

Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby

"Put Ya Hands Up"

Visit "[Put Ya Hands Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Jadakiss] Whattup little man? What's the matter?
[lil' man] I wish I didn't have to be here
[Jadakiss] It's not that bad..
Could always be worse, yaknahmsayin?
All you gotta do, is stay in school
Anything you wanna do you could do yaknahmsayin
baby?
No matter what though, gotta keep your head up to the
sky

[Jadakiss]
This goes out to, all the infants
in this cold world that was born addicted
And to all the section eight kids
Just remember these four words y'all - we gon' make it
The government keep on tryin to fool us
The system, keep on tryin to lose us
And all we can do is keep buyin computers
And (?) all now 'fore it start goin down
We gotta hold our head, keep our pride
Though it hurts when I see people sleep outside
Little babies with no socks on, eatin popcorn
We all know what they moms and they pops on
Out go the love when the drugs come
They never got nuttin for Christmas, and they ain't
Muslim
This is a jewel, a lot of us was them
This is a jewel, a lot of us was them

[Chorus: Ann Nesby]
Your head to the sky.. my my, my
You can win - you can win - if you keep your head
As long as you keep - your head - your head to the sky
My my, my..

[Jadakiss]
Uhh, to my lockdown niggaz keep your head in the sky
To my shot down niggaz keep your head in the sky
I don't know if it's better to ride, or better to die
And that's why there's red in my eye
Cause people don't know what the ghetto is like

Either you make it out, or the terrible life
I don't wanna be a broke bastard
And everybody in the hood got somebody in they fam'
with a coke habit
You work for minimum wage
I'ma get in the game, get shot or a bid in the cage
It's a risk I gotta take - and I'ma be the nigga
with the bricks and the stash and the biscuit outta state
And even though I'm blessed with the gift
I gotta move cause the pain and the sickness gotta wait
I go extremely hard - why let up?
And I can breathe long as I keep my head up

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[Jadakiss]

Uhh, uhh - uh-huh, uhh - uh..
Ayyo I come from a place where it's three strikes out
And your life's on the line, so we iced out
Summertime gettin money, three dice out
Tanktops, and jean shorts, we Niked out
Headbands, and four wheelers
Jeeps and Coupes and convos, about who know more
killers
It's all wrong but it's all right
It's a small world; matter fact it's a small life
We all trip but the way to survive
is hold your head and make sure you fall right
And it's a quite fact, that whatever goes around comes
right back
It's just like that
And we tryin to touch major paper
Everybody in the struggle it gets greater later
Never say can't, it's better to try
And you can breathe long as you keep your head in the
sky

[Ann Nesby]

Don't you let nobody stop you, mm
Heyy, heyyy, yeahhh!

[Chorus] - 2X w/ variations

{*ad libs and Chorus by Ann Nesby to the end*}

Visit [Jadakiss F/ Ann Nesby](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.