

# You're Welcome

## Beach Boys

Hands up, hands up, hands up, higher (4x)  
You would think I'm was on 'roids  
I been hittin so long  
And I'm a big headed boy  
Nah, we ain't on HGH  
Though I might pick up some weight  
When I'm runnin through your state  
Nah nah, nah, we ain't on the clare (?)  
We on the runway  
Get back-to-back lare (?)  
Kick it, it's Ms. No More Drama and Barack Obama  
All rhymers, feel honoured  
I put my life on these tracks  
You act like y'all don't wanna pay me for the facts  
Luckily my therapy is to rap  
I just beared my soul  
I don't expect nothing back  
You're all welcome  
Long as you're welcome  
I was gone, you motherfuckers  
You know where the hell I'm from  
I'm from the bottom  
So I do this from the diapers  
Quick fast, turn the Big Apple into cider  
I do this, I'm a writer and a rider  
Spew it cuz I'm nicer  
But I do this for the lifers  
I'm a writer and a rider  
I spew it cuz I'm nicer  
But I do it for the lifers  
You're welcome  
[chorus]  
We're all of y'all  
Keeping y'all in here  
Just to see you smile  
And enjoy yourself  
You all  
You all  
You all

You're welcome  
Everybody, get your  
Hands up, hands up, hands up, higher  
Hands up, hands up, hands up, higher  
You all

You all  
You all

You're welcome  
You probably never see again  
Somebody so deadly via the pen  
Viva Hovito padino (?) muy bien  
Big up to Biggie and Pac  
I do it for them  
Until I rich, Kalik  
I do it for him  
Do for those who can't do for self due to the pen  
May these bars reach through your bars  
And ma, whenever saying it  
Here's your heart  
Cops show, least the stands fill, you all  
Love is a battlefield  
We all get scarred  
I put my heart into this  
This is much more than marketed music  
The reason I gotta market to do this  
Is people going through pain  
I'm just walkin em through this  
This ain't no marketed music  
People going through pain  
I'm just talkin em through it  
You all  
[chorus]  
If it wasn't for your love  
This would all be a dream  
Then you made our dreams come true  
That's why God don't need to thank us  
Cuz we do this all for you  
We knew what you were going through  
Because we were going through it too  
When no one seems to understand  
We were all a-dance (?) and holding hands  
Sure I taught you bout watch brands and watch bands  
I also said watch the man hoppin out of vans  
I ain't only teach you bout Evisu

I taught you how to fish and I let other niggas feed you  
You're welcome  
[chorus]

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