

The Longshots

"Hands Up"

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Metaphysic!!!

[Crayon]

Black rose from the concrete
Cursed since my heart beat
Rose from my chest piece
Roam through the cold streets
Watch for the police
Blue and Whites hunt me
Niggaz die daily
And set free monthly
Now punch me
In right there
We move ahead light years
You must respect your peers
But what to do when there are none
And you're three steps from stardom
And starving
Can't get trapped inside a coffin

[Rock Shabazz]

From the streets to the club
Concretes to the rugs
Let your speakers erupt when you reach for the dub
and drop it
(On everybody)
Rock it
(At every party)
Rap's the modern day "The Harder They Come"
But I'm versed on a version
Metaphysic sound system burn 'em
Turn 'em to slaves to the rhythm
A Black man that's why jake wanna kill him

[Hook]

Throw your hands up
That's what policeman told me
Rushing my crib in the middle of the night
But I'm not home
I'm in the basement jam
Up in the club, watching my ladies and my mans

Throw they hands up
Turn the volume up
'Til your neighbors had enough, now they calling cops
They comin!
Rush the club and knock the door down
Cuff up the DJ and make everybody throw they hands
up

[Crayon]

Well I got beef with the cats by the door
With their backs on the wall
We came to get down
Stomping on the dance floor
Grabbing everything
Sliding off your wedding ring
Lose your girl in a minute
If she standing next to me
The recipe
Make 'em burn slow like rotisserie
And swiftly invade like the Moors into Sicily
Humidity
Different world like Dwayne and Whitley
The liquor be
Burning my chest
Now can I get a beat?

[Rock Shabazz]

I'm a rudeboy, ruffneck, a rebel
A renegade, a mercenary servin anybody on your team
An outlaw that makes you bounce more with Southpaw
Beat Bandits with raw material for sure
You know I wanna fight for the rights of the poor
But now and then I gotta get my ass on the floor
Grab on a broad, all night on a song
From West Indian shores to streets of New York

[Hook]

Throw your hands up
That's what policeman told me
Rushing my crib in the middle of the night
But I'm not home
I'm in the basement jam
Up in the club, watching my ladies and my mans
Throw they hands up
Turn the volume up
'Til your neighbors had enough, now they calling cops
They comin!
Rush the club and knock the door down
Cuff up the DJ and make everybody throw they hands
up

[Bridge: Crayon]

Whether you a Yankee or Yardee
At a barbecue or houseparty
If I step on your shoes then I'm sorry
(Watch out Dread!)
Don't shoot the place up!
Girl I'm feeling your body
Here's my number
Maybe you call me
If you choose to dis or ignore me
(That's okay!)
I'll scoop your friend up!

[Rock Shabazz]

It's official like referees and whistles
My enemies'll fizzle away and die
On a batie boy still boom bye bye
Dis it but this is the way we ride
Carnival-style, raise your flags in the air
While I stand in my B-boy stance like this
Play this Hip-Hop to Bebop
Ragga to Rah-Rah
Kompa to Soca, Rhythmn and Blues we clip it and loop it
Nahmean?

[Crayon]

Its underground Black music
Bigger than rap music
Its food for the soul
We living for that union
Of joy and despair
Fingers in the air
Back up off the wall
You could stand up in your chair
Celebrating life and health
And knowledge of self
My people graduating college, they expect you to fail
We prevail through the jails and the kids getting killed
Now its real we still here
Now its time to exhale
Now through your hands up!

[Hook]

Throw your hands up
That's what policeman told me
Rushing my crib in the middle of the night
But I'm not home
I'm in the basement jam
Up in the club, watching my ladies and my mans
Throw they hands up
Turn the volume up

'Til your neighbors had enough, now they calling cops
They comin!
Rush the club and knock the door down
Cuff up the DJ and make everybody throw they hands
up

Crowd : Ay oh Ay oh

[Rock Shabazz]
It's not over, it's not over
Black people unite and let's all get down
Cause what we have is a brand new sound
Wonder what's the sample, can't you tell?
Your system's yelling Kingston 12

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