

# Ras Kass, Hands Up

[Intro]

&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot;  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot;  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot;  
(Want the whole world to say &quot;Fuck that&quot;)  
&quot;Ay! Y'all don't re-up like us&quot; (Haha)  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot; (Easy enough right?)  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot; (Fuck that!)  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot;  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot;  
&quot;Y'all don't re-up like us, ay!&quot;  
(Doctor know, state your name, gangsta, gangsta)

[Verse 1]

My new name is, Ras Gannon  
L.A. Raiders, arm like cannon  
Quarterback rap, improve your jewels  
Fuck silver, we sport platinum and black  
How platinum is that?  
Snatch my album, from y'all capital saps  
It's a motherfucking rap and  
If I turn myself in, start serving my bid  
I'm a show off my cell, on MTV Cribs (aha)  
These ain't Air Force Ones, these GFF  
Gianfranco Ferre, ostrich skin belt  
Fuck a chinchilla, rock a rap nigga pelt  
Hot to death, the boy touch flame it'll melt  
Damn shame I got the short end of the stick  
Cause I sharpened that shit, and slit the rap game's wrist  
Fuck that, Ras Kass the measure of all who claim to be nice  
From the mic to the dice to the dikes

[Chorus]

(Hands up) Throw your hands in the air  
And wave them motherfuckers, like you just don't care  
(Hands up) Put your hands in the sky  
2-11 nigga, your money or your life  
(Hands up) Throw your hands in the air  
And wave them motherfuckers, like you just don't care  
(Hands up) Put your hands in the sky  
1-8-7, ya money or ya life

[Verse 2]

All I need is one mic, two 22's, three 80's  
Four play five mama's of my babies, six 100 Mercedes  
Seven summers locking the game like Jay-Z  
Eight gangsters riding like my Bigg homie Tray Dee  
Wit Dangerous Minds inflict, thinking bout flaming this nine  
Ten in a clip, +Ocean's Eleven+, robbed the whole Vegas Strip  
Judged by twelve, but oh well  
If controversy sells, I'm about to clock a grip (whoop)  
Do the math and count the months in a year nigga  
Gave your girl a yeast infection, I fucked her and poured beer in her  
Less than a prophet, but more than a mere sinner  
Spit dooper than Pookie smoking crack from car antennas  
My jaw invent a - nother niggas career, one hitta quitta  
Ras get better, you get bitter, hit her  
The homies like &quot;Whats up?&quot;  
And pop up in spots where gangstas throw they block up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Fuck that, I don't trick on hoes

I only buy drinks, get em drunk  
Take 'em home, fuck 'em wash my dick in the sink  
White T-shirt, blue jeans, black mink  
Red-eyed like green backs, fickle pink  
Platinum Visa, patrone gold, we could speak  
Talk about breaking bread, homes, we could eat  
No loot, kick rocks, hit the road, we could street  
Keep elite company, cause like when bum niggas hang on ya leg  
It's like a poodle dry humping me  
And like Nas say, &quot;It's disgusting&quot;  
I hate dick riders, fuck 'em, end of discussion  
Trust me it's nothing, Ras must got another spine on his chest  
Cause you won't see me frontin'  
This real talk, like getting hit by a sawed-off gauge  
With more +Bucks+ then +Milwauk'+

[Chorus]

[Outro] + (w/ &quot;Y'all don't re-up like us&quot; - til end)  
Fuck that, yeah what up niggas  
This ya boy Young Sippio  
Kill 'em off Rasy  
Fuck that, yeah  
My thugs in the club, find a bitch wit ass  
Fuck that, yeah  
All my down ass bitches bout making that cash  
Say &quot;Fuck that&quot;, yeah  
Re-Up Entertainment, Independent  
We treat a major like fuck that  
Yeah, getcha money, uh, fuck that