

THROW YOUR HANDS UP

DJ Flavours

[Chorus 1 - Freeway]Now everybody throw your hands up, it's "The Stimulus Package"

Now throw your hands up, we givin back to the people

Now throw your hands up, if you rockin with Jake One and Philly Freezer

Everybody throw your hands up, it's "The Stimulus Package"

Now throw your hands up, we givin back to the people

So throw your hands up, if you rockin with Jake One and Philly Freezer

[Verse 1 - Freeway]I'm talkin Gang Starr and Naughty, way before B.I.G. and 'Pac was discussed

I had my walkman in my pocket, used to hop on the bus

I used to rock it, used to knock until the mixtape popped

Tribe Called Quest and Black Sheep was knockin to us

Yeah, Leaders of the New, I'm from the old school

I'm about to bring y'all people new school, hip-hop you can trust

I'm from the Roc-A, yeah, your sisters hung my posters in they lockers

But I still got that knock that makes the people bop they head

I am alive, so the "Dynasty's" not dead

I have arrived, I came to snatch your spots so switch your locks up

Robin Hood, I steal from the rich, give to the poor

Represent for all my bulls that are shackled up and locked up

You know what's ill, prior to the deal

Was in the same boat as them but I made it out of my cuffs

So I will, deliver to the Phill'

Promise to keep it real, show skills, heat the mic up, yeah

[Chorus 2 - Freeway]Throw your hands up, it's "The Stimulus Package"

Now throw your hands up, we givin back to the people

Now throw your hands up, if you rockin with Jake One and Philly Freezer

Everybody throw your hands up, it's "The Stimulus Package"

Now throw your hands up, we givin back to the people

So throw your hands up, if you rockin with Jake One and Philly Freezer

[Verse 2 - Freeway]We bringin y'all Original Flavor, raised off De La

Kept Black Moon in my boombox player

Back in the day I used to steal that nigga Rakim's style

When I flowed and I didn't say "may I?"

Let's say I was 16 years old

Then I grew and learned how to cross over like A.I.

Yup, stack paper, every since that day I

Made moves, listen to Wu with (Cash Rules)

Now my own entity, official Rhymesayer

Boss player, don't ask nobody for favors

Before I met Jay I been knew that the "Streets Watch"
It's Barack of the block, doin hip-hop a favor (what's that?)
Bringin that realness back, it's "The Stimulus Pack"
All fake and false rappers can fall and collapse
Drop and die, them and I
Will not miss you, no ribbon in the sky, no!
[Chorus 1][Verse 3 - Freeway]I remember when I was first tryin to be a rapper guy
Like Pharcyde, the labels kept on (Passin' Me By)
Nowadays when I hit 'em with the flow again
They like "there he go again, the dopest Ethiopian"
Nope, Afro-American, hit y'all with the realness, I don't hit y'all
with the babblin
Hit y'all with the songs, then I hit y'all with the battlin
Drug traffickin, drop "The Stimulus Package"
Watch these rappers follow my pattern, yeah!
[Chorus 2][Outro - Freeway - 2X]Now everybody throw you hands up (hands up ...)
Now throw your hands up (hands up ...)
Throw your hands up (hands up ...)
Now throw your hands up (hands up ...)

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