

## 8 Ball "Hands In The Air"

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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 glot

Everybody wanna piece dirty like a pair of cleats  
Niggas run they mouth a lot like bitches and parakeets,  
wow  
How you want it pimpin'? Wow I'm so cold with it', wow  
Make other boys wanna do it just because I did it

I'm like a legend or some kinda prophecy  
Sent here to set you free fresh player follow me  
Into another world deep inside yo' own soul  
This shit here way bigger than tattoos and cornrows

This not 'bout makin' dow, Not 'bout no fakin' yo  
Not 'bout who rich or po', Not 'bout who niggas know  
This here 'bout you an' me, This here 'bout poetry  
This here 'bout who we be if you in here wit me

Keep your ears wide open this is all real no jokin'  
Thow yo' mothafuckin' hands up in the air  
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air  
Better keep your ears open, this is all real, no boastin'  
Throw yo' hands up in the mothafuckin' air  
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air, the  
mothafuckin' air

Nigga, you don't know me, why you niggas wanna be  
All in my grill like you the paparazzi?  
Boy, I was full a game way before this rap thang  
Real 'fo the money came that's why I will never change  
me

Ain't nobody like even though they try to be  
Niggas think they are but they ain't fuckin' with me  
lyrically, yo  
I was born with it, didn't nobody teach it to me  
Ova' hot beat tell you 'bout what the streets did to me,

yo

Choose me to be a prophet and lead my people  
Murder, non-believers with lyrics that are lethal

I hit 'em heavy wit it yo, I stay ready wit it  
Come, try to test me wit it regret you ever did it  
Call, who pimpin'? I got my own bat  
You got the baby paper I got them grown stacks  
But this ain't 'bout no bread not 'bout what niggas said  
Not 'bout what hoes believe If you in here with me

Keep your ears wide open this is all real no jokin'  
Throw yo' mothafuckin' hands up in the air  
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air  
Better keep your ears open, this is all real, no boastin'  
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Yeah, I got couple of Benz just to let you know the deal  
Eight ways to company beats come from Dew Real,  
yeah  
We them niggas should not nobody be fuckin' with  
Clab ryders, choppy city have you bitches done real  
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 mouth veteran

What I represent who ever live in poverty  
Hard workin' niggas that try to hustle honestly  
Man, I represent who lookin' good and fellin' nice  
Niggas on the drank and dro fresh clothes on the ice,  
yeah

We gon' keep this comin', comin' with the dirtiest  
If you from the gotta 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

Keep your ears wide open this is all real no jokin'  
Throw yo' mothafuckin' hands up in the air  
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air  
Better keep your ears open, this is all real, no boastin'  
Throw yo' hands up in the mothafuckin' air  
If you feel me throw yo' hands up in the air, the

mothafuckin' air

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

Yeah, A wayz, Dew Realla, Co Lou  
Slab 2, it's goin' down baby  
It's your boy, Milwakiee, stop playin'

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