

Tracey Lee

"Keep Your Hands High"

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featuring Notorious B.I.G.

(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

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