

## Hold On

Pusha T

I sold more dope than I sold records  
You niggas sold records, never sold dope  
So I ain't hearing none of that street shit  
Cause in my mind you motherfuckers sold soap  
Got rich selling hope to hopeless  
But I'm a thinker, methodic in my motives  
Uh, I motivate to put my niggas into motors  
No woman, no child, no witness, no Jehovahs  
Like Scarface but it's God's face in that mirror  
We was made in this image is much clearer  
Scoring from the heist but I wanted mine purer  
Aryan, blonde hair, blue eyed like the führer  
The judge and the jury, the jewellery mad froze  
Water colors on my neck, fuck rhyiming when you blinding niggas  
We ain't the same color clarity of diamond, nigga  
Nah, I ain't got nothing in common which yas  
Pain in my heart, it's as black as my skin  
They tipping the scale for these crackers to win  
No reading, no writing, made us savage of men  
They praying for jail but I mastered the pen  
Descendant from kings, we at it again  
Just hand me the crown, I'm active again  
Everything that it seems, hear my passion again  
Was never my dream, the immaculate win

I was pissin' my shorts having rich nigga thoughts  
Wish I had a pistol before all the friends I done fought  
Over night I seen a nigga go get a Carrera  
Two weeks later I had to be that boy pallbearer  
Young king bury me inside a glass casket  
Windex wipe me down for the life after  
Crack dealer living like a hoop star  
Black marble, white walls in my new spot  
Four chains, big studs, a nigga too fly  
Top down, tank top, I think I'm 2Pac  
So I'm labeled the rebel, nigga get on my level  
We were born to be kings, only major league teams  
Chasing my paper, couldn't fathom my wealth  
Built a school in Ethiopia, should enroll in myself  
Got body and mind, food for the soul  
When you feedin' on hate, you empty, my nigga, it shows  
Follow them codes, ain't no love for these hoes  
If you slip and you fall I got you my nigga, hold on  
If you right or you wrong, if you riding come on  
By the end of this song, can't be hiding for long  
I seen children get slaughtered, niggas' grandmothers assaulted  
Throw a gang sign dare you do something about it  
Fuck coppin' them foams, when you coppin' the home  
Cop a kilo and have them people on top of your home

Follow the codes, ain't no love for these hoes  
If you slipping you fall, I got you my nigga hold on  
If you right or you wrong, if you riding come on  
By the end of this song, I got you my nigga hold on  
I got you my nigga hold on, I got you my nigga hold on  
If you right or you wrong, if you riding come on  
By the end of this song, I got you my nigga hold on

I got you my nigga, hold on, I got you my nigga, hold on  
I got you my nigga, hold on, I got you my nigga, hold on  
I got you my nigga, hold on...