

Hold Me Back Remix

Gunplay

[Intro: Rick Ross]

Untouchable empire: double M, G
Rich, young niggas you hear me? (yeah)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I swerve in my Porsche, I cruise in my Chevy
Her pussy deep as my voice, my Cuban links heavy
I just bought out the bar, got these bitches so thirst
Entertainment for women, my niggas ride for a verse
I'm hustling global, I stunt like a champ
All these boy scouts soldiers, fuck you and your camp
Got on all of my jewels, don't fall for the trap
I got one of my fools, he don't listen to rap
But he listen to me, so listen to me
When you listen to me, I get you this in a week
Put a hater to sleep, the sky's the limit
I got R. Kelly money, when Fiesto was winning
I got my back to the wall, can I handle my business?
And I'm ready for war, niggas killing for pennies
See my focus was M's, my chances were slim
Counting multiple millions, we should get this on film
When you lean on the state, then you label the rat
On my feet so long, I won't fuck on my back (Rah)

[Hook: Rick Ross]

These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
These haters can't hold me back
No!

[Verse 2: Gunplay]

These niggas want to hold me back, these hoes want to hold me down
Jail cells want to hold me in, my bond paid who finna hold me now?
I'm tap toes on my square, till they flip the switch on my chair
These niggas be fake as fuck, but this official right here
Black Cadillac, scrap back could handle that
Baka fa fly fly, till that barrel melt like candle wax
Drop a sack: Geronimo, I ain't counting; gotta go
Everywhere that dollar go, put more gold on my collar bone
You say you're thuggin', you say you're real
You say you're gangsta', so call
Slide up with that oak out, everybody like, "Oh God!"
Cut the deck, deal it out
Bet I'll pull your ho card
Shit real, oh yah
Thought it was a joke, huh?

[Hook]

[Verse 3: French Montana]

These dummies can't hold me back, these ?slaws? can't hold me back
3 banks can't hold these stacks, pin them hoes like goldie mack

Smoke till I banish, I got rich like I planned it
If there's a price on your head, on your roof, choppers we land it
I used to play on that block, dark liquor and candles
Now you look in my lot, rose Ferraris and Lambos
Talkin South Bronx: Al Qaeda, Rosay, Meek Mill, Wale
Blow mills like a ball player, Magic to Bird, Isiah
Shorty trying to kick it, looking for that meal ticket
Diamonds splashin' goin flip it, on that Juicy J they trip it
I done came up off lick? boy, got you on a list, boy
Your life on my wrist, boy, niggas need a fix, boy

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Yo Gotti]

These niggas trying to hold me back, these niggas trying to bake me in
These niggas ain't putting in work, these niggas gotta hate to win
Us niggas don't play no games, my niggas gonna shoot them thangs
Real life in that 901, real niggas we don't mess with lames
305 all about that life, million dollars I spent that twice
Dope boy yea that my life, crack kids I spit that white
These niggas tryna study my grind, these niggas wanna see me shine
These niggas wanna take my spot, fuck boy you done had your time
These niggas act just like hoes, these niggas ain't got no heart
These niggas ain't fly like us, million dollars in my garage
2 million house on the list, 5 million in real estate
Green slips in them D's boy, that maybach right on the way

[Hook]

[Verse 5: Lil Wayne]

Turk came home, BG in the feds
Your ho on my list, it's longer than Craig's
My bitch got cramps, she on the edge
Ball on these niggas, like I cut off my dreads
Ok I'm so so so me, like needle and thread
Hit your ass with the chopper, all it leave is your legs
My cousin fighting a case, I hope he beat it like eggs
You niggas thinkin' you fly, that flight delayed
And then I look at my bitch, I tell her wake up
She sleep butt naked, I sleep in my TRUKs
I smoke when I fuck, I fuck when I want
Between her legs, five star restaurant
Man my life is a porn, leave your head on your horn
You niggas HONEY dijon, my weed loud as alarms
I'm on the beach nigga, where the hoes be at
Got street niggas to hold that gat, them niggas goin hold me down
And these niggas can't hold me back (Tunechi)

[Hook x2]