

Soulasystem

"Put Em Up"

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(Intro)

Lost Souls, it's Ya mother f-cking, Boy, Tahjmahal, HA!
We in the building, It's a mother f-cking, Done Deal,
Soul-A-System ENT. Yeah, Big D. Beats, Put Em Up, ah!

(1st verse)

I've always did my thang, I do my thang tonight, Want
to come up but people always hating, that's alright,
Pass me the Hennessy, the bottle or the cup, While I
get drunk, the Po, Po wants to put me in hand cuffs,
You put your hands up, You do your thug thang,
Coming from San Fran where thugs let they nut's hang,
Born and raised as a hustler, Don't really want to come
and bring drama but, I'll bring you to my area, Okay! I
reloaded, Like Jigga I put holes in n---z, Then I'm
drinking my liquor quicker than speedy Gonzales, Time
to rip a n---a, look in the mirror, Watching you quiver
like slither, Lord please forgive her, she aint nothing
but chopped liver,
Stop that! Stop that!
I got that! I got that!
Drop that! Drop that!
Where the f-ck the party at,
Got a confession, that I must mention,
I want to see broads in thongsâ€¦!

(Chorus)

Put your hands up to the sky,
All my n---z getting they dough, snatching they hoes,
stay on they toes Put your hands up to the sky, All my n-
---z getting they paper, sporting they gators, watching
for hater's Put your hands up to the sky, All my dogs
acting like hogs blowing a cloud of smoke in the fog,
Put your hands up to the sky, To all my n---z getting it
crunk, rolling in bucks giving ah f-ckâ€¦!

(2nd verse)

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah,
What the deal, popping pills, every body up in here,
Standing still, grilling me harder than Coupe de Ville,
On the real they better chill, automatically concealed,

With a weapon for protection, I brandish the stainless steel, Bullets graze them like a field, cus its real in the field, Super fly getting money like my name is Ron O Neil, Beastie Boys with the license to kill, time to get ill, Yet and still side kicking and flipping the T-Mobile, Keep it trill in the Yay, unsigned hype, When I'm writing my lyrics to pay the bills, Bills Negotiating deals for scrill, Rolling on chrome wheels, slamming harder than Shaquille, En Vogue in with hoes and give them something that they could feel, Throw your hands toward the ceiling the villains right here, Lost Souls, highly acclaimed bring in the New Year, yeah Yall know what time it is, fill up your glasses, Report to the dance floor and Put Em Up!

(Chorus)

Put your arms in the air like armed robbery, It obvious you never seen this side of me, So obviously I'm in the function, So raise the roof, if you disrespect 12 gage graze your coupe, Red and white Jordan twelve's with the hat to match, Two thousand dollars round my neck, I got my swagger back, on hand cuff your bitch boy I rather that, So I could have her doing tricks like an acrobat, You know Ya Boy true hustler, Get your grams up, in this bitch with Lost Souls, put your hands up, stick your mans up, for the cheddar, in the club fake I.D., toting a chrome Beretta, You could find me back at the bar, sipping, sipping, some pimp juice, Popping my pz at a bitch, just trying to get loose, Rip two, never been tipsey but maybe turby, them earlyâ€¦.

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