

# 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  
Damn it, 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)