Hands Up (Ft. 50 Cent)

Lloyd Banks

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em upHands up, shorty when you party with me

We goin' way past quarter to three

I said hands up, I'm good in the V.I.P.

I got my h**** right here with meI said hands up, you know when you party with crooks

You gotta learn to respect the jooks

I said hands up, everything ain't cruise to fame

This s*** ain't sweet as it looks, I said hands upYou know I'm puttin' something on me

Right before I leave outta the car, we came to party

You go tough talkin' at me you

Gon' leave outta the club with a scar, we came to partyWe pop bottles like it's all free

Fo' I leave I'ma buy out the bar, we came to party

You can order what you want it's on me

I'm a G take a look at star, we came to partyIt feels so good to live sucker free

I'm soakin' it all up while your girl s***in' me

It mean the world to her, it's nothing but a n** to me

Look miss, get a grip and let a motherf***er beI'm a rap star who wants to be ridin' around in that car

Two in the front and the back got the plasma

This ain't a free ride you gotta have the g** ma

I wouldn't buy a chick a pump that got asthmaAnd I'm busy so I move a bit faster

You can't tell me yes if I don't ask ya

I'm a b*****

Damn near showin' his hand over the plastic'Cause they wanna see your man go in the casket

Rule number one, keep your g** and get your a** hit, that's it

Lights off and your body's stiff

By the same n****s you used to party with Hands up, shorty when you party with me

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I'm a G take a look at star, we came to partyI cruise through the strip, 22's on the whip

New r*** gonna hit thousand dollar outfit

Never snooze never slip, follow rules or get whip

N**** move or get hit, I don't care who's on the stripIt ain't only the Ferrari now the jewels got him sick Now it's 2006 I need a new bottom miss

It's aight they can talk I'm amused by them p*****

I'm the news out the bricks n**** who's hot as this I bet the mansion and the swimming pool got 'em pissed I ain't a cuddler I f*** the drool outta chick

My n****z ice grill, but it ain't the same

They don't see the faces, they just see the chains likeOoh, when ya get 'em, they don't know you with me

They probably think the bouncers at the front door frisk me

This regular s***, the everyday mentality

They charged up, don't make me put in the batteryI said hands up, you know when you party with crooks

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Songwriters

Jackson, Curtis James / Mathers, Marshall B / Resto, Luis Edgardo / Lloyd, Christopher Charles / Pitts, Phillip / Crawford, TeraikePublished by

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