

# Throw Your Hands (In the Air)

Mobb Deep

Kanye.. And we have.. M-O-B-B, Yo, Yeah  
C'mon drop that, Yeah, Uh-huh  
Just throw your hands in the air  
Yeah.. Yo

I'm there for you, here with you, it's clear its crystal  
I air before you only get stronger the things, you been through  
I don't kill you thats what it'll do  
Run with a few multiple-scribed, they say we belong in a fuckin' zoo  
We done crashed all sorts of clubs forcin' the love  
Often above them cowards and them so called thugs  
When we come through respect is there, cause we demand it  
Know the mobb is in the building, we officially landed  
Keep your eyes on the man with the hammers, they can't stand us  
Try to raid us the faggots snitchin' and got the cameras  
Cock the cannons but shorty just keep dancin' cuz it might  
be a chance that it won't pop off  
If it do stay close to the wall, we gettin' it on  
You about to witness fellas who gifted in brawl  
My homie Lyndon Erik Da Bob pissin' you off  
This southern cat finnin' to get it so kiss ya cross

R: So if you goin' thru it but you won't let it hold you down  
(Just throw up your hands) C'mon ma  
We gon party to the crack of dawn lets get it on with the girls  
and me and my mans

Theres only few things i die for  
Infamous my family, this money, sonny I hit the sky for  
we don't take time off, we take rhymes off  
Come with somethin better than that, to blow your mind more  
Gettin our shine on... I think this due for a storm, hurricane Mobb  
Rain on your parade and you can thank god  
Or you can thank P, for simply not squeezin'  
Really it wasnt called for, and you don't want it  
to call for it, don't play my gun, it go off  
Inside of your head oops, niggaz be dead  
Then we drooped in the Coupes real heavy on the gas  
Out there like the concord  
I show you how to get murdered, and the cops never catch on  
I show you how to do songs, then after than show  
you how to do them contracts and get yours

R: (2x)

We ain't finished yet c'mon baby bring it back c'mon  
You know that thing in the stash box  
Ready to pop bast in the spot you stunt, you know we gon lock ass  
Inevitable, can't control them slugs  
Came from a place, that shape and mold them thugs  
Flood the block with nothin but that gangsta shit  
Y'all dead on that, now take ya miss, bitch.

It's plain to see, that you could never snake me  
I never let the grass grow past my Nikes  
Summertime in our wife beats, boiled this brick  
outside with thermo shirts underneath tees

I stalely keep a mack on me, and let people  
Try and contest Mobb Deep

Uh, yeah, yeah, c'mon

R:

Yeah

M-O-B-B Baby

(Just throw up your hands)

0-4.. Kanye

Flip it out my nigga