you supposed to be sprayed  
It's not a big deal to me, stay calm  
I'll shoot the shit out of a nigga, then call it Barrel Bonds  
But, if I don't do this shit myself, bet I'll get it done  
Shit on my nigga, you shit on me, we of one  
Used to do graffiti, now look we major  
Don't make me write my name across your face with a razor  
Re-Up, new joke, they say this sample the bomb  
This shit can take a two and we cut this bitch with a one  
Watch the fiends stand in line for the potency  
No lactose involved, pure propo leaf  
You can sniff that or cook that to my belief  
That money coming in like we run the streets

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This shit go how I said, go when it's time to expand  
So say it's over your dead body and that's the plan  
You a gangster for real, you ready to ride?  
Nigga, you gonna die a bad case of too much pride  
Check my DNA, homie I'm a different kind  
Hit the speed dial, that quick I'll get ya lined  
Won't won't your block, just cop your work from us  
Those niggas you call allies can't be trust  
That Rollie all gold, I got the Midas touch

Sometimes it's hard as hell not to touch stuff  
On the phone I heard 'Ye smacked the shit outta a kid  
Now Jimmy got life, gonna smack him again  
When it's war, it'll be war to the very end  
If they ever say we lose, I start it again  
Let's sneak the niggas spray that Semi at your momma crib  
With a silencer we couldn't even hear that shit

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