

Hands In The Air (Grass Cyaat Riddim)

T.O.K.

Yo! see'mon, see'mon
It's the M, dot O, dot P, ohh!
M, dot O, dot P, ohh!
M, dot O, dot P
FIYAH! FIYAH! Now, fill yo' cups up (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Lift yo' drinks up and (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Get your hand dapped baby (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
I'm feelin like fuck the world, is you wit me?
Middle fingers up! (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Yeah, middle fingers up (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Now, show me the hand you pop that thang with
Index fingers up (PUT IT IN THE AIR) Bust down, bust any mic you hand to me
I'm Fitzroy nigga (what) First Family
Mo P's, guns mo' bigga
B.K. up in this bitch, what nigga?
(STOMPDASHITOUTU!) Don't mess with I
Just relax yourself pah, you don't want to
Get your Mets hat twisted, gets fo-fifted
Hot blow poppin, get forklifted I was a fiend, you can ask my home team
Before I fell in love with the 'gnac, I puffed green
Always focused and double toasted
When the shit pop off in the club, we ownzed it
So now, why'all niggaz get down (LAY DOWN)
And stay down (WE RIP POUNDS) and split rounds (OH!)
Spark it (M) dot (O) dot (P) dot
We rock, hip-hop, awkward, stompin Roll up your trees and (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Puff puff, pass (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Get your hand dapped baby (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
I'm feelin like fuck the world, is you wit me?
Middle fingers up! (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Yeah, middle fingers up (PUT IT IN THE AIR)
Now, show me the hand you pop that thang with
Index fingers up (PUT IT IN THE AIR) Fuck why'all, we rude, call dick, in the middle of Times Square
Get down or lay down, bitch boy, this our year
Last summer we jammed, but this summer we hittin
Totin Bernie Macs for all why'all summabiches
In the hood where it's ugly (it's ugly!)
I'm sick with the pen, fuck it just call me Iceberg Charlie
The illest the realest Brownsvillest the shit'll never stop

It's (Brooklyn) home of the hot blocks
You can find me on the back block, e'rybody know me

I'm admired by the homey that's runnin the crack spot

I love to see the shorties with a little G in 'em

It's like lookin in the mirror I see a little me in 'em

Stop buggin, the homey said dig him (I never dug him)

He disrespected this family long enough so I'll slug him

(WARRIORZ!) We earn our respect (SHIT)

Cut through your projects with shiny objects (NOW)

Songwriters

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