

# Hands

## Waka Flocka Flame

There's a man outside my door tonight  
He cries for help, he sings a pleading song  
Well times are tough for everyone  
Gotta hold on to what I got  
Just kind of cruise along  
Well I do want to be helpful  
But it's cold and I'm told you can't be too careful  
Out of the mouth of a mother  
Into the hands of a brother  
Into the heart of a lover  
Out of the hands of another  
You can never tell who your neighbor is  
Or what he's doin' at night or who his friends are  
Well you don't know where he's from  
Or where he's been or who he knows  
You know you can't be too careful these days  
Well I do want to be helpful  
Whoa but it's cold and I'm told he might just be the devil  
Out of the mouth of a mother  
Into the hands of a brother  
Into the heart of a lover  
And out of the hands of another  
Well I don't take chances, I don't take time to see  
And I don't take nothing from nobody, no way not me  
Out of the mouth of a mother  
Into the hands of a brother  
Into the heart of a lover  
Out of the hands of another  
Out of the mouth of a mother  
Into the hands of a brother  
Into the heart of a lover  
And out of the hands of child  
Into the eyes of a child  
Into the ears of a child  
Into the heart of a child  
Into the heart of a child  
Into the heart of a child

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