

Eight Fingers Down "Hands In The Air"

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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 with all I got
Superstar, no I'm not, green weed, black glock
E'rybody want a piece, dirty like a pair of cleats
Niggaz run they mouth a lot, like bitches and parakeets
(Whoa!) How you want it pimpin? (Whoa!) I'm so cold
wid it
(Whoa!) Make other 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, rest play or follow me
Into another world, deep inside yo' own soul
This shit here way bigger than tattoos and cornrows

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