

Liam Lynch

"Hands in the Air"

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(Da Brat)

Niggas always watchin me (funky!)
But I want em to keep on watchin me
I'ma keep give em sumthin to see (smokin!)

I always feel like
Somebody's watchin me, watchin me
Could it be the way I'm still tight?
Niggas that didn't use to feel me jockin me, jockin me
The, whole world got too much money for me
To not get no dough, dough, can't no hoe
Rock harder than the one from So-So
I never go broke broke
I keep comin with the vocals that make most know
Why the fuck I boast, boast and brag
Why should I look sad that I got some loot now?
In fact, I knew how
watch when I back the Coupe out
Can niggas just troop out
The same way they do when I show you Brat
With a little bit of boobs out
And her big ass protrude out
Get the news out
Some of you bitches lose out
When the sexiness ooze out
Like orgasms, I'm the best at this
Throwin tantrums when I move into makin shit
If you thinkin of becomin one of my favorites
You gotta pay a bitch
Cause I be stayin rich
I ain't quittin, quittin
Way before "Funkdafied" I was spittin, spittin

(chorus)

Throw yo hands in the air like you dont care
This fo niggas and bitches everywhere
Forever you playas playas flash on em, get cash on em
And make em say, say
Hands in the air, from side to side
Forever im high, high
Together we ride, ride

I'm never too tired
To get that paper, baby

(Da Brat)

If y'all wanna see me, see me
Im give y'all somethin to look look at
Make a nigga neck turn turn for Brat
Burn burn these hoes cuz I'm back and my pants still
sag
It's automatic, they wanna jump on my wagon, wagon
I ain't lackin lackin on shit
Open ya eyes when my body when I try on clothes that
fit fit
I'm articulate and particulate on who I let hit hit
And get up in the middle of the center of my tootsie roll
Roll me something to smoke smoke and burn slow slow
Don't keep it a secret, tell all ya folks
See you when I shine, I glow, glow
From the C-H-I-C-A-GO, 6-0-6-4-4
And I trust no, nigga that make a mistake for me
Guns ready to blaze and to leave with you
Some of the ones run
I can't control my trigger finger when it pump pump
Stay out the way when I come come
It's guaranteed to bump bump the trunk, uh
And put a hump in ya back
If niggas is askin who's thumpin, it's Brat Brat

(chorus)

(Mystikal)

I keep my bad braids back when puttin the dick on the
track
You can turn it down playa, we don't listen to that
The bass dont thump, we spit on crap
That beat ain't tight nigga, that shit ain't fat
Everytime that shit come out, I toss it back and I slap
I be breakin ya back to the rhythm of rap
(?)Test it loud for the low frequency, where it's at?(?)
Niggas say, "I love that fuckin shit ya did wit Da Brat!"
Actin bad with the pad, with the pen, with the paper
Still smoke a nigga under the table
Put the lines in the words and the hooks and the
phrases
Instead of puttin out sumthin thats blazin
Get ya hand out my pocket, get ya foot out ya mouth
And ya head out ya ass
And keep ya nose out my buisness
And I mean it, goddammit, cuz I'm fiddinta get MAD!
I put em in the trash bag
Twist tie, put em out Monday and Wednesday

I kick em in they raggely ass
Take money from em and you know I better get some
I know it ain't fair
but I smoke with alligators and I wrestle with bears
Throw ya hands in the air
As high as you can, and leave them bitches there!

(chorus 2x, fade out)

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