

Hands

Shawty Lo

Forty dancing them thirties
Water pierce, that's dirty
Mama said I ain't worth it
Tell me what's my purpose?
Couldn't sing or dance
Raise my right hand
Hope God understand
Understood, understand
Got this shit in my hand
I got these sticks, we ain't playing
And I done lost a lot hazards
I'm a throw 'em on these xans

It's Friday the first
Double up on the work
Double cup, it's purp
Damn I miss Double D
Lingo on the verse
Top back on the vert
Whip it up at church
Ballin' next to the preacher
Southpaw that bitch
Feds take my picture
Swear I ain't have shit
Give a damn 'bout a bitch
I hope God he forgive us
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Run down his back
A Town my city
Twenty-eight arrests
Four times convicted
Next day I lost
Tell me who found it
They tell me who found it
Bankhead, they crowned me
Pull up in that foreign
Red coupe two seater
You leave no pussy
Red bitch, I ate her
Smell like that water
Running like that faucet
Red bottoms, I bought 'em
Sweating all this sauce

Atlanta station at the loft
Chanel bag with a boss
Floor seat mighty talk
Just to see them hoes
Ooh, hah

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