

## **Eightball & MJG "Put Your Hands Up"**

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

[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 irresistable  
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  
Tatoood 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 trickin' 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 [Eightball & MJG](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.