

# 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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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, 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

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~!