

You're Welcome

Isham Jones & Joe Martin

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]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>