

## 8ball "Hands In The Air"

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[Eightball]

Okay; comin' from the top of my  
Dome when I'm droppin' my  
Own type of style, and  
Ain't nobody stoppin' my  
Rise to the very top  
Hit 'em up wit' all I got  
Superstar; no I'm not  
Green weed; black glock  
Everybody want a piece  
Dirty like a pair 'a cleats  
Niggers run their mouth a lot  
Like bitches and parakeets  
(whoa) How you love that pimpin'  
(whoa) I'm so cold wit' it  
(whoa) Make all the boys wanna do it just because I did  
it  
I'm like a legend or  
Some kind of prophecy  
Sent here to set you free  
Dress, player, follow me  
Into another world  
Deep inside your own soul  
This shit here way bigger than tattoos and cornrolls  
This not 'bout makin' dough  
Not 'bout no fakin' yo  
Not 'bout who's rich 'o po'  
Not 'bout who niggaz know  
This here 'bout you and me  
This here 'bout poetry  
This here 'bout who we be  
If you in here with me

[Chorus]

Keep your ears wide open  
This is all grill no jokin'  
Throw your motherfuckin' hands up in the air  
If you feel me throw your hands up in the air  
Better keep your ears open  
This is all grill no boastin'  
Throw your hands up in the motherfuckin' air  
If you feel me throw your hands up in the air

The motherfuckin' aaaaair

[Eightball]

Nigga you don't know me  
Why you niggaz wanna beef?  
All in my grill like  
You the papparazzi  
Boy I was fulla game  
Way before this rap thang  
Real 'fore the money came  
That's why I will never change  
Me - ain't nobody like  
Even though they try to be  
Niggaz think they are but they ain't fuckin' with me  
lyric'ly  
(Yo) I was born wit' it  
Din't nobody teach it to me  
Over hot beef  
Tell you 'bout what the streets did to me  
(Yo) Chose me to be a  
Prophet and lead my people  
Murder non-believers  
With lyrics that are lethal  
I hit 'em heavy with it  
Yo I stay ready wit' it  
Come try to test me wit' it  
Regret you ever did  
Call who a pimp and  
I got my own back  
You got them baby paper?  
I got them grown stacks  
But this ain't 'bout no bread  
Not 'bout what niggaz said  
Not 'bout what hoes believe  
If you in here with me

[Chorus]

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[Eightball]

Yeah I gotta come again  
Just to let you know the deal  
Eight ways to company

Beats come from doin' real (yeah)  
We the niggaz should not nobody be fuckin wit'  
Slayer riders Chopper city  
Had you bitches doubled quick  
This ain't 'bout who rap the best  
This ain't 'bout who got the most  
This is not no gangsta rap  
This ain't 'bout no pimps and hoes  
This here ain't no country shit  
Ain't no way to label this  
Memphis where I come from  
Orange mile veteran  
What I represent - whoever live in poverty  
Hard working niggaz that  
Try to hustle honestly  
And I represent who  
Lookin' good and feelin' nice  
Niggaz on there drinkin' 'dro  
Fresh clothes; full of ice  
(Yeah) We gon' keep this slummin' comin' with the  
dirtiest  
(Yeah) If you from the gutter then I know you heard of  
this  
This ain't bout where you from  
This ain't bout where you be  
This here 'bout feelin free  
If you in here with me

[Chorus]

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[Eightball]

Go 'head and put 'em up  
Put your hands where I can see 'em  
Put your hands where I can see 'em  
Go 'head and put 'em up  
Put your hands where I can see 'em  
Put your hands where I can see 'em

[unknown voice talking]

Yeah, eight ways, doo-rilla  
Code line  
Slab two is goin' down baby

This your boy Milwaukee  
Stop prayin'

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