

Da Brat Feat. Tyrese "Hands In The Air"

Visit "[Hands In The Air](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Da Brat)

Niggas always watchin me (funky!)

But I want em to keep on watchin me

I'ma keep give em sumthin to see (smokin!)

I always feel like

Somebody's watchin me, watchin me

Could it be the way I'm still tight?

Niggas that didn't use to feel me jockin me, jockin me

The, whole world got too much money for me

To not get no dough, dough, can't no hoe

Rock harder than the one from So-So

I never go broke broke

I keep comin with the vocals that make most know

Why the fuck I boast, boast and brag

Why should I look sad that I got some loot now?

In fact, I knew how

watch when I back the Coupe out

Can niggas just troop out

The same way they do when I show you Brat

With a little bit of boobs out

And her big ass protrude out

Get the news out

Some of you bitches lose out

When the sexiness ooze out

Like orgasms, I'm the best at this

Throwin tantrums when I move into makin shit

If you thinkin of becomin one of my favorites

You gotta pay a bitch

Cause I be stayin rich

I ain't quittin, quittin

Way before "Funkdafied" I was spittin, spittin

(chorus)

Throw yo hands in the air like you dont care

This fo niggas and bitches everywhere

Forever you playas playas flash on em, get cash on

em

And make em say, say

Hands in the air, from side to side

Forever im high, high

Together we ride, ride

I'm never too tired

To get that paper, baby

(Da Brat)

If y'all wanna see me, see me

Im give y'all somethin to look look at

Make a nigga neck turn turn for Brat

Burn burn these hoes cuz I'm back and my pants still
sag
It's automatic, they wanna jump on my wagon,
wagon
I ain't lackin lackin on shit
Open ya eyes when my body when I try on clothes
that fit fit
I'm articulate and particulate on who I let hit hit
And get up in the middle of the center of my tootsie
roll
Roll me something to smoke smoke and burn slow
slow
Don't keep it a secret, tell all ya folks
See you when I shine, I glow, glow
From the C-H-I-C-A-GO, 6-0-6-4-4
And I trust no, nigga that make a mistake for me
Guns ready to blaze and to leave with you
Some of the ones run
I can't control my trigger finger when it pump pump
Stay out the way when I come come
It's guaranteed to bump bump the trunk, uh
And put a hump in ya back
If niggas is askin who's thumpin, it's Brat Brat
(chorus)
(Mystikal)
I keep my bad braids back when puttin the dick on

the track

You can turn it down playa, we don't listen to that

The bass dont thump, we spit on crap

That beat ain't tight nigga, that shit ain't fat

Everytime that shit come out, I toss it back and I slap

I be breakin ya back to the rhythm of rap

(?)Test it loud for the low frequency, where it's at?(?)

Niggas say, "I love that fuckin shit ya did wit Da

Brat!"

Actin bad with the pad, with the pen, with the paper

Still smoke a nigga under the table

Put the lines in the words and the hooks and the

phrases

Instead of puttin out sumthin thats blazin

Get ya hand out my pocket, get ya foot out ya mouth

And ya head out ya ass

And keep ya nose out my buisness

And I mean it, goddammit, cuz I'm fiddinta get

MAD!

I put em in the trash bag

Twist tie, put em out Monday and Wednesday

I kick em in they raggely ass

Take money from em and you know I better get

some

I know it ain't fair

but I smoke with alligators and I wrestle with bears

Throw ya hands in the air

As high as you can, and leave them bitches there!

(chorus 2x, fade out

Visit [Da Brat Feat. Tyrese](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.