

# Hold Up

Chris Brown

this sounds like an elevator music  
Chris Brown  
Big Boi  
Yeah

Hook, line, and sinker  
I knew she was mine the day I seen her  
Got a big mouth bass  
On the line  
It's time for me to retrieve her  
And go get her like a wide receiver  
But we don't play no ball  
See when it comes to you babygirl,  
B.B. don't play at all

On the real we need to nip this in the bud  
'cause we kept it real with everyone  
So tell me why they hating (everybody's hating)  
It feels like they just waiting (for us to grow apart)  
Yeah  
it's just hard for me to do  
But baby if I'm your man  
I guess I gotta be a man  
These men just gotta understand  
Little girl, with curves and hips, luscious lips  
Girl I can't front now  
I'm nervous

I'm like hold up  
Wait, wait a minute  
I'm genuine with it  
I ain't tryna put no pimping 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

Now a days is so crazy  
Out here  
You'd wanna be cutting me  
If your daughter struts with me  
Lucky me, and you'd be lucky too  
No entourage, no crew  
Just me riding with my boo  
I got her  
But don't think I'm replacing you

Girl know you know what I do  
And I'm a major minor  
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

Now baby please

Hang up the phone  
'cause I'm talking to your father  
Mr Jones, Mr Jones  
I've been talking to your daughter  
And she likes me  
She told me she likes me  
And I really like her  
She's gonna be my wifey  
I say, baby, please  
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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 fellow that's better than your king  
Know what I mean, know what I'm saying, know what I'm talking about, girl who is playing?  
But we can't have no picket fence 'cause we got acres and acres of land  
The haters are taking it mad  
That we can handle these fakers with class  
Mannerisms on that C.O. five and a half on they ass  
Girl, bye, give it a try, give your boy a chance  
Ever since you landed in my space it seems like I'm yours again  
My top friend, drop them  
We don't need no audience  
Popping  
For approval or applause, not them

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