

# Hold Me Up

Chris Travis

I fuck out her brains  
Now she wantin' my name  
I don't know how to change  
She, don't fuck with lames  
I, taught her the game  
I, fought through the pain  
I, fuck on her brain  
I leave her shakin' away

Feel like I blow a thousand every fuckin' week  
So I gotta work harder every fuckin' week  
She wanna show it so I tell her lemme get a peek  
Suck my dick and little bitch took all my energy  
I'm the young nigga from Memphis, Tennessee  
Say he know me but he don't know the real me  
Bitches wanna plot up, can't touch me  
I don't give a fuck about nobody  
I blow a hunnid dollars for my black tee  
I know spendin' wouldn't make me happy  
These hoes don't love, they attack me  
Pick her up now we fuckin' in the backseat  
Head home to the sound of the silence  
Had to think 'cause I felt a little tired  
These bitches ain't worth my mileage  
These niggas can't match my style, yeah

I'm back on it man, fuck it I don't pour it though  
Can't let it get away, can't let it go  
Tryna eat off my plate, I'ma let you know  
Never felt insecure, I just roll a 0  
I'm back on it man, fuck it I don't pour it though  
Can't let it get away, can't let it go  
Tryna eat off my plate, I'ma let you know  
Never felt insecure, I just roll a 0

Lately, lately  
These bitches say a nigga crazy  
These hoes be so lazy  
Wanna fuck and I get paid, bitch  
I just slowed up, so what?  
Drownin' in this ocean  
Cause I can't even hold myself  
I can't even control myself

Hold me up (Hold me up baby)  
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