

## Hands Up

Z-Ro

If you keep it one hundred, put your hands up  
If you don't need to borrow no money, put your hands up  
Got your own house your own car, put your hands up  
If they fuck with you you gon' take em to war, put your hands up  
But if you be stealing from your friends, put your hands down  
If you fight women but you won't fight men, put your hands down  
If you tell the police anythang, put your hands down  
Real niggaz stand up, pussy niggaz sit y'all ass down

Yeah, don't make me put them hands on your dog ass  
Make me break your jaw bone homie, I know it's all glass  
Lot of tables pun' or vag whipping, this is a tall glass  
If one y'all motherfuckers try to murder me, then I got something for y'all  
ass  
No conversation for the cops, we keep our mouths closed  
Gangsta than a motherfucker, welcome to the South hoe  
What the fuck is fifteen thousand, that's a couch bro  
Beat your ass, next time the words king of come out your mouth bro  
Cause nigga I am the streets, fuck nigga I am the hood  
Since the world is a ghetto, then anywhere I go I'm good  
And fuck a bodyguard, I'ma guard my body Lord  
Me and my nigga Regin my nigga G-1, we only bow to God

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Way back in middle school, I knew I was gon' be a star  
Rapping or playing ball, a flat and a luxury car  
People I use to know, tell me how they have come so far  
But they smelling like Old Spice, they faking been they whole life  
Lying to kick it with me, trying to steal a visit with me  
25 hours a day eight days a week, I get money get it with me  
This ain't my hoe either my nigga, you can hit it with me  
Disrespect me, I'm gon' keep squeezing this until this is empty  
Soon as a nigga try to play me, like I'm not me  
I'm going upside his head, it's gon' take six of y'all to stop me  
Mo City Texas, got it tatted on me homie  
Love all of my niggaz, cause they never ratted on me homie yeah

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This is the real world, you gotta be real to live here  
One hundred percent, ninety-nine ain't gon' get you in here  
And I'm so real, since the day I was born I been here

Codeine or that gold label, meanwhile you on your tenth beer  
Lying to these bitches in the club, trying to take em home  
Pay for the pussy, that's the only way you gon' make her moan  
On the inside of my thigh, that's what her face is on  
My face real heavy, I hope I can make it home

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