

# Hol' Up

Kendrick Lamar

I wrote this record while thirty thousand feet in the air  
Stewardess complimentin' me on my nappy hair  
If I can fuck her in front of all of these passengers  
They'll prob'ly think I'm a terrorist  
Eat my asparagus, then I'm askin' her  
Thoughts of a young nigga, fast money and freedom  
A crash dummy for diamonds, I know you dyin' to meet 'em  
I'll prob'ly die in a minute  
Just bury me with twenty bitches, twenty million, and a Comptown fitted

Hol' up (Hol' up)  
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Hol' up (Hol' up)  
Hol' up (Hol' up)

Yeah, big shit poppin'  
Section 80

Back in this bitch in the back of that bitch  
With' my back against the wall and yo' bitch on the edge of my dick  
Jump off  
I call a bitch a bitch, a ho a ho, a woman a woman  
I never did nothin' but break the ground on top of the asphalt  
Tire mark gave you evidence that I'm easily peddlin' with the speed of a lightning bolt  
As a kid I killed two adults, I'm too advanced  
I live my twenties at two years old, the wiser man  
Truth be told, I'm like eighty-seven  
Wicked as eighty reverends in a pool of fire with' devils holdin' hands  
From the distance, don't know which one is a Christian, damn  
Who can I trust in 2012? There's no one  
Not even myself, a Gemini screamin' for help, somebody

Hol' up (Hol' up)  
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Hol' up (Hol' up)

Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'  
When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't an option

Hol' up (Hol' up)  
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Yeah, big shit poppin'  
(Ay, ay, kick her out the studio, Ali)

24/7 nigga, workin' his ass for it, she poppin' that ass for it  
The King of Diamonds with' diamonds I never do ask for  
They checkin' my passport, I'm too accustomed with Customs  
She call in the task force, I killed it, somebody cuff 'I'm  
They want me to fast-forward the game, and why you complain  
When you niggas is past poor, you'll never hop in my lane  
When you pushin' a RAV4, you wreckin' my Jaguar  
You play like a bad sport, her feet on the dashboard

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When you do it like this, nigga...

I wrote this record while thirty thousand feet in the air  
Stewardess complimentin' me on my nappy hair  
If I can fuck her in front of all of these passengers  
They'll prob'ly think I'm Osama  
The plane emergency landed, it was an honor

Hol' up