

2Pac f/ Killa, Moe ZMD, Ronnie Love "Throw Your Hands Up"

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

2Pac (talking) hehehe (we can throw it off nigga) 2
niggas about to have a fight, look, look (we can throw it
off nigga) (What's up nigga? What's up?) Throw yo
mothafuckin hands up nigga That's right, we gone take
it back These mothafuckas goin to start catching lefts
and rights and uppercuts I don't give a fuck throw your
guns down, lets have fun now Throw Your Hands Up,
that's right nigga we goin ol' school on these suckas
[Verse 1] How many suckas wanna see me, jealous,
cause they peepin me on tv mad, cause they bitches
wanna G me now take it easy, it ain't my fault to see a
hooka, you shoulda shooka don't playa hate me when I
took a life of a crook look at them thug niggas ballin
y'all, I gotcha hoochies full of liquor fucking all a y'all
and my, name will be synonymous with spittin game
slangin' 'caine, it ain't the same niggas betta change
them 3 strikes will have ya stretched fo life get
arrested twice the third time fo life, and I don't think
you understand me G that penitentiary time just ain't
the plan fo me I got a, new thang, get cha paperz and
do thang niggas ain't following ya true game, cause if
they was they wouldn't be runnin' for they trunk every
time that its time for funk mothafucka Throw Yo Hands
Up [Chorus:Killa, Moe ZMD & Ronnie Love] Leave the
guns and the knives at home don't be a punk ass nigga
when the time is on throw ya hands (throw ya hands up)
throw ya hands up in the air (get em up) come on throw
ya hands up leave the guns and the knives at home
don't be a punk ass nigga when the time is on (we don't
punch ya trick ass nigga) come on throw ya hands up
(throw ya hands up) throw ya hands up (get em up)
[Verse 2] Could it be, that controversy was my destiny I
let my anger get the best of me everywhere we hang
its the same thang in '95 you can die if ya gang bang
you could survive, gettin' high like a true G can't close
my eyes cause these cowards wanna do me and sue
me I've been hustlin' since day one out on the block
and neva stop until my pay come but now a days its like
bang, bang, duck quick I guess you rookies tough shit,
cause you bust clips but suck dick cause a kid got his
cap pealed the rap deal, from the phonies who pack

steel and act ill everybody wanna act hard I swear to
god it's the season to pull a niggas card you fuckin
fraud can't handle business like a souljah I bet you too
petrified to throw it from the shoulda nigga, now Throw
Your Hands Up [Chorus:Killa, Moe ZMD & Ronnie Love]
Leave the gunz and the knives at home don't be a punk
ass nigga when the time is on throw ya hands up (throw
ya hands up) throw ya hands up (what you scared of
nigga, what you goin for the trunk for) get em up,
come on throw ya hands up leave the gunz and the
knives at home don't be a punk ass nigga when the
time is on (i knew you was a punk) throw ya hands up
(throw ya hands up) (that nigga don't wanna fight) get
em up (tell that lil trick to shut up) [Verse 3] Last year
mothafuckas tryda bury me deep I had beef in every
city screamin fuck the police couldn't sleep I'm havin
thoughts about the baddest bitches picture me mobbin
in a rag wit switches punk snitch I let a trick be a trick
when he slippin, leave em slippin in the middle of the
streets while I'm pimpin you can throw a sign but I'm
blind to that punk shit runnin with some real
mothafuckas and we run shit fuck the dumb shit I ain't
stoppin its a high speed rollin on tha 405 puffin thai
weed I'm shiftin gears then I disappear listen here if
they take me alive I'm doin' years but still no fear cause
I don't think they can catch me this 350 will put the
bitches right in back of me they wont jack me and just
when I thought I passed I fucked around and went low
on gas all I heard was Throw Yo Hands Up
[Chorus:Killa, Moe ZMD & Ronnie Love] Leave ya guns
and ya knives at home (damn) don't be a punk ass
nigga when the time is on (shit, throw ya hands up)
throw ya hands up (throw ya hands up) get em up (shit)
come on Leave ya guns and ya knives at home (hey
don't shoot nigga, I got my hands up don't shoot) don't
be a punk ass nigga when the time is on throw ya
hands up (throw ya hands up) (don't shoot, my hands
up, I'm comin out the car now) get em up throw ya
hands up (talking) All y'all niggas out there thinkin y'all
really like you know tearin' shit up but ya really ain't bro
you only tearin' the police to the blocks face it soon
them niggas gone be comin' wit army tanks and shit
just mowin niggas down plus have you mothafuckas
cant shoot no one put the mothafucking guns down
nigga lets take it from the shouldas if you a real
mothafuckin souljah [Chorus:Killa , Moe ZMD & Ronnie
Love]x4 Leave the guns and the knives at home don't
be a punk ass nigga when the time is on throw ya
hands (throw ya hands up) get em up come on We
don't need no gat we don't have to go out like that just
throw ya mothafuckin hands in the air (x2) come on

throw ya hands in the air wave em like you just don't
care oooooh yea..... We out this bitch, Mosley ...

Visit [2Pac f/ Killa, Moe ZMD, Ronnie Love](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.