

# Throw Your Hands (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

Yeah  
Throw your hands up  
Live from the middle of nowhere  
Yeah

Trying to find myself while trying to find a balance  
They say to fly like an eagle you gotta use your talons  
I'd rather use my talents  
Dreaming of a chalice that's filled up to the gallons  
My base too big to manage I'm live on Jimmy Fallon  
Three days ago I turned another year and I feel greater  
My 36th chamber now watch me raise the faders  
Been boom bapping half my half life I'm sorry for my neighbors  
I've sinned enough for all of us so you can skip the savior  
Walking in to this house made of stone and brick  
Looking back on our humanity like oh we sick  
We need help we need therapy a holy shift  
Not talking books by man I'm talking a solar eclipse  
Razorblades on the tip of my tongue  
I fade away like a J there ain't no brick when I jump  
I sail away on the bay let me stick to the sun  
I follow heat with the speech and I kick to the drum  
On a bus in the middle of Kansas  
I know I gained your trust the way I tickle the canvas  
Took practice to get to this spot  
Years of sacrifice missed out a lot  
They want to parties when they did I would jot  
Kept writing in South Broward the pages yeah they never ended  
Fuck class purposefully I'd try to get suspended  
They put me in IS with time to write well that's just splendid  
They wanted busy work I worked the bars that's just what Ben did  
I'm running round the planet an it's on some borrowed time  
Model rhymes that I fashion for tomorrow's prime  
Bottles fly and they green like a box of limes  
Agave on my shoulder when I sign the dotted line  
For y'all it's the first show for us the 22nd  
So we do things to make sure this ain't like a broken record  
Wrek is feeling reckless got nothing for the Shepard  
Bringing back the message and then we head for Texas  
I'm rolling on and on like it's all I know  
To get that sweet potato pie like I'm Domino  
This ain't about lucking out like I'm Domino  
This is hard work so let's get it yo vaminos  
The sounds of Jimmy Dore coming from beneath the door  
Kind of ironic since everyday we must go to war  
It's four on the floor Just trying to settle scores  
I got a metal horde out on the devils tour  
My Nan losing memory  
Every next time we talk she remembers less of me  
Treachery  
I just wanna find a cure reverse time mentally  
That way we can rule the embassy I mean eventually  
This whole world will crumble like  
Goal line fumble like  
Old time mumble life  
Soul grind humble sight  
Find me living like it's groundhog day

All around on stage come get your sound off praise ay

This is just a warning I've been warming since the cold dark morning  
I'm in a bunk mourning the loss of my ground flooring  
I don't know how much deeper we can take these demons  
But I wake up dreaming then I stay up scheming  
Got old friends I miss dearly  
Some are gone some are here but they diss near me  
They just don't think clearly  
I love em though still unconditional approach  
Even when wish they the opposite upon my throat  
Bless me father for am I not a believer either  
Been trying to find the meaning lifting it from out the ether  
Until the day I truly find it I'll just be the seeker  
And keep the words coming at ya from beneath the speaker

Yeah

Throw your hands up