

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 savio
r
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