

## **Lloyd Banks f/ 50 Cent**

### **"Hands Up"**

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Put 'em up  
Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up  
Put 'em up  
Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up

1- [50 Cent]

Hands up! shorty when you party with me  
We goin' way past quarter to three  
I said hands up!, I'm good in the VIP  
I got my ammo right here with me  
I said hands up!, you know when you party with crooks  
You gotta learn to respect the jokes  
I said hands up!, everything ain't cruise to fame  
And the shit ain't as sweet as it looks  
I said hands up!

2- [Lloyd Banks] (50 Cent)

You know I'ma put a sucka on me  
Right before I leave outta the car (We came to party)  
You gon' talk talking at me  
You gon' leave out the club wit a scar (We came to party)  
We pop bottles like it's all free  
'Fore I leave I'ma bow at the bar (We came to party)  
You gon' order whatchu want it's on me  
I'm a G take a look at a star (we came to party)

[Lloyd Banks]

It feels so good to live sucka free  
I'm soakin' it all up while your girls suckin' me  
It mean the world to her, it's nuttin' but a nut to me  
Look miss get a grip, or let a mothafucker be  
I'm a rap star, who was to be ridin' around in that car  
Two in the front and the back, got the plasma  
This ain't a free ride, you gotta have the gas ma  
I wouldn't buy a chick a pump that got asma  
And I'm busy so I'm movin' a bit faster  
You can't tell me yes if I won't ask ya, huh  
I'm a bastard, damn near shovenist, hand over the plastic  
Cause they wanna see ya man go in the casket

Rule number one, keep ya gun or get ya ass hit  
And that's it, lights off and ya body stiff  
Bout to see me cause you used to party with

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

[Lloyd Banks]

Yea

I cruise to respect 22's on the whip, new reug' on the hit  
Thousand dollar outfit, never stood never slip  
Follow rules or get whipped, nigga move or ya hit  
I don't care whose on the strip  
It ain't only the Ferrari, now we jewels got 'em sick  
Now it's two thousand six, I needa new bottom list  
It's aight they can talk, I'm amused by the bricks  
I'm the news out the bricks, nigga whose hot as this?  
I bet the mansion and the swimming pool got 'em  
pissed  
I ain't a cuddler I fuck the drool outta chick  
My niggaz ice grill, but it ain't the same  
They don't see the faces, they just see the chains like  
UHH when ya get 'em, they don't know you with me  
They prolly think the bouncers at the front door fist me  
This regular shit, the erryday mentality  
They charged up, don't make me put in the battery

Repeat 1

Repeat 2

Put 'em up

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