

## G-Unit "Hands Up"

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Hands Up

G-Unit

ComposiÃfÂ§ÃfÂ£o: IndisponÃfÂvel

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up

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[50 Cent (Lloyd Banks)]

Hands up shorty when you party with me, we goin' way  
past quarter to three (I said Hands Up!)

I'm good in the V.I.P. I got my hammer right here with  
me (I said Hands Up!)

You know when you party with crooks, you gotta learn  
to respect the jooks (I said Hands Up!)

Everything ain't cruise to fame, this shit ain't sweet as it  
looks (I said Hands Up!)

[Lloyd Banks (50 Cent)]

You know I'm puttin' something on me right before I  
leave outta the car (Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em  
up, put 'em up We came to party)

You don't tough talkin' at me you gon' leave outta the  
club with a star (Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em  
up, put 'em up We came to party)

We pop bottles like it's all free fo' I leave I'ma buy out  
the bar (Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up,  
put 'em up We came to party)

You can order what you want it's on me I'm a G take a  
look at star (Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up,  
put 'em up We came to party)

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

It feels so good to live sucker free

I'm soakin' it all up while your girl suckin' me

It mean the world to her, it's nothing but a nut to me

Look miss, get a grip and let a motherfucker be

I'm a rap star

Who wants to be ridin' around in that car

Two in the front and the back got the plasma

This ain't a free ride you gotta have the gas ma

I wouldn't buy a chick a pump that got asthma

And I'm busy so I move a bit faster

You can't tell me yes if I don't ask ya  
Haha I'm a bastard  
Damn near showin' his hand over the plastic  
Cause they wanna see your man go in the casket  
Rule number one keep your gun and get your ass hit  
that's it  
Lights off and your body's stiff  
By the same niggas you used to party with

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

I cruise through the strip  
22's on the whip  
New rule: gonna hit  
Thousand dollar outfit  
Never snooze never slip  
Follow rules or get whip  
Nigga move or get hit  
I don't care who's on the strip  
It ain't only the Ferrari now the jewels got him sick  
Now it's 2006 I need a new bottom miss  
It's aight they can talk I'm amused by the pricks  
I'm the news out the bricks nigga who's hot as this  
I bet the mansion and the swimming pool got 'em  
pissed  
I ain't a cuddler I fuck the drool outta chick  
My niggas ice grill but it ain't the same

They don't see the faces they don't see the chains  
Like Ooo when you get 'em they don't know you with me  
They probably think the bouncers at the front door frisk  
me  
This is regular shit the erryday mentality  
They charged up don't make me put in the battery

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By Carla

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