

Dee dee Bridgewater

"Hands In The Air"

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[Eightball]

Okay; comin' from the top of my
Dome when I'm droppin' my
Own type of style, and
Ain't nobody stoppin' my
Rise to the very top
Hit 'em up wit' all I got
Superstar; no I'm not
Green weed; black glock
Everybody want a piece
Dirty like a pair 'a cleats
Niggers run their mouth a lot
Like bitches and parakeets
(whoa) How you love that pimpin'
(whoa) I'm so cold wit' it
(whoa) Make all the boys wanna do it just because I did
it
I'm like a legend or
Some kind of prophecy
Sent here to set you free
Dress, player, follow me
Into another world
Deep inside your own soul
This shit here way bigger than tattoos and cornrolls
This not 'bout makin' dough
Not 'bout no fakin' yo
Not 'bout who's rich 'o po'
Not 'bout who niggaz know
This here 'bout you and me
This here 'bout poetry
This here 'bout who we be
If you in here with me

[Chorus]

Keep your ears wide open
This is all grill no jokin'
Throw your motherfuckin' hands up in the air
If you feel me throw your hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open
This is all grill no boastin'
Throw your hands up in the motherfuckin' air

If you feel me throw your hands up in the air
The motherfuckin' aaaaair

[Eightball]

Nigga you don't know me
Why you niggaz wanna beef?
All in my grill like
You the papparazzi
Boy I was fulla game
Way before this rap thang
Real 'fore the money came
That's why I will never change
Me - ain't nobody like
Even though they try to be
Niggaz think they are but they ain't fuckin' with me
lyric'ly
(Yo) I was born wit' it
Din't nobody teach it to me
Over hot beef
Tell you 'bout what the streets did to me
(Yo) Chose me to be a
Prophet and lead my people
Murder non-believers
With lyrics that are lethal
I hit 'em heavy with it
Yo I stay ready wit' it
Come try to test me wit' it
Regret you ever did
Call who a pimp and
I got my own back
You got them baby paper?
I got them grown stacks
But this ain't 'bout no bread
Not 'bout what niggaz said
Not 'bout what hoes believe
If you in here with me

[Chorus]

[Eightball]

Yeah I gotta come again
Just to let you know the deal
Eight ways to company
Beats come from doin' real (yeah)
We the niggaz should not nobody be fuckin wit'
Slayer riders Chopper city
Had you bitches doubled quick
This ain't 'bout who rap the best
This ain't 'bout who got the most
This is not no gangsta rap
This ain't 'bout no pimps and hoes

This here ain't no country shit
Ain't no way to label this
Memphis where I come from
Orange mile veteran
What I represent - whoever live in poverty
Hard working niggaz that
Try to hustle honestly
And I represent who
Lookin' good and feelin' nice
Niggaz on there drinkin' 'dro
Fresh clothes; full of ice
(Yeah) We gon' keep this slummin' comin' with the
dirtiest
(Yeah) If you from the gutter then I know you heard of
this
This ain't bout where you from
This ain't bout where you be
This here 'bout feelin free
If you in here with me

[Chorus]

[Eightball]

Go 'head and put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Go 'head and put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em

[unknown voice talking]

Yeah, eight ways, doo-rilla
Code line
Slab two is goin' down baby
This your boy Milwaukee
Stop prayin'

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