Put Ya Hands Up

Mr. Flave

Turn the fuckin' beat on, ha, yeah, we're back as be
I had to switch back to Dom Perignon in rap baby
Cock-and-run to stay in the business
Son of a bitch, double R, look at me now motherf
Two thousand and one, kiss the game goodbye, let's get it onIt's the JADA, I got beef with the feds and the DA
I got footage in the game press replay
I got bitches in the club all over me, ma take it easy
And y'all scared I can tell and I'ma get bucks like Milwaukee
'Cause like Sam I can sell, I'm that nigga y'all know that
Bang you in the yard then slide off on the early go backIn the streets I flash the cannon like Kodak
And I spray threes so say cheese
Already told you I'm lookin' for enemies
Double R so of course it's better
I love cornrows and Farrah Fawcett feathers
It's a message in a glass bottle read the letterMoney in the bank membership Visa sweaters
And we ride or DIE togetherUh uh come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down
Come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands downUh come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down
Come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands downY'all know I got the master flow, fast or slow
Y'all wanna know who the best is aks ya hoe
The honies don't lie they love it
And they cop for real trust me dogg the thugs will dub itKiss hit you with consecutive hot shit
Therefore nobody never gon' spit like I spit
Get money just to walk through off the books
So when you mention my name shit is off the hookShirts is off, titties is out
And you know if I'm there the hardest niggas in the city is out
I'm in the club ice over the thermal waitin' for you to try me
When the lights get low I'ma burn youStart with straight shots and then pop bottles
Flirt with the hood rats then pop models
Gotta slay two or more, ma's our motto
And y'all might get down with the team if y'all swallowUh uh come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down
Come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands downUh come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down
Come on put ya hands up

Nah, fuck that put ya hands downMuahh kiss the game goodbye, the game is mine
You thought wrong change ya mind
I'm the nigga that'll pop the king and scoop the queen
And take over the town with a ruthless teamNew S type wagon, future green
Gun heavy pants saggin' I'm used to cream
Who you know can make a million dollar bail on cash
Never did a day and got the jails on smashK I double, I move the Perico quick and just let Manteca bubble
'Kiss been a boss, y'all just start workin'
Now put ya hands up 'til ya arms start hurtin'
Don't put 'em down 'til I tell youWhoever wanna be hard headed
Then find out what the shells do
Now you can put 'em down if you want
But soon as the Hook come back put 'em upUh uh come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down
Come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands downUh come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down
Come on put ya hands up
Nah, fuck that put ya hands down

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