

Hands High

Masta Ace

Yeah, A&E, uh
Uh-huh, uh, yeah (woo!)
Uh... woo! Yeah, yo, yeah

Y'all made noise off a phony promo, in a group off homie's solo
We cowboy these rappers like Tony Romo
Rip they posters, spit on they logo
Open the ProTools, erase they vocals
My point focal, I-N-T y'all so local
I'm so global, noble mobile to mobile
See it in slow-mo, take a photo
We burn kids like Chernobyl
Cause my shit together like Ice-T and Coco
Or Pearl Harbor, and Yamamoto
Y'all in the streets like hobos, let me tally up the total
You wanna fit in? I stand out
Don't try to get in, with your hand out
You ain't a shady thug, you a ladybug
Who fly around friendly, homie don't try to play me scrub
You soft as baby wipes and baby rubs
And MC's is now pushin' daisies up

Hands, up, high
Get your hands up, hands up high
Get them up but we not gon' stick you
Get them high and we just might pick you
Get your hands, up, high
Get your hands up, hands up high
Get them up 'til you touch the sky
Get your hands, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up
Hands up high~!

Yeah, ain't too many better than us cats
Y'all must've been somewhere livin' in a hole like muskrats
If you don't know the A&E generals
We keep it strong, like we been takin' vitamins and minerals
And ginseng root (root) heavy on the fruit (fruit)
Your girl lips cute, played a medley on the flute (flute)
A&E heavy like a Chevy on the loop
Drown y'all niggas, break a levee on your group
Look, I see them rims on that new coupe
Ooh, but stop fuckin' with the E, cause this is like a coup
And stop fuckin' with me, this is like a clue
We will get you stuck, this is like a glue
The industry's so full of snakes and, predators
Out on the prowl, nigga this is like a zoo
This that walk-in one-take banger
We got way harder shit, this is like a two, c'mon

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Hands up high~!

Yeah, yo

I say what I want, don't care about the backlash
Call me a genius, call me a jackass
All you do is talk trash with your wack ass
A&E stack cash on these niggas black ass
Act gassed, Edo go hard, no half-ass
No comparison or contrast
Shake my hand you touch great, I frustrate
You hold shit together with bubblegum and duct tape

Yo, we walk with a torch, we be on the march
We stiff competition like, easy on the starch
Y'all a bunch of country bumpkins
Y'all should be home eatin' chicken lookin' greasy on the porch
We in it for the win (win)
Next mixtape drop, y'all DJ's better spin it in your blend
Facebook, MySpace, send it to your friend
A&E here and we in it 'til the end, c'mon

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Get your hands, up, high
Get your hands up, hands up high
Get them up 'til you touch the sky
Get your hands, get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up
Hands up high~!