

Eight Fingers Down

"Put Your Hands Up"

Visit "[Put Your Hands Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring 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 it's 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

Visit [Eight Fingers Down](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.