Put Ya Hands Up

50 Cent

Unh, all I do is this
Stunt when I want, ride new shit
Unh, all I do is this
Unh, niggas new to this

I'm super-rich like Russell, naw Leor
I'm decked out, my bitch smell like Dior
She spoiled, she want it, she can have that
Your bitch cool, but where her Birkin bag at?
You can tell a lot about a nigga by his bitch
Be my guest, look at mine, I'm the shit
I'm hot, my shit bump coast to coast, don't it?
I get bread my watch I blew a loaf on it
Get caught staring at that get smoked for it
Fool, my swag unlimited
So fly, ain't shit I can't buy
Louis Vuitton kicks, my Louis Vuitton bitch
Fresh off the runway, get your one one-day
Catch me in Milan, tuxedo on
The black James Bond, nigga I'm a Don
I do what I want, when and where I want

Put your hands up, put 'em where my eyes can see
What's up, you know you wanna party with me
Let's fuck, we wilding in the place to be
Bitch quit playing
Put your hands up, put 'em where my eyes can see
What's up, you know you wanna party with me
Let's fuck, we wilding in the place to be
Nigga quit playing

Catch me riding solo, Purple Label Polo
Paparaz' photo my side bitch in Manolo
It's all about dough though, my knuckle game like Cotto
Plus I get to shooting, but keep that on the low though
(Hey!) Nigga, I don't really got to talk about it
Me, I get paper, moves I make major
Shoes I rock - gator, wing tips player
My style so pure, I'm so couture
I'm down by law, certified B-boy
Hold up, wait a minute, money - I'm gonna spend it
Or why the fuck would I hustle hard to get it?
So many flows, the hoes be on the di-dick
And when they pop it and lock it, they know I'm with it
Dame lingua, give tongue while I hit it
She a star, fresh from PR
Give me more, baby give me more

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