

Rapper Big Pooh f/ Chaundon, Roc C**"Hands Up"**

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[Rapper Big Pooh] Uh, uh, punks jump up then get beat down Turn that track up, bang my sound Niggas ask why I walk around with a frown Cause I ain't a muh'fuckin clown Pay me in pounds, get bread, US fed Love making heads turn off some shit I said Code red, ring the alarm, standing in the eye of the storm I exhibit miraculous calm My miraculous charm keep me chilled with a dime at my arm Thoroughbred like I'm running a farm Who fucking with I? Who want it with him? I bring it to your crew, then your next of kin Hall of J. run tight like we Mexicans on the search for the Wiz like you made of tin Roc C is on, Chaundon is nice Rapper Pooh bout to make niggas pay the price [Chorus: Rapper Big Pooh] + (Chaundon) If you're rocking with the homie Big Pooh and the whole Hall of Justus crew If you're rocking with the homie Roc C or my West coast family If you're rocking with my man Chaundon The Back Twist got it going on To everybody, put your hands up (hands up) Now everybody get your hands up (hands up) [Roc C] My reality penitentiary casualties, protect my family Never live in the fantasies, Mister Ceremony Prepare for the testimony, known for having weapons on me Women call him Macaroni, Pooh we'll try to tell 'em homie Home known as Killa Cali, listen to Makaveli Dead bodies in the alley, never dumb down Come round get gunned down Still Hip Hop but you still get shot Roc not your average individual More of a criminal, don't speak subliminals Disco ball fall down on your physical Condition critical, maximize, never minimal A soldier to a general is like fucking with Mike when he was in his pinnacle Puff medical, lyrical green visuals Sensual seductors blow cock like that window do Alpha Team get 'em or we'll get the other half of you [Chorus] [Chaundon] Aiyyo, I am that nigga, make niggas sick White chicks love me and my big nigga dick Chaundon the Back Twist, hoes know the moniker Money, power and respect's what I rock it for No need to rehearse, y'all niggas is wack You should all Auto-Tune your verse Step back little dude, listen If you ain't getting money now then you not professional I do this on the

regular You are like A-cup titties fronting like you
bigger in a Wonderbra Damn y'all, is this where it's
going? If wack's the new nice then I need to stop
flowing Cause I can turn the radio on and randomly
pick ten rappers on the playlist who ain't shit Huh, and I
don't care about none of your Grammys You main
scale, you be dealing with trannies [Chorus]

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