

Hands

SAINt JHN

Thirsty niggas
I don't like the look of it

Hanging out the motherfucking window with the proper banger
Looking like a million, I'm a motherfucking doppelgänger
And that's because I'm popping like a top on a Tropicana
I swear to God, the chopper make him stop and do that Macarena
I-I-I-I'm a motherfucking beast, though
You say you a pusher, motherfucker what's the key stroke
You say you want me, I send you niggas to the bistro
Hands in the air like a motherfucking disco
Ashante, Frances, ma same
I don't think that this is a game that you really wan' play
I'm tryna be polite but what I really wanna say
Is I'm uneasy, you looking like a mini orange player
And you know I got the plug and I won't ever let the power go
Money on my mind and I won't ever let an hour go
Talking 'bout my product that be growing where the flowers grow
All about the bread and I ain't talking 'bout the sour dough
Loc's and I know you niggas close
When you talkin' 'bout that bread, you gon' need a bigger loaf
Or bigger doses, I was slinging on long back
And singing long songs
I been banging since Harry Potter was hanging on Ron
Damnit, I ain't grow up on this planet
I swear I'm something active, just a little
Swear I want the world and motherfucker I demand it
So cooperate or leave your brains up on that granite (Uh)

Hands in the air, hands in the air (Now)
Hands in the air, hands in the air (Now)
Hands in the air, hands in the air (Now)
Hands in the air, hands in the air (Now)