Hands In The Air

8 Ball

Okay; comin' from the top of my
Dome when I'm droppin' my
Own type of style, and
Ain't nobody stoppin' myRise to the very top
Hit 'em up wit' all I got
Superstar; no I'm not
Green weed; black glockEverybody want a piece
Dirty like a pair 'a cleats
niggas run their mouth a lot
Like bitches and parakeets(whoa) How you love that pimpin'
(whoa) I'm so cold wit' it
(whoa) Make all the boys want to do it just because I did itI'm like a legend or
Some kind of prophecy
Sent here to set you free
Dress, player, follow meInto another world
Deep inside your own soul
This shit here way bigger than tattoos and cornrolls
This not 'bout makin' doughNot 'bout no fakin' yo
Not 'bout who's rich 'o po'
Not 'bout who niggaz know
This here 'bout you and meThis here 'bout poetry
This here 'bout who we be
If you in here with me[Chorus]
Keep your ears wide open
This is all grill no jokin'
Throw your motherfuckin' hands up in the air
If you feel me throw your hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open
This is all grill no boastin'
Throw your hands up in the motherfuckin' air
If you feel me throw your hands up in the air
The motherfuckin' aaaaair[Eightball]
Nigga you don't know me
Why you niggaz want to beef?
All in my grill like
You the papparazziBoy I was fulla game
Way before this rap thang
Real 'fore the money came
That's why I will never changeMe - ain't nobody like

Even though they try to be
Niggaz think they are but they ain't fuckin' with me lyric'ly
(Yo) I was born wit' itDin't nobody teach it to me
Over hot beef
Tell you 'bout what the streets did to me
(Yo) Chose me to be aProphet and lead my people
Murder non-believers
With lyrics that are lethal
I hit 'em heavy with itYo I stay ready wit' it
Come try to test me wit' it
Regret you ever did
Call who a pimp andI got my own back
You got them baby paper?
I got them grown stacks
But this ain't 'bout no breadNot 'bout what niggaz said
Not 'bout what hoes believe
If you in here with me[Chorus][Eightball]
Yeah I gotta go again
Just to let you know the deal
Eight ways to company
Beats come from doin' real (yeah)We the niggaz should not nobody be fuckin wit'
Slayer riders Chopper city
Had you bitches doubled quick
This ain't 'bout who rap the bestThis ain't 'bout who got the most
This is not no gangsta rap
This ain't 'bout no pimps and hoes
This here ain't no country shitAin't no way to label this
Memphis where I come from
Orange mile veteran
What I represent - whoever live in povertyHard working niggaz that
Try to hustle honestly
And I represent who
Lookin' good and feelin' niceNiggaz on there drinkin' 'dro
Fresh clothes; full of ice
(Yeah) We gon' keep this slummin' comin' with the dirtiest
(Yeah) If you from the gutter then I know you heard of thisThis ain't bout where you from
This ain't bout where you be
This here 'bout feelin free
If you in here with me[Chorus][Eightball]
Go 'head and put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Go 'head and put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em[unknown voice talking]

Yeah, eight ways, doo-rilla
Code line
Slab two is goin' down baby
This your boy Milwaukee
Stop prayin'

Songwriters
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