

Rapper Big Pooh

"Hands Up"

Visit "[Hands Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, uh, punks jump up then get beat down
Turn that track up, bang my sound
Niggas ask why I walk around with a frown
Cause I ain't a muh'fuckin clown
Pay me in pounds, get bread, US fed
Love making heads turn off some shit I said
Code red, ring the alarm, standing in the eye of the
storm
I exhibit miraculous calm
My miraculous charm keep me chilled with a dime at
my arm
Thoroughbred like I'm running a farm
Who fucking with I? Who want it with him?
I bring it to your crew, then your next of kin
Hall of J. run tight like we Mexicans
On the search for the Wiz like you made of tin
Roc C is on, Chaundon is nice
Rapper Pooh bout to make niggas pay the price

If you're rocking with the homie Big Pooh
And the whole Hall of Justus crew
If you're rocking with the homie Roc C
Or my West coast family
If you're rocking with my man Chaundon
The Back Twist got it going on
To everybody, put your hands up (hands up)
Now everybody get your hands up (hands up)

My reality penitentiary casualties, protect my family
Never live in the fantasies, Mister Ceremony
Prepare for the testimony, known for having weapons
on me
Women call him Macaroni, Pooh we'll try to tell 'em
homie
Home known as Killa Cali, listen to Makaveli
Dead bodies in the alley, never dumb down
Come round get gunned down
Still Hip Hop but you still get shot
Roc not your average individual
More of a criminal, don't speak subliminals
Disco ball fall down on your physical

Condition critical, maximize, never minimal
A soldier to a general is like fucking with Mike
When he was in his pinnacle
Puff medical, lyrical green visuals
Sensual seductors blow cock like that window do
Alpha Team get 'em or we'll get the other half of you

Aiyyo, I am that nigga, make niggas sick
White chicks love me and my big nigga dick
Chaundon the Back Twist, hoes know the moniker
Money, power and respect's what I rock it for
No need to rehearse, y'all niggas is wack
You should all Auto-Tune your verse
Step back little dude, listen
If you ain't getting money now then you not
professional
I do this on the regular
You are like A-cup titties fronting like you bigger in a
Wonderbra
Damn y'all, is this where it's going?
If wack's the new nice then I need to stop flowing
Cause I can turn the radio on and randomly pick
Ten rappers on the playlist who ain't shit
Huh, and I don't care about none of your Grammys
You main scale, you be dealing with trannies

Visit [Rapper Big Pooh](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.