

2 Shy

"Hands in the Air"

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(Verse 1: Chino XL)
Direct from king fields!

I'm glowing in darkness cats with spell will tell your
people
That there seems a crucifixion and my ouija board
spells certain death
You contradict you can't do shit your fucking song's
joke
The only video you could make is if you robbed a liquor
store
All right... niggas done got me started up
Now it's time for you to duck
You get stuck better run
And check your blood when I run amuck
Punching 'em straight to your face
Putting that ass in a neck brace
My shotty's wettin' your body up
Wetter than Michael Jackson's pillow case
I get props, you give head, I get pussy hole...
I got more jim hats than there's hats in five five soul
You hackle me, you funny
You need to be in Def Comedy Jam
Cus I am ??? like natives fear quicksand
I'm smoking you with my burner
I'm rippin' that ass like Tina Turner
My feelings all right!
I wanna be like Ike!
Here is the savage marriage when I damage
Like plaster or parrish
You'd be in your hotel room catching a heart attack like
Robin Harris
So, bring all the static to me that you could find
A prison is in my mind
My mental is out of it
I'd be on that ass like Tyson at a beauty pageant
Assassinating you like you John Lennon and watch you
beg
You popped a lot of lip but can't do shit like Curtis
Mayfield's leg...

(Chorus - Repeat 2X)

Every joint I rock,
Every line you hear,
Baby I don't care,
People everywhere...
Hands in the air!

(Verse 2: Chino XL)

It's getting real hard to control all the powers I possess
see
Who do I worship? My mind state is ??? to emergency
I made a Rabbi
Need a glass eye
Just cus he passed by
Bringing more hell nights than Omega Sci-fi
I'm cutting you deep as I can
You bled but I need a deeper shade
Won't catch me wearing no red ribbons
I'm glad when faggots catch the AIDS
I'm losing my religion while you burn on a crooked
cross
Leaving mothafuckers broken up like Main Source
Keepin' it strange, I got deranged
Powers, rock for mad hours
Kicking pregnant bitches in the stomach at baby
showers
Spreading the word of Revelation scattered all over the
wrecks
I got more lyrics than projects got bricks on the street
Showing and proving this world ain't big enough for
one of me
You'll be like, "Elizabeth - I'm coming to join you
honey!"
Nothing is sacred when the rebel in yellow will be
Like mother Teresa selling anal sex on 42nd street
June 25th that ain't no myth that you can tamper with
Which is hell, they should've nailed Jesus ass to a
handprint
Altruism is your bible, your first name is "Into The Pit"
This is my body, this is my bread and all that other shit
I smother shit, blood comets at the purple hand I'm not
a fan
So deep in the dark with the Art you can't understand
so I shot a man...
What yo' God got to do with me?...
I'm not tryin' to hear that, see...

(Chorus - Repeat 2X's)

Every joint I rock,
Every line you hear,
Baby I don't care,

People everywhere...
Hands in the air!

(Sample from Redman)
Throw your hands in the air! (Repeat 6x's)

(Verse 3: Chino XL)
Now as I sit in the midst of a pit, piss this
By the same lame game and the reign I'm an anarchist
Black to the graveyard, vultures circle your head
Keeps it going on, 'til the break of P.M. Dawn
You're gonna crawl when I stroll, my name's on your
wall in blood
Bringing more 'Weird Science' than Anthony Michael
Hall
Buckshot, you're quoted like I'm Amy Fischer the war's
on
I'm sending my competition to hell with gasoline draws
on
Chino, it must be, better not, trust me...
I'm dropping more satanic verses than Simon Rusty
Know my name cus I kill
Slappin' your mama outta high heels
Battle me? Little nigga, first go get training wheels
Ex-girlfriends talking shit, ripping my stickers, now
retire
Baby pictures on my tip you'd think my dick was a
pacifier
Burning them down like Watts, stab you in your crotch
Stop and drop
Fuck watching my video nigga, check me out on cops
I kill like that, I kill like that,
I kill like that, I kill like that...
(da da da, da da da)
I'm always strapped, worthless in a world that won't
change
I could catch a body in a ?wiffle? board

(Chorus - Repeat 4x's)
Every joint I rock,
Every line you hear,
Baby I don't care,
People everywhere...
Hands in the air!

(Repeat 6x's)
Hands in the air...

