

Dee D. Jackson

"Get Your Handz Off"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

From the start to the finish
I'ma bark on contenders
Wanna tarnish my image
I can't promise forgiveness
See I was never like this
My mom's would never like this
And y'all was never like us
That's why y'all never liked us
See I might take your style
Flip it back, make it crack
Sell a couple mil get some stacks
here you go now take it back
I'm spittin lines of fire
I'm in the line of fire
Designer attire, makin me a sign of desire
I just rhyme to inspire, your favorite line supplier
I run through fan's signs and landmines the size of
tires
How many minds inquire, I got mines and acquired
Enough props to make y'all resign and retire

Now hold on, and just stomp stomp
Get your hands off me
Now hold on, and just stomp stomp
Get your hands off me

This is hot as it gets, your shit's not as intense
My flow got 'em convinced, they ain't got at 'em since
My back's against the wall
So if I turn and flee and run from what's in front of me
That won't make no sense at all
this for my dons and divas, haters and non-believers
They just try'na deceive us like Judas dishonored Jesus
Why you try'na critique this, don't take kindness for
weakness
Leave you behind the speakers, body minus some
pieces
You got records to sell, I got records to break
You will never excel against me measure the rate

I got too much at stake I just follow my fate
Annihilate and dominate and I ain't even try'na wait

While you hang out, I bang out
Make moves like shots rang out
Wanna know, what my slang 'bout
They be like, "Shut your damn mouth"
Your chances are slim, makin' advances on Jin
While you, shootin' the breeze, I'm dancin' with the
wind
This is not your, ordinary
My style, sort of varies
Slaughter you, then your crew
Cause you know, the more the merry
You already know the outcome, so how come you doubt
son
("I'm goin' out by any means necessary" - Malcolm)
Hip-hop without Jin is like, shootouts without guns
Churches without nuns, bankers without funds
Smokin' without lungs, cities without slums
My fans force me, get your fuckin' hands off me

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