

## 40 Karats "Hands Up"

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40 Karats - Hands Up  
LYRICS

Chorus

Hit the dance floor, drop it low with it,  
Shake it left, then right, then pose with it  
From the top all the way to the floor with it  
If you jazzy and you know it  
Put your right hand up if you on your shit  
Left hand up if take that dick  
Both hands up if you know you thick  
And them hating ass hoes can't tell you shit, do your  
thang girl

Verse One

Bust it open for a playa like me. Joe Fezzy who i be  
I know you heard about me, no need for introduction  
The way you move that ass baby it can cause  
concussions  
Baby girl blushing cause she grabbing on my  
And she bust that thang open and rubbing her  
And them other girls watching trying to learn from ya  
And they hating on you they wanna grind on my  
But don't worry bout them just continue what you doing  
And imma keep drinking and feeling on your booty  
Booty so addictive I couldn't refuse it  
Meet in the hotel so I can abuse aye  
And tonight it's going down  
She have sex like dance go up and down  
Real slow real slow go ahead and do your thang  
Like to work it for that dough baby let's get it

Chorus

Verse Two

I like the way she pop it and drop it pockets be  
gwopping off top it  
She say she fuck with J.Locc cause she know them girls  
be watching

I rock her out her stocking I got her constantly watching  
She shake that thing for a profit while I come out of my  
pockets  
And she jazzy classy bad that's whats happening

Damn girl what happened I'm talking bout yo ass  
It's a reason while it's that big it's real let me grab it  
It is let me stab it you probably handle it  
Cause I be going ham I be going ham  
If you don't give a fuck then I don't give a damn  
Don't worry bout ya man you must don't know who I am  
I leave him laying down where he stand bam bam  
Hold up ya'll bet not fight in this bitch  
Cause I plan on staying all night in this bitch  
When she bouncing tell the dj turn the beat up  
So I can hit the dance flo and she can turn me up

Chorus

Verse Three

Them haters can't tell her nothing shawty know that she  
got it  
The way she moving that body it got the fellows getting  
rowdy  
The baddest up in the party ya'll aint messing with my  
shawty  
Look how she drop it low yeah baby getting retard  
And she ride it like a harley worried bout a hater hardly  
Just when you thought she done baby just getting  
started  
Going harder than hard baby tatted and sexy  
So imma take them clothes off like I'm unwrapping a  
presents  
Do ya thang girl

Do ya thang, Do ya thang  
Shawty turn the party to a strip show and tease with it  
Wobble then freeze with it hands on her knees with it  
She aint stunting them she talking bout letting me hit it  
And she make her booty bounce to the beat clap  
She wanna a real nigga so imma beat that  
Like bam bam bam have fun with her  
Then send her home to her man when i'm done with  
her

Chorus

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