

Rick Guard

"Hands Up"

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[Intro]

"Y'all don't re-up like us"

"Y'all don't re-up like us"

"Y'all don't re-up like us"

(Want the whole world to say "Fuck that")

"Ay! Y'all don't re-up like us" (Haha)

"Y'all don't re-up like us" (Easy enough right?)

"Y'all don't re-up like us" (Fuck that!)

"Y'all don't re-up like us"

"Y'all don't re-up like us"

"Y'all don't re-up like us, ay!"

(Doctor know, state your name, gangsta, gangsta)

[Verse 1]

My new name is, Ras Gannon

L.A. Raiders, arm like cannon

Quarterback rap, improve your jewels

Fuck silver, we sport platinum and black

How platinum is that?

Snatch my album, from y'all capital saps

It's a motherfucking rap and

If I turn myself in, start serving my bid

I'm a show off my cell, on MTV Cribs (aha)

These ain't Air Force Ones, these GFF

Gianfranco Ferre, ostrich skin belt

Fuck a chinchilla, rock a rap nigga pelt

Hot to death, the boy touch flame it'll melt

Damn shame I got the short end of the stick

Cause I sharpened that shit, and slit the rap game's
wrist

Fuck that, Ras Kass the measure of all who claim to be
nice

From the mic to the dice to the dikes

[Chorus]

(Hands up) Throw your hands in the air

And wave them motherfuckers, like you just don't care

(Hands up) Put your hands in the sky

2-11 nigga, your money or your life

(Hands up) Throw your hands in the air

And wave them motherfuckers, like you just don't care

(Hands up) Put your hands in the sky
1-8-7, ya money or ya life

[Verse 2]

All I need is one mic, two 22's, three 80's
Four play five mama's of my babies, six 100 Mercedes
Seven summers locking the game like Jay-Z
Eight gangsters riding like my Bigg homie Tray Dee
Wit Dangerous Minds inflict, thinking bout flaming this
nine
Ten in a clip, +Ocean's Eleven+, robbed the whole
Vegas Strip
Judged by twelve, but oh well
If controversy sells, I'm about to clock a grip (whoop)
Do the math and count the months in a year nigga
Gave your girl a yeast infection, I fucked her and
poured beer in her
Less than a prophet, but more than a mere sinner
Spit doper than Pookie smoking crack from car
antennas
My jaw invent a - nother niggas career, one hitta quitta
Ras get better, you get bitter, hit her
The homies like "Whats up?"
And pop up in spots where gangstas throw they block
up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Fuck that, I don't trick on hoes
I only buy drinks, get em drunk
Take 'em home, fuck 'em wash my dick in the sink
White T-shirt, blue jeans, black mink
Red-eyed like green backs, fickle pink
Platinum Visa, patrone gold, we could speak
Talk about breaking bread, homes, we could eat
No loot, kick rocks, hit the road, we could street
Keep elite company, cause like when bum niggas hang
on ya leg
It's like a poodle dry humping me
And like Nas say, "It's disgusting"
I hate dick riders, fuck 'em, end of discussion
Trust me it's nothing, Ras must got another spine on
his chest
Cause you won't see me frontin'
This real talk, like getting hit by a sawed-off gauge
With more +Bucks+ than +Milwauk'+

[Chorus]

[Outro] + (w/ "Y'all don't re-up like us" - til end)

Fuck that, yeah what up niggas
This ya boy Young Sippio
Kill 'em off Rasy
Fuck that, yeah
My thugs in the club, find a bitch wit ass
Fuck that, yeah
All my down ass bitches bout making that cash
Say "Fuck that", yeah
Re-Up Entertainment, Independent
We treat a major like fuck that
Yeah, getcha money, uh, fuck that

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