

## LL Cool J "Put Your Hands Up"

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{We about to set this motherfucker off in here  
tonight!}  
{It be like da, da, da-da-da, da}  
{This that real shit dawg, real shit dawg c'mon, c'mon,  
come}  
{What you say?} Mr. Smith  
{Nigga, what you say?} I said my name is Mr. Smith  
{Yo, I want you to state the business}  
{You know what I want y'all to do?} Do your thing, do  
your thing, uhh

{I said put your hands in the motherfuckin air -  
where?}  
{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air}  
{I know you like hoes} Yes {I know you got cars} Yes  
{I know you spit bars} Yes {I know you like stars}  
{But put your hands in the motherfuckin air - you hear  
me?}  
{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air - LADIES}  
{I know your nails done} Yes {I know your hair done}  
Yes  
{I know your toes done} Yes {I know you look good -  
bitch}  
{But put your hands in the motherfuckin air - right}  
{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air - c'mon,  
c'mon}  
{BITCH!} Uhh {BITCH!} Uhh uhh  
{BITCH!} Uhh {BITCH!} Uhh uhh

Papi way too pimply to live this fast life simply  
Please squeeze at them twin armored Bentleys, I love  
envy  
Evidently, the pesos made 'em resent me  
Cause I clown on 'em, pull they broad gently, leave the  
bar empty  
I pimp Benzoes, you smell cherry air freshener  
Leather and indo, I cruise slow spit slick lingo  
You might mingle with more stars than Ringo  
On the beach in Santo Domingo lightin trees with  
singles  
But I'm a mandingo I make your guts tingle  
'Til your doorknockers jingle, stack chips like Pringles

Ball like the Bengals, spread love like Kris Kringle  
Get paid off the single, let them dollars co-mingle  
Baby, baby, deep dish is chrome, navy  
Gray interior you feel inferior, it's crazy  
It's over baby your vision's hazy they plantin daisies  
You tried to play me but couldn't fade me that's why  
they pay me

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Since I dropped "I'm Bad" I've been in Jags with nickle  
bags  
Hoes I had give better blows than Felix Trinidad  
One I had flew her Benz in from Baghdad  
With personalized tags, chrome mags and Prada bags  
I refused to stab, now she cryin in the rehab  
Wishin while reminiscin about all the sessions we had  
You knew all the positions to keep me on a mission  
Put the Playstation 2 in your Limited Expedition  
You're the mami I kept dipped, slept wit, crept wit  
Once you got needy and greedy sweetie I flipped like a  
brick  
Sharin my oochie spendin my chips  
Like I'm up in the Bricks politickin for new flicks  
On the FreakNik tip, grabbin your phattie on the 6  
I ain't faded by them hips  
I split, just like Xzibit from Tha LiksX  
I got major bread to break  
Recipes for cake, keys to V's and estates, I'm straight

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{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air - c'mon, c'mon}  
{BITCH!} Uhh {BITCH!} Uhh uhh  
{BITCH!} Uhh {BITCH!} Uhh uhh

Ride aww yeah, that's crazy  
E Mr. New York Knicks, B. Daltry  
Violators, "Rock the Bells"  
T Rhone, get money, Markee, we doin this  
{Violator, Violator 2, 2, we out - freeze!}

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