

T-bone "Throw Ya Handz Up"

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Throw ya handz up if ya wanna get down!
Everybody on the floor gotta get down!
If ya came to party say yeah, yeah!
Feelin da groove say yeah, yeah!

From my days of Juvenile! Raised in
church but lived thug style!
Back in the days in the hood gettin buckwild!
Runnin with felons dat be servin kids
the O.G.'s and real pimps spittin game to ladies!
Drop mercedes! Make em go crazy! Mommies
trippin out screamin "Hey Pappy!"
Talkin fast to the chickens while we
pimpin and dippin, throwin up signs and set trippin!
Livin lavidia loca, like Ricky! Mom's
trippin cuz my neck's full of hickies!
Breath smellin like whiskey! BUSTED!
Plus I'm saggin in a T and some dickies!
Just like Whitney, I'm tryin to blow up!
But wanna do it while I'm young
like Britney! Ride to the death of me!
Like K.R.S. this was my philosophy!
But not no more.

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Thug got me flashin on all rival!
Hennessey had me trippin feelin suicidal!
Full of all the hurt and pain and
the misery! Mad at the world for all the
things that it did to me! California
just make a playa wanna ride!
Throw up dub, be a thug, holla "Westside!"
Till I die, young G from the projects,
stealin watches (why?) to impress all
my roges in the notches, so live like
cautious, cuz now-a-days the streets
is filled with armed killas and narcotics!
Just cant stop this (what?) type of

sound! Make ya groove! Throw ya handz up!
Move all around just bounce to the
rhythm! Nod ya head like a pigeon, to the state beat
that hittin from Britian, The UK,
LA to all my dawgs locked down in the prison!

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Something for tha pretty ladies and tha
thugs too, in that East, Westcoast and
tha South too, we all bout it Ma,
and like cube show me love in tha club,
wit a mobster kiss on both cheeks and
thug hugs, throw yo hands up,
wave 'em side to side, Ladies, Ridas,
made men tonight, we gonna party like its 2999, no
crime,
just California beaches under sunshine,
plus one time ain't trippin' on me or
my girl laced wit tha rocks and Versace,
black boots and mosquino, Mexican, half
black, Philippino, it's all good,
now bounce like a check that ain't got
not funds and party like you just won half a million.
Oh what a feeling, now everybody in tha
house get ya hands to the ceiling.

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