

Thy Art Is Murder

"No Hands"

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[Chorus]

Girl the way you movin' got me in a trans
Dj turn me up ladies this yo jam (Come on)
Imma sip mascato and you gon' loose them pants
And Imma throw this money while you do it with no
hands
Girl drop it to the floor I love the way yo booty go
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move and I'll
proceed to throw this cash

[Waka]

All that ass in yo jeans kid wale me
Kid and Roscoe speak
Long hair she don't care
When she walks she gets this
Brown skin or a yellow bone
Dj this my favorite song
So Imma make it thunderstorm
Blood want it flacka yea throw it fuck it I don't care
Glasses flying everywhere tap my partna Roscoe like
bruh I'm drunk as hell
Can't you tell, goose we been spent fifty stacks so fuck
it
Well I'm tryna to hit the hotel with two girls that's wide
awake
Take this dick and swallow bay mascato got her freaky
Hey you got me in a trans, you take of yo pants
You p***y pop on a handstand you got me sweating
please pass me a fan DAMN!

[Chorus]

Girl the way you movin got me in a trans
Dj turn me up ladies dis yo jam "com on"
Imma sip mascato and you go loose dem pants
And Imma throw dis money while you do it no hands
Girl drop it to the floor I love the way yo booty goooo
All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move and I'll
proceed to throw this cash

[Wale]

She said look ma no hands, she said look ma no hands

And no darlin' I don't dance and I'm wit Roscoe I'm with
Waka
I think I deserve a chance Imma bad motha fucka go
and ask them mothafuckas
A young handsome mothafucka I slang that wood I just
nunchuck'em
And who you with and what's your name are you not hip
boo I'm wale
And that DC shit I rap all day, and my eyes red cause of
all that haze

Don't blow my high let me shine drumma on da beat let
me take my time
Nigga want beef we can take it outside, fuck it what
broad these hoes ain't mine
Is you out yo mind, you out yo league, I sweat no
bitches that sweat out weaves
Wear out tracks let me do my thing, I got sixteen for
this roscoe thing
But I'm almost done let me get back to it
Hold lot of loud and a lil bag would, whole lotta money
big tip by wood
I put it on a train little engine could BITCH!

[Chorus]

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[Roscoe]

R-o-s-c-o-e mr.shawty put in on me
I be going ham shorty upgrade from bologna
Them niggas tippin good girl but I can make you flush
'Cause I walk around with pockets that are bigger than
my bus
Rain rain go away that's what all my haters say
My pockets stuck on overload my rain never evaporate
No need to elaborate most of these ducks exaggerate
But Imma get money nigga every day stuntin, nigga
duck might get a chance after me
It's a baller like I'm commin' off a free throw, shook yo
head in the game no cheat codes
Lambo roscoe no street code 'cause yo booty got me
lost like nemo, go go go g-gone and do yo dance
And imma throw this money while you do it wit no
hands GO!

[Chorus]

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