Hands Up (Freestyle) (DatPiff Exclusive)

Lil' Wayne

All they talk about is dollars
You ain't talkin' to man, holla!
Two doors in the air
And if you celebrating put your cups in the air
Let me see your hands up one time
Let me see your, let me see your hands up one time
Let me see your, let me see your hands up
Hands up, hands up
Let me see your hands up
Hands up, hands upUh, pass that weed to a real nigga
Your girl is my biggest fan, windmill nigga
Lil Tunechi in this bitch, where my skateboard?
I jack a nigga queen, I don't play cards
Let me see your hands up like a gun in your face
Gimme her combination I'mma put my tongue in her safe
And if the time is wasted I'mma clean it up like a maid
Make your woman a slave, Weezy F is the grade
Bitches sweatin' me like they been in the desert for days
They say the best kept secret is kept in the grave
New coupe is a dog, no roof on it
Diamond sparkle in my mouth, bluetooth homie
Yeah to say the least, Swizz this beat is a beast
And my homies got that work, they Alicia'n them keys (WOO!)
Hands up in the air like we don't care
And that TrukFit shit is all we wearAll they talk about is dollars
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Hands up, hands upAyo pass the crown to the real queen
You know the girl get it poppin' like a pill fiend
I got little bunny rabbits in my backyard
So fuck a funny style fraud, tryna act hard
Uhn, you my son, no daddy you a bast-ard
Plus you got mad miles on your vag card

Nah, I can't work with none of them
They talk slick and wondering why I be son'n them
I said bitch I'm a mogul, yes I am global
I don't do Barnes but yes I am noble
Every interview yes I am their focal, point
But I don't give a fluck, Boink
A-A-Ain't going no where like horses in a stable
Bitch I'm in the mansion, flossing, clickin' cable
N-N-Now where my bad bitches? W-W-Where Pretty Gang
T-T-T-Twerk that ass and let dem titties hang!All they talk about is dollars
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Hands up, hands upTatted like a Navajo, she lookin' half Cherokee (Woo!)
Roll down on her when I used to have a Cherokee
Now it's Bugattis, haters keep gettin' bodied
Talkin' can't breathe, hoodlums all in your lobby
I can tell by your shoes that your ponytail new (new)
Tell how you move, I see your Summer Jam too (too)
Tell by the jewels, I'm a hundred grand dude (dude)
Really a lot more, I'm talkin' channel 4 news (Woo!)
Blocka they better duck, bullet-proofin' the truck (hah)
Crossin' the power circle the nigga ran out of luck
Ridin' in the Rolls, yeah you know it's that don (don)
New crib lookin' like Kim Dotcom (Huh)All they talk about is dollars
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And if you celebrating put your cups in the airYou know I'm bout it, whenever, wherever
I'm smoking on strong, this is that steroid era
Got my leather on lookin' like Thunderdome
I got your girl at home, she got that Thunderdome
Let me see you touch the clouds, we could shut it down
From the Dirty South, muzzle on my mouth
Roof, I'm a dog, I'm in it
I pick your girl up like it's a fuckin' calisthenic (whoa!)
If she throw it at me I'mma catch it
Let me see you pat your weave if you ratchet
I see you do your thing when you dancin'
Now let me see you do your thing on the mattressAll they talk about is dollars
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Songwriters
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