

## **Black Eyed Peas F/ Esthero**

### **"Keep Your Hands High"**

Visit "[Keep Your Hands High](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Fuck that, I preach it, my nine reaches  
The prestigious cats who speak this Willie shit  
Flood in pieces, my hand releases snatches  
Smackin cabbage, half-ass rappers shouldn't have it  
So I grab it, never run, the out come is usually  
a beat down brutally, fuck who you be or where you  
from  
West or East coast, squeeze toast leave most  
in the blood they layin in, ask Tray and them

(Tracey Lee)

Oh shit, I suppose its time to go snitch  
Flip a line and get the show lit  
You clown niggaz hold it  
Down your flow lax, just so you know that  
We could battle for days like old cats  
Black, you dealing with a throw back  
Winnin like straight jacks, with a wide range  
of rhyme teams, my lyrics they bang like migraines  
Nigga my name, Tray the terrible  
Philadelph, wild child incredible  
too sick for medical attention, people listen  
It's verbal ascension, like Maxwell many dimensions  
Flood over tracks, well, mics in critical condition  
Killin ya Maxell, unveil lyrical skills unknown  
for my people with illegal cell phones  
A real MC let's bring it back home  
Live from the two-one-five, that lost a back bone  
in charge, and heavily on like break fog  
You for saw it, nigga stay down  
Biggie make them hit the floor face down

(Notorious B.I.G.)

What, what, what, the rings and things you speak about  
bring em out, it's hard to yell with my bat round  
in your mouth, its more than I expected  
I thought them jewels was rented, but they wasn't  
So run it, cousin, I could chill the heat does it  
Ran up in your shell about a dozen, you never seen  
bank like Frank White, ya hand clutchin

ya chest plate contemplates, bout to die nigga wait  
Keep ya hands high

Chorus: repeat 2X

You don't wanna die, keep your hands high  
Ain't no right or wrong in this game called survive  
So you know it's Tray and B-I, G schemin on your cream  
Why try, keep ya hands high

(Tracey Lee)

Hey yo it's show time, so I'ma blow nines into your  
spine  
So what's yours is mine, you know what this is  
Bag the Benjamins with all ya riches  
How quickly, the milli turn Willies to bitches  
Controllin your fate, a hole in your plate  
Fuck the show dates, I want the whole state  
with squads harassin, all of y'all niggaz who flashin  
We doing this the Tray Lee way, delay  
Then nigga we spray, aint no ignoring us  
Me and Notorious

(Notorious B.I.G.)

I got a new mouth to feed, I'm due south with keys  
Y'all pick seeds out y'all weed, I watch cowards bleed  
Motherfucker please, it's my block with my rocks  
Fuck the hip-hop, them one-two's and it don't stop  
Me and my nigga Lance, took him and Cease in vans  
Bought ten bricks, four pounds of weed plants  
from Branson, now we lamp in, twelve room mansions  
Bitches get naked off Get Money, Playas Anthem  
Don't forget One More Chance and, my other hits  
Other shit niggaz spit be counterfeit  
Robbing come naturally, in and out like fuckin rapidly  
Pass the gat to me  
Make his chest rest where his back should be  
Fuckin blasphemy, blast me, your family rest in coffins  
Often, Franquiza, far from soft or fragile, uh  
Play hard like Reggie Miller, rapper slash dope dealer  
slash guerilla, slash illest turn iller

(Tracey Lee)

So nigga keep ya hands high  
Run all your so called possessions, links with baguettes  
in  
Keys to your Lex, for us to make your shorties dressed  
in  
A full jack maneuver, dont no body move, just the  
moolah  
It's RNF and Junior M.A.F., runnin through ya like Kahlua

If rum sung then you fly, niggaz with the 45  
but True Lies, but you brought out the real nigga in me  
Now I'ma cock the semi, watch you strip like Demi

Chorus

Visit [Black Eyed Peas F/ Esthero](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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