

Eightball % MJG F/ Outkast

"Throw Your Hands Up"

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[Eightball]

Bitch, I ain't got nothing but time, so I'ma get out on these cuts

and grind, keep my mind on cloud twenty-nine

my player ways keep me with plenty dimes,

see I'ma shine like all six of my gold teeth,

when a nigga get through cooking up, this O-Z,

all night on the block til the sun rise,

my only friend is a glock with the 4-5

Four five in the mornin it don't stop,

day dreamin bout flousin tha drop top, (woop)

blue lights snap me back to reality

I hit the alley quick and toss what I got on me

Tricks ain't got shit to do but harass,

search tha nigga and took about a three in cash,

I guess that's better than gettin locked up,

or gettin jammed with that shit I had rocked up, huh!

Chorus:

Now I heard that the South is where yo folks from,

down in the bottoms where they broke some,

whips cross a nigga back, way back,

and now they wonder why we act, how we act,

gold teeth and heavy chevys, and talking slow,

afros & loud ass Italian clothes,

People bar-be-quein in the front yard

Money from the first of the month card!

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,

If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,

If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

[MJG]

I got a maid cooking grits, with a, outfit,

so tight my niggas wanna stay the whole nite

Dice game in the kitchen, nigga, T. Lee

Nigga drunk singin sounding like tha Bee Gees

Ham sam'ich in the driveway, drop top

naked women in tha den playing, hop scotch
Thirty bustas in my yard, they be, long gone
So hit me and I'ma keep my, phone on
I be out turning corners, drankin, one fifth
Got some scratches on my rims, cause of one dip
Met a broad yesterday, she hit me, ten times,
if I diss her it'll take a nigga ten lines
MJG standing tall and I, won't fold
You can have all the bitches, cause I, don't hold
on to any woman like a human hand cuff
You got ya hair down baby fuck it, stand up!

(Repeat chorus)

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

[Big Boi]

How many flows can I compose, I drop this slang like
lyrical bows,
stickin out just like an OUTKAST, over thorn't from
StimmerGroves,
like nachos, the lyrics are crispy, crackin when y'all
bite,
been had a coke and a smile, now I'm trippin off Yak &
Sprite,
y'all just might seem to skunk out, with a girl who
chunked out,
below the Mason-Dixon line, real niggas know what I'm
talkin about,
from Texas, Atlanta, oh man, Alabama, Savannah,
The deeper the darker tha dirty south is what I'm after,
no laughter, the content of the rhyme may be
contagious
The Space Age is pimpin this, players comin major,
they shot the psycho that sprayed, cut ya wife and
played her
The player the B.I.G, B.O.I, dope boy rhyme maker,
beats by the layers, of music right here to please you,
but if ain't that dirty then patna see we don't need you,
you know I'm talkin bout
OutKast, Eightball, MJG on y'all punk motherfuckers!

(Repeat chorus)

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

[Andre Benjamin]

You wouldn't understand, if you stood under it (ooh),
it's like the more that I talk to you tha dumber that I get,
the closer that I walk to you, the further that we stand,
apart distance, nobody has the upper hand but my
bodies resistance,
so now, throw your filangies in tha ground,
I'm still abound, un-believers stay from hell around
I found negatives niggas they only keep ya down,
transmitting from Native American burial grounds
I carry around, the weight of all worlds on my
shoulderpads
um post ta blast space invaders up somebodys dad
Serious as Aa-Bb-Cc, if knowledge be the key then
but it roasted on the porch, and wait for ya momma to
get off work
So she can roast yo ass, either to finda open window
fast
Word to the motherfucker, word to the motherfucker
Word to the motherfucker!

(Repeat chorus)

[Eightball]

If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their hear me get ya hands up,
If anybody out their feel me get ya hands up!

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