Hands In The Air

8 Ball

OkayComin' from the top of my, dome when I'm droppin' my
Own type of style and ain't nobody stoppin' my
Rise to the very top, hit em' up wit all I got
Superstar, no I'm not green weed black glotEverybody wanna piece dirty like a pair of cleats
Niggas run they mouth a lot like bitches and parakeets, wow
How you want it pimpin'? Wow I'm so cold with it', wow
Make other boys wanna do it just because I did itI'm like a legend or some kinda prophecy
Sent here to set you free fresh player follow me
Into another world deep inside yo' own soul
This shit here way bigger than tattoos and cornrowsThis not 'bout makin' dow, Not 'bout no fakin' yo
Not 'bout who rich or po', Not 'bout who niggas know
This here 'bout you an' me, This here 'bout poetry
This here 'bout who we be if you in here wit meKeep your ears wide open this is all real no jokin'
Thow yo' mothafuckin' hands up in the air
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open, this is all real, no boastin'
Throw yo' hands up in the mothafuckin' air
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air, the mothafuckin' airNigga, you don't know me, why you niggas wanna be
All in my grill like you the paparazzi?
Boy, I was full a game way before this rap thang
Real 'fo the money came that's why I will never change meAin't nobody like even though they try to be
Niggas think they are but they ain't fuckin' with me lyrically, yo
I was born with it, didn't nobody teach it to me
Ova' hot beat tell you 'bout what the streets did to me, yo
Choose me to be a prophet and lead my people
Murder, non-believers with lyrics that are lethalI hit 'em heavy wit it yo, I stay ready wit it
Come, try to test me wit it regret you ever did it
Call, who pimpin'? I got my own bat
You got the baby paper I got them grown stacks
But this ain't 'bout no bread not 'bout what niggas said
Not 'bout what hoes believe If you in here with meKeep your ears wide open this is all real no jokin'
Throw yo' mothafuckin' hands up in the air
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open, this is all real, no boastin'
Throw yo' hands up in the mothafuckin' air
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air, the mothafuckin' airYeah, I got couple of Benz just to let you know the deal
Eight ways to company beats come from Dew Real, yeah

We them niggas should not nobody be fuckin' with
Clab ryders, choppy city have you bitches done real quickThis ain't 'bout who rap the best, this ain't 'bout who got the most
This is not no gangsta rap, this ain't 'bout no pimps and hoes
This here ain't no country shit, ain't no way to label this
Memphis, where I come from orange mouth veteranWhat I represent who ever live in poverty
Hard workin' niggas that try to hustle honestly
Man, I represent who lookin' good and fellin' nice
Niggas on the drank and dro fresh clothes on the ice, yeahWe gon' keep this comin', comin' with the dirtiest
If you from the gotta then I know you heard of this
This ain't 'bout where you from, this ain't 'bout where you be
This here 'bout feelin' free If you in here with meKeep your ears wide open this is all real no jokin'
Throw yo' mothafuckin' hands up in the air
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open, this is all real, no boastin'
Throw yo' hands up in the mothafuckin' air
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air, the mothafuckin' airGo on 'head an' put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Go on 'head an' put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'emYeah, A wayz, Dew Realla, Co Lou
Slab 2, it's goin' down baby
It's your boy, Milwakiee, stop playin'

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