

8ball "Put Your Hands Up"

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(feat. MJG)

[EightBall]

Yeah

All my playa niggaz throw your hands up
And all my thug niggaz throw your guns up
Weak niggaz give your funds up, to these hoes
Distance your foes, and stay up on your toes
I love this game, but its not the NBA
It be me and MJ, doin' shit the playa way
Daily smokin' hay
The time on my Roly, tellin' me I'm gonna make cheese
like Kobe
Did what the real niggaz showed me, and shook the
phonies
Hooked the honies, lookin' like I got some money
Ain't it funny, they diss you when you lookin' bunny
But she your honey, when your stuff shrimps in her
tummy
I just call it how I see it, non-fictional
Deliver the bomb shit, straight irresistible
Without a pistol, I'll make you put your hands up
So everybody in the place put your hands up

[Chorus]

Stompin', and pimpin' and mackin' and actin'
Bad when a nigga rappin'
Get your hands up, let me see the big butts
We don't wanna see nothin' but the big butts
Thug niggaz if you feel me bust
No matter where you at pull your shit out and bust
Thug niggaz if you feel me bust
No matter where you at pull your shit out and bust

Yeah, first to bringin' the pain
And you better bring a Hertz too
Southern voodoo brewed up to curse you
May even hurt you, born into violence
Streets a pilot, flyin' rhymes over cloudy beats
50 thousand feet above what you thought I was
Just a scrub, not good enough to get your love
I came with acrobatic tongue tactics

Parental advisory because my shit is graphic
Tattooed on your memory that fat Tennessee MC
Comin' out hard, they call me Mr. B-I-G
But not because of my size, you better recognize
I'm do or die, when you talk about my green guys
Warn the citizens, the killers on the loose again
Gone off of 'lucigens, clownin' in the big Benz
All I wanna do is make a nigga get bucked
So get up, and get your mothafuckin' hands up

[Chorus]

[MJG]

Throw your hands in the smoke, cause there's smoke in
the air
Get close to me, I'll contact your ass like a flare
As you stare, nigga you gonna come to term with what
you see
A primitive example of the shit you want to be
And I ain't gonna be
Persuaded, by blue sueded shoe wearin'
Slick gun bitches, who get paid quick
Trick niggaz stop all of that tricken' and shit
If she come with a price tag, fuck that bitch
Why should you switch?
From one hoe, and love 'em all
Cause she could suck the flavor out a dick?
Hell nah
One thing you gotta know about a woman
Big dicks will be the reason for some shit known to get
that pussy comin'
Now who I be, before the G, MJ
Nigga I ain't tryin' to high side
But have a nice day
Like a, get a way girl
I get hips to watch
I'm takin' applications
Look at all the traffic you stopped

[Chorus x2]

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