

# Throw Your Hands Up

Freeway

Now everybody throw your hands up, it's "The Stimulus Package"  
Now throw your hands up, we givin back to the people  
Now throw your hands up, if you rockin with Jake One and Philly Freezer  
Everybody throw your hands up, it's "The Stimulus Package"  
Now throw your hands up, we givin back to the people  
So throw your hands up, if you rockin with Jake One and Philly Freezer

I'm talkin Gang Starr and Naughty, way before B.I.G. and 'Pac was discussed  
I had my walkman in my pocket, used to hop on the bus  
I used to rock it, used to knock until the mixtape popped  
Tribe Called Quest and Black Sheep was knockin to us  
Yeah, Leaders of the New, I'm from the old school  
I'm about to bring y'all people new school, hip-hop you can trust  
I'm from the Roc-A, yeah, your sisters hung my posters in they lockers  
But I still got that knock that makes the people bop they head  
I am alive, so the "Dynasty's" not dead  
I have arrived, I came to snatch your spots so switch your locks up  
Robin Hood, I steal from the rich, give to the poor  
Represent for all my bulls that are shackled up and locked up  
You know what's ill, prior to the deal  
Was in the same boat as them but I made it out of my cuffs  
So I will, deliver to the Phill'  
Promise to keep it real, show skills, heat the mic up, yeah

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We bringin y'all Original Flavor, raised off De La  
Kept Black Moon in my boombox player  
Back in the day I used to steal that nigga Rakim's style  
When I flowed and I didn't say "may I?"  
Let's say I was 16 years old  
Then I grew and learned how to cross over like A.I.  
Yup, stack paper, every since that day I  
Made moves, listen to Wu with (Cash Rules)  
Now my own entity, official Rhymesayer  
Boss player, don't ask nobody for favors  
Before I met Jay I been knew that the "Streets Watch"  
It's Barack of the block, doin hip-hop a favor (what's that?)  
Bringin that realness back, it's "The Stimulus Pack'"  
All fake and false rappers can fall and collapse  
Drop and die, them and I  
Will not miss you, no ribbon in the sky, no!

I remember when I was first tryin to be a rapper guy  
Like Pharcyde, the labels kept on (Passin' Me By)  
Nowadays when I hit 'em with the flow again  
They like "there he go again, the dopest Ethopian"  
Nope, Afro-American, hit y'all with the realness, I don't hit y'all  
with the babblin  
Hit y'all with the songs, then I hit y'all with the battlin  
Drug traffickin, drop "The Stimulus Package"  
Watch these rappers follow my pattern, yeah!

Now everybody throw you hands up (hands up ...)

Now throw your hands up (hands up ...)

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