

Raise Your Hands

Tom Misch

'Cause that's where I'm supposed to be, like
I'm supposed to be where I'm tryna take the listener
You know what I mean, like if I'm...
I can't say it from that vibration down there, yeah

Uh, yeah
It's Illa J
Oh, yeah
Give me that soul, uh
Let's go, uh
Ya, uh, yeah

Religion and tradition don't belong in the same sentence
Soon as it becomes a routine spirit is missing, uh
Are you people listening?
Soon as it becomes a routine, spirit is missing
If you want your soul to be cleansed
You need to listen

To this lyrical soul that I am spitting
This individual soul is on a mission
To show you miracles so you would pay attention
To [?] divinity that flows for infinity
Some of ya'll already there
Some pretend to be
Righteous with your head wrapped
Tryna be Erykah Badu
And you don't really do that
Claiming that you love soul food R&B and Hip Hop
But you don't really [?] that
And wouldn't do that
If you had a chance

Anyway, Let's proceed to the dance, uh
It's Illa J on the rap
Tom Misch on the beat
And we killing that shit
A hundred grand, uh
You got, Ben on the drums
Jesse on the bass
Danny on guitar
That's my mans, uh
[?] everybody is a star
And everybody going far
So everybody raise your mother fucking hands
'Cause everybody is a star
And everybody going hard
So everybody raise your mother fucking hands

Everybody raise your mother fucking (Where ya hands)