

## Justin Timberlake F/ 50 Cent "Throw Your Hands in the Air"

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Intro: Sen Dog

Yeah

Bust how we gonna bounce off this ninety-five Soul  
Assassins

Cypress Hill joint.

Yo we want everybody out there to throw their hands  
up...

...so get it on kid!

Verse One: Erick Sermon

Fresh is the word, when I display my rappin forte

Quicker done than O.J., hey

I freaks my shit, E the lyrical master

Stress me out, no doubt, I might have to blast ya

Let me ask ya, can I gets busy one time?

And unwind and chill, with Cypress Hill

Huh, I go on with my bad self

I'm the four pound toter, the Phil blunt smoker

Believe me not, I'm wicked like three sixes

I'm doper than the Pete Rock remixes

Never walk through the crowd sluggish

I'm hardcore to the Bone, I'm Thuggish Ruggish

The Green-Eyed, Bandit, I be ERRRICK SERRRRMON

I gets real determined

And one for the trouble, and two for the bass

I take it to your face with this here lyrical mace

And if you don't know, y'all better recognize

I'm coming through with speed, with pounds of weed

Verse Two: B-Real

Ahh shit, another one of those gangsta hits

Niggaz wanna get busy with the ultimate

Fools get real, yo I'm representin the Hill

With chips and clips and tons of blue steel

So who wants to be the first nigga to die?

Then try and test this, buddha blessed Gemini

You get thrown sent home in a coffin

Punk stuff don't make it back, very often

I got Erick to take care of the Sermon  
Ashes to ashes, dust, bodies burnin  
Bustin open the doors to the temple  
Takin you to the dark side of your mental

Chorus: B-Real

Kickin it to the brothers on the corners, in the alleys  
Throw your hands in the air  
Kickin it to the brothers on the corners, in the alleys  
Throw your hands in the air

Chorus

Verse Three: Redman

I rhyme tricky, the sticky smoka with the mind itchy  
finger up on the pen, be like "He the bomb, dicky!"  
These off-keys MC's hawk me, they won't get off me  
So I kill em softly and use em as walkie talkies \*bzzzzt\*  
Turn up my level adjust my voice pitch  
Hoist this diagnosis, comatosis  
is what I leave your crew with, boom bip or some two  
and two shit  
Raw silk, cuz YOU DO IT TO MY MUSIC  
\*Funk Doctor Spock\* lock the hypest  
individual, to put criminal in diapers  
With my nigga E and Cypress, what I write bitch  
You swore, it was a nuclear war, crisis  
in your back yard, word to God, Def Squad!  
With my nigga Keith in the place takin charge  
Word up you'll get hurt up like the jury callin murder  
You're deaf cuz I freak shit you neva heard of

Chorus

Verse Four: MC Eiht

Steppin to the park in the Hill you can't hang  
The original baby gangsta on this Compton thang  
Don't slip, the late night hype, is when I dip  
Boo-yaa is the sound from a lonely clip  
Can't feel me, if I was crack you'd try to steal me  
Heard you, and your little crew, wanna peel me  
Keep your hands on your hood, you get got  
The Green-Eyed Bandit, Cypress Hill, and the Funk  
Doctor Spock  
You wish you could hang, like I hang  
Dwells in the C-P-T, the hood thing  
G, the trigga finger, I'ma get you  
Hit you, the Tech 9, I'ma split you

Ain't no poppin, no stoppin  
Tick to the tock, tick tock I hit your block  
Throw your hands in the air, don't bite this  
I squeeze, nigga please, the E down with Cypress

Chorus

Chorus

Outro: Sen Dog

Aight, for everybody  
All our peeps out on the corners  
All the alleyways  
For all our decesed  
Incarcerated peeps, brothers on the streets  
Nineteen ninety-five  
Soul Assassins in your mind

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