

## Da Brat "Hands in Da Air"

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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'

Throw yo' hands in the air like you don't 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 I'm high, high  
Together we ride, ride  
I'm never too tired to get that paper, baby

If y'all wanna see me, see me  
I'm give y'all somethin' to look look at  
Make a nigga neck turn turn for Brat  
Burn burn these hoes 'cause 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 G O, 60644

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

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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 don't thump, we spit on crap  
That beat ain't tight nigga, that shit ain't fat

Every time that shit come out, I toss it back and I slap  
I be breakin' ya back to the rhythm of rap  
[Unverified] 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' that's 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 business  
And I mean it, goddammit, 'cause 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

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