

T-Bone, Throw Ya Hands Up

[T-Bone]

From my days of a juvenile
Raised in the church but lived thug style
Back in the day in my hood gettin buckwild
Runnin wit felons that be servin keys to O.G.'s
And real pimps spittin game to ladies
Drop Mercedes make em go crazy
Mamis trippin on screamin Ay papi
Talkin fast to tha chickens
While we pimpin and dippin
Throwin up signs and set trippin
Livin la vida loca like Ricky
Mom trippin out cause I got a neck full of hickes
Breath smellin like whiskey
Busted, plus Im saggin in a "T" and some dickies
Just like Whiteny Im tryin to blow up
But wanna do it while Im young like Brittney
Ride to the death of me like KRS
This was my philosophy, but not no more

[Chorus]

All my rogues gonna ride tonight
Get ya hands way up in the air tonight
From new york to the bay get live tonight
Cuz we makin tha kind of music make ya feel alright

[T-Bone]

Thug passion got me flashin on rivals
Henessey had me trippin feelin suicidal
Full of all that hurt pain and tha misery
Mad at the world for the things it did to me
California just make a playa wanna ride
Throw up a dub be a thug, holla Westside til I die
Young G from tha projects stealin watches, why
To impress all my rogues and tha notches
So live life cautious
Cuz now a days tha streets is filled wit armed killers
And narcotics just cant stop this
What type of sound make ya groove throw yo hands up
And move all around just bounce to the rhythm
Nod ya head like a pigeon to this chase beat thats hittin
From Britain, the UK, LA to my dogs locked down in tha prison

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Somethin for that pretty ladies and tha thugs too
In that East, Westcoast and tha South too
We all bout it ma, like Cube show me love in tha club
Wit the mobster kiss on both cheeks and thug hugs
Throw yo hands up wave em side to side
Ladies, Ridas, made men tonight
We gon party like its 2999, no crime
Just California beaches under the sunshine
Plus one time isn't trippin on me or my girl
Laced wit that rocks and Versace
Black boots and Mosquino, Mexican
Half black, Philippino it all good
Now bounce like a check that aint got not funds
And party like you just won half a million
oh what a feelin
Now everybody in the house get your hands to the ceilin

[Chorus]

