

# Hands On

Aystar

You know me, I'm low-key but I'm hands on  
Ask the gang, I get about with it, bang on  
Broad day, handle hanging outta the man bag  
Youngest Sav had to tell me, "Chill bro, you madman"  
I get the drop, I'm flying round there in two seconds  
If I miss the first shot, I'm flying back round for seconds  
I'm at your back door, I'm tryna bend it like Beckham  
Youngest Sav's with me and we're both strapped with weapons  
Both strapped with weapons  
Me and Stizzy, we're just stepping  
Y Sav's on the back so summat's getting peppered  
Little T is the stig so feds are getting left quick  
Roll round with the strally in his Tech fit  
He rolls round with the strally in his Tech fit  
No phone, he's strapped on a bike that's electric  
I ain't talking 'bout milkshakes, he's coming to your nest quick  
Catch you slipping while you're chilling, watching Netflix  
Free the bros, yeah we do it for the cause  
This four-door kicks back like a horse  
Summertime, we was trapping in them shorts  
And broski got nicked, had him locked in the court  
Been active from young, licking shots of that raw  
We don't lack, if it's beef, put the trap on pause  
Done a drilling in the day and then they snapped off my door  
Fuck the feds, they want me in a cage, banging on them doors  
Free the bros that are banging on them doors  
I'm tryna catch my man, I don't wanna shoot the ken  
I'm tryna ride round there and catch him standing on his porch  
If he dies, I'm going cemetery and pissing on his corpse  
If I hit him in the back, he's on the floor on all fours  
If my bro gets a gaff, he's doing crops on all floors  
If you really want the smoke rude boy, it's all yours  
I'm backing out the scrops and tryna hit some niggas jaws  
I'm active on the strip, two-fours, man I'm getting it in  
And if he's stepping on the strip then I'm bedding the kid  
I got this Retta on my hip when I'm stepping on strips  
'Cause you can get swept at your kids  
Man will pull a fast one, kweff at your whip  
Or get chased by the feds and have to get off the strip  
And if I catch him broad day then I'm letting it rip  
Boss the price is twenty-five if you're copping a brick  
I'm still active on strips  
Niggas think we ain't active on strips  
Until I pop up on a Ron and let it mangle your whip  
Seen Y Sav rolling up, he said he's strapped with the stick  
He's with Little T and T's strapped with a stick  
I said, "Rah that's mad bro, I'm strapped with a stick"  
Now there's three of us strapped riding round so don't slip  
If I'm lying then I'm flying, if I'm lying then I'm dying  
And I'm obviously not dead bro so don't chat shit