

Phil Ade

"Your Hands"

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[Intro]

Sometimes I don't always got the right answer
Sometimes the answer ain't always clear
Sometimes I leave it up to you!

[Verse 1]

Man, I wanna put her on a spot
Is she with me or not, 'cause Shawty be with me
Like Whitney be with The Rock
But it's obvious we got some talking that we gotta do
Every night I go out and come home you swear I lied to
you
But look what I provided you, shoulder to lean on
And n*ggas dream girls going still told then dream on
I didn't even f*ck, but I'm feeling like I did
But you don't give a f*ck, you lecture me like a kid
My pride gets the best of me
Your eyes keep testing me
I don't see the reason, and demons becoming guest to
me
Just yelling back and forth, can't be our destiny
Should we let it live, man let it rest in peace!
I can't rest tonight, you would call him pressed to fight
Ah well, so much for sex tonight
Getting stuff with you is something that I'd love to do
But lately we've been down, so I'm a leave it up to you!

[Hook]

I'm leaving it in your hands
Ooh said I'mma leave it in your hands

[Verse 2]

This what they told me! Hear!
They told me focus on the reality
You focused on a fallacy my heart is steady callous
And I'm focused on childish things
Dreams, they say I'm chasing the wind
But I'm the wicked one around us
So I'm tasting the win
But a need a place to begin
My parents support four to five

I'm blue- collared from early morning to four or five
Scrubbing wheels, 'till my skin peels
Wanting to let my boss know how knuckles up in his
chin feel
I ain't com-placing with this situation
I'm trying to make it, have these n*ggas debating
Like is he really mason?
I roll a Philly - faced the entire day
They're dreaming and spitting fire for an entire
stadium!
My cranium born crazy, I'm lazy in class
Keep my hand down, you gotta pay me to ask
I'm working on school of rappers, instead of my school
work
Should I gave my life to God, but I gave it to cool hurt

[Hook]

I'm leaving it in your hands
Ooh said I'mma leave it in your hands

You know, we not always make the right choice
But you know our heart is in the right place!
Uh, yeah!

[Verse 3]

Decisions, decisions, this life is all decisions
And I've got the right aim but not always the precision
It's the life we're living, a never-ending song
What you swear you doing right, so come along to say
is wrong
You gotta follow your guts, somebody you trust
Used to think the only change that I could bring was for
the bus
But Stan told me to never let no man call me
And when haters keep mellow be mike to Antony
Once a fan told me I helped him deal with his break-up
Dealing with mine was whining a few J puffs
We on a mission we'll let no women delay us
And I've been with this since True Religions and fake
Jacobs
I keep moving, I keep pushing
I sit alone like a couch without seat cushions
As I blow the cushion the air my problem follow
On my knees begging Lord, please let him fall in your
hands!

Yeah! I don't know where else to turn
I don't know what else to do
I'm a leave it up to you
Uhhhh, Phil A- de

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