

8 Ball, Hands In The Air

1.

Comin' from tha top of my
Dome when I'm droppin' my
Own type of style an'
Ain't nobody stoppin' my
Rise to tha very top
Hit em' up wit all I got
Superstar no Im not
Green weed black glot
Everybody want a piece
Dirty like a pair of cleats
Niggas run they mouth a lot
Like bitches and parakeets (WOW)
How you want it pimpin (WOW)
Im so cold wit it (WOW)
Make otha boys wanna do it just because I did it
Im like a legend or
Some kind a prophecy
Sent here to set you free
Fresh playa' follow me
Into anotha world deep inside yo own soul
This shit here is way bigger then tattoos an' cornrows
This not 'bout makin' dow
Not 'bout no fakin' yo
Not 'bout who rich or po'
Not 'bout who niggas know
This here 'bout you an' me
This here 'bout poetry
This here 'bout who we be
If you in here wit me
Ref.

Keep your ears wide open
This is all real no jokin'
Thro yo' mothafuckin hands up in the air
If you feel me thro yo' hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open
This is all real no boastin'
Thro yo' hands up in the mothafuckin air
If you feel me thro yo' hands up in the air
The mothafuckin air

2.

Nigga you don't know me
Why you niggas wanna be
All in my grill like
You the paparazzi
Boy I was full a game way befo this rap thang
Real 'fo the money came
Thats why I will neva change
Me ain't nobody like
Even thou they try to be
Niggas think they are but they ain't fuckin' wit me lyricaly (YO)
I was born wit it didn't nobody teach it to me
Ova' hot beats tell you 'bout what tha streets did to me (YO)
Chose me to be a
Prophet an' lead my people
Murder non believers
With lyrics that are lethal
I hit 'em heavy wit it
Yo I stay ready wit it
Come try to test me wit it
Regret you eva did it
Call who pimpin I got my own bat
You got tha baby paper
I got them grown stacks

But this aint 'bout no bread
Not 'bout what niggas said
Not 'bout what hoes beleive
If you in here wit me
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3.
Yeah I got couple Benz jus to let you know tha deal
8 ways to company
Beats come from Dew Real (YEAH)
We them niggas should not nobody be fuckin' wit
Clab ryders choppy city have you bitches done real quick (gun shots)
This ain't 'bout who rap the best
This ain't 'bout who got the most
This is not no gangsta rap
This ain't 'bout no pimps n' hoes
This here ain't no country shit
Ain't no way da label dis
Memphis where I come from
Orange mouth veteran
What I represent
Who eva live in poverty
Hard workin niggas that
Try to hustle honestly
An' I represent who
Lookin' good fellin' nice
Niggas on tha drank n' dro
Fresh clothes an' the ice (YEAH)
We gon keep this comin Comin' wit the dirtiest
If you from the gutta then I know you heard of this
This ain't 'bout where you from
This ain't 'bout where you be
This here 'bout feelin free
If you in here wit me
Ref.
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If you feel me thro yo' hands up in the air
Better keep your ears open
This is all real no boastin'
Thro yo' hands up in the mothafuckin air
If you feel me thro yo' hands up in the air
The mothafuckin air
Go ahead an' put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Go ahead an' put 'em up
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Put your hands where I can see 'em
Yeah
A Wayz
Dew Realla
Co Lou
Slab 2 its goin' down baby
Its your boy Milwakiee stop playin