

# Hands Up

Lecrae

(Cannon, step back)

They say the places we venture a Christian shouldn't dare  
Homie, that ain't holiness, it's fear, you scared  
Homie, I swear, I won't see 'em by osmosis  
Nope, I got a blood bought prognosis  
From the age when shoulder blades held ghetto blaster  
No such thing as Christian rap, but rappers who believe  
Stand your ground, pound the mic consistent with the truth you speak  
You could watch the gospel stand on it's own two feet  
Really ain't that unique, y'all just never seen it  
Unlike the elephants we won't let you ignore  
Like arenas full of white kids all singing along  
Make convos in the green room filled with awkward pauses  
Don't think I don't know em, when they don't trust and it's all love  
We just came to provide y'all the soundtrack of life  
Like around here a life's like sounds from the mic, right  
Every creed and color with their 116 tats  
More humble rapper-tees all with their hands up  
Understand before Grammys and stellas it was bars from the cellar  
That soar higher than cellular  
Less net worth, can't tell you my net worth  
I ain't got a clue, low dough was never fuel to choose the type of tool we u  
sing  
Just who and when, we could better prepare you to make amends with the savior  
Destroy your turntables, say

And you ain't got to understand, just hands up  
And if you from the West that's W's up, it's all love  
You and I know we both can't afford to ignore, hands up  
East to the west, y'all, hands up  
L.A. to the Bay, y'all, hands up  
Hands up, everybody everybody, just hands up  
Hands up

(Shout out to my man, Propaganda, from the mighty mighty Humble Beast  
My name is Lecrae, I represent Reach, 116, unashamed believers)

Ayo, dial the seven digits, call a chemist  
I compound underground sounds with pronouns so pronounce  
Our name right, rappers who take a stand, C Boy  
Pop the lock on minds of these slaves until they free, boy  
Mischievous soul who don't get it, so we spit it  
Where the smoke is blowing loud and the crowds are looking frigid  
It's cold on the road, so the bars got to be hot  
Christians want the message, but the world want to be shot  
So I give 'em both until they choke but truthfully  
If one side say you dope, the other think that you a joke  
Let me clear my throat as I provoke you with these quotes  
I got a Grammy in the closet, but I trade it for the hope of the people  
'Cause these days evil  
If you ain't seen Jesus, you don't want to see the sequel  
People holla 116, 'cause they know we represent  
Something bigger than the dollars and the cents  
Still it don't make sense that I rock with killers in dark tents  
Drinking liquor 'til they thinking of speaking in past tense

And it's past tense with pastors and past friends  
Who don't understand the mission in some of my actions  
Get your hands up