

Chris Ward

"Hands Up Again"

Visit "[Hands Up Again](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Haters, you got five seconds to stop what you doing
And shake the room niggaz, with an additional three
seconds
To get in whatever you pushing, and shake the lot
Ladies, that gives you about eight seconds
To grab your purses tight, and come on up to the front
Where the playas, thugs and the gangstas at come on
Uh huh uh huh, yeah uh uh

[Chris Ward]

They call me C-H-R-I, to the S
I'm a gang and a rap star, I'm the best
I'm the young dude, that they label fresher than fresh
Gutter smooth suave, and finesse
Style is endless, I blow shots through your thin vest
Leave you and your men stressed, like you just took ten
tests
Four fo' pounders, is what I bench press
And in the end, will I win yes
I flow as if I know, that I've been blessed
Though I'm a king, cause in the ring a four princess
All this hate going around, is senseless
They dickriders, see how much they keep me in mess
I suggest, y'all quit acting like you know me
Hollin' what's up Lil' Chris, what's happening whoadie
Spectators, just hand me my trophy
I'm the franchise like Steve, plus I ball like Kobe
Don't talk to me, bout MC's got skills
He's alright, but he's not real
C-Weez bout scрил, blowing trees out the Deville
Running through boys hoes, like a two minute drill
I'm like Hump, from Sucka Free for real
Cause none of you chumps, can sucker me with a deal
You can't, fuck with me for a mill
Even if you come with two, you can't fuck with me still
So you got a flow, that's iight with me
You got a lil' do', that's iight with me
You got a lil' glow, that's a sight to see
But none of y'all motherfuckers, is tight as me
You know, C dot W-A-R to the D

Got mo' connects, than AT&T
Just listen around, it sounds like they being me
Cause I spit sermons, like Anfernee from EPMD
I do gangsta raps, so they say I'm a G.M.C.
Got a chromed out Denali, a GMC
No hate, it's just love from the M.O.B.
To D.E.A. to B.B.S., to C.M.G.
Much respect, to the whole S.U.C.
And don't speak to me bitch, unless you S.U.C.
I stay boss hogging, like Slim Thee and E.S.G.
Got so much game, I oughtta build a PS3
Not just the rookie of the year, I'm the M.V.P.
So that's why, these red-shirters envy me
I'm bout to, blow this bitch like TNT
Getting dirty money, like Pimp C and B-U-N-B
I'm still uncut and lethal, like PCP
And keep it ghetto, from here to the Bronx to the CPT
Now go backwards, you know I got that N-U-G
And if I e-mail you shots, I'ma send you three nigga
Stay wilding, Mob-Style'ing
Be on the court with the Knicks, repping Houston like
Allen
Now in this city, we are the dream team
Cause everybody dreams, to be on our dream team
The thing seems to be, I am a power house
We have nothing in common, you is a coward mouse
Uh oh, you've been discovered
Ain't no secret I done peeped it, you just blown your
cover
See us niggaz, we never trip with no brizzoad
Can't trust em like niggaz, they all so frizzuad
I'm back, lik MJ
So from this day forth, y'all can all call me Chris
Wizzard
Get it Chris Wizzard, I go hard in the paint
Po' up and lean, go hard off of paint
You can't and you ain't, gon stop me mayn
Been wrecking since 9-8, when I first got in the game
See I don't stop, and I won't stop
Ery'body asking Whoadie, when your album gon drop
And if it could sell in jail, I'll go three times plat
Naw I'm fucking wit ya, three times that
I know cats that buy my c.d.'s, and slam em to the side
But because of they girlfriends, they jam em in they
ride
Least you could do, is jam em with pride
I'm your wifey's number one, damn this is live
Now you can love me or hate me, or just love to hate
me
Whichever is quite whatever, love me or hate me
Just don't come around, talking bout you miss me

though
Yeah right I believe ya, Ms. Cleo
This here, ain't no mystery bro
Peep game, I'm bout to make history hoe
See you know, just like they know
That we all know, that I got flow
So when you see me enter the do', Gucci from head to
toe
Just remember, this is some'ing we all seen befo'
So whenever whenever was, we fall in your club
Don't hate participate, put your hands up
Put your hands up, niggaz
Bitches, busters, hustlers uh
With your mug on mean, cause you know we be
thugging
Mob Style in the house, that's the way we be clubbing
nigga
Uh uh yeah uh uh, put your hands up niggaz
Bitches busters, hustlers uh
With your mug on mean, cause you know we be
thugging
H-Town in the house, that's the way we be clubbing
nigga

(*talking*)

Yeah hands up, hands up hands up
Hands up nigga

Visit [Chris Ward](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.