

# Hands Up

Parker Millsap

Easy or hard kid it's up to you  
I don't wanna be here any more than you do  
See the lump in my jacket?  
Yeah that's a pistol  
Open up the register  
And grab me a fistful  
Of twenty dollar bills but keep your hands where I can see 'em  
I got babies at home and brother I gotta feed 'em I know you think I'm some kind of trash  
Stickin' up a kid at the Quik-Trip gas  
But I've been to the desert man I served three tours  
Crawlin' in the dirt while you were sweepin' the floors  
And it's hard to keep a job when you just can't pretend  
That you never heard a body bag zipping over your best friend  
Put your hands up  
Put your hands up  
Put your hands up  
Put your hands up I did what anybody else would do  
I went the church sat in the very last pew  
Preacher said Jesus  
Would save my soul  
But he never showed up when we were out on patrol  
And a bomb went off  
And there he was pointing at me  
He didn't speak a word of English but I swear I heard him scream Put your hands up  
Put your hands up  
Put your hands up  
Put your hands up  
I ain't a bad man just a man outta luck  
And I know how it feels how it feels to be stuck  
Like everywhere you're turning the door's slammed shut  
Now I hate to be the one to pour the salt down in your cut But put your hands up  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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