

T.i. "Hands Up"

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We going to Cuba wit' this one
Yeah, I been rehabilitated, rejuvicated
And most important, relocated
So now, with no further to do

Now ladies stand up or if you wit' me shake your titties
Throw your hands up
And all the ballers poppin' bottles throw a grand up
And if you feeling like I'm feeling keep them hands up
And keep your hands up

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Hey, from the sunrise to the midnight star
I'm by far the hottest new thing the south seen
Bringing sixteen bars, got six clean cars
Vert's, hoops, four doors, do momo's, and tahoes
Star hoes, yo hoes is our hoes Keri pullin' up to the
shark bar
On the north star wit' a Puerto Rican porn star
We in La Vida La Loca see you can't flow like me
Or rock a show like me get dough like me
Shouldn't signed 'em, he ain't gon' blow like me

But give me a quarter of his bonus and half his budget
And I guarantee he go double but if you don't, you in
trouble
It's gon' take him three coupes just for him to recoup'
Or witness Shawty flop, like the last three groups
While I'm in Cancun' 'round see-thru's on a three week
cruise
It'll take more than the likes of these fools to make me
lose
Sheesh, floppin' is something I can't see
Ladies, obey the chorus shake your titties for me
please

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Uh, I came to blow the spot hit the club wit' cheddar
knots
Ridin' wit' a badder bitch you gonna get or ever got
Try me boy, you better not Shawty and I'm very hot
Toting forty cap, forty-five nine's every glock
Blow you up in that very spot you standing in then
vanishing
Undo this manana then, throw away this can and then
Back to poppin' mo and blow and dro and money
handlin'
You and your lil' posse can not stop me and this clan
I'm in

While you slanderin', you better ask you gul who the
man again
Turning out a superstar back into a fan again
Damagin' all who peek, line 'em all in the street
I'll do 'em one at a time wit' one line on one beat
Say ya almost gold, that's what I sold in one week
Got a flock of freaks, while you hold on to one biich
I'm like a Pez dispenser, Shawty, I spit treats
The nigga who even sound good on a bullshit beat

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Well pussy nigga, you can like it, you can love it
You can bite it, you can dub it but you can't do it how we
does it
When we ballin' in public where the grill full of gold
Or Seville full of hoes wood wheels and some voe's

Or hun'ed gold spokes I park at the club and a hun'ed
hoes choke
Spark up some dubs, let them hun'ed hoes blow
I run game to get the hoe once they act like I can't run it
no mo'
I stunt them hoes broke and her money po' po'

You can't smoke the way we smoke if you ain't smokin'
no dro'
Drink the way we drink wit no hen' and no mo'
You can't ride the way we ride if you ain't slammin'
Benz do's
Can't ball wit' me if you got eight but can only spend fo'
You ain't V.I.P like me and can't be searching your coat
Ain't no P.I. like me if you ain't workin' no hoes
Can't do the shit we do, the way we do wit' no dough
That's like trying to win a ballgame, if you ain't takin' no
score

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