

# Hands Up

## Discrepancies

You feel that rumbling on the drums here they come  
If they ever find out where you from then ya done  
Where I come from this is fun in the sun  
Meaning I'm comfortable in the slums where you run  
Started so innocent, wow  
Ceiling was pinning me down  
Now I'm a killer one of the realest and illest around  
I am the villages child  
Rocking the sinister smile  
Set the stage ablaze  
Yeah I bet they'll remember me now

So everybody put your hands up, hands up  
Every single time you stand up, stand tough  
Let em know they can't ban us, ban us  
Yea I bet they can't stand us, stand us, and what  
It was ninety percent inspiring  
Ten percent was insane  
Part of it was the confidence  
Part of it was the game  
If it wasn't for your acknowledgement  
I would probably remain  
A scholar of my environment, Product of Entertainment

All these labels and comparisons are tossed around  
Treated like LB or LP's foster child  
They try to tell it like we're only rippin' off the sound  
When all we ever did was try to lift it off the ground  
Reignite the torch, lift it up from the ashes  
Every track is a course, overlapping these rappers  
Takin' notes from the GOATS until the genre is massive  
Smash it and bring it back with back to back classics

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Listen  
Kill it from the beginning I gotta garner respect  
While harnessing all the skills I got from Marshall and Tech  
Intricate lyricism but still a scholar at best  
While honoring those who fallen I take my arms and I stretch em high  
To the ceiling as I start my reps  
Too much weight, gotta get these bars off my chest  
Now I'm one with my spirit a feeling you can't touch  
Once again if it ain't too much

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