

# Put Ur Hands Up

Young Dolph

You gotta love somebody, trust nobody,  
Put ya hands up if you lost somebody  
Put ya hands up if you ever love somebody  
Put ya hands up if you ever love somebody  
You gotta lost somebody, trust nobody,  
Put ya hands up if you lost somebody  
Put ya hands up if you ever love somebody  
Put ya hands up, put your hands up nigga

Put ya hands up it's so stika, it's so stika  
Put ya hands up, I can't pick up, I can't pick up  
Bout that hundred punds in that, back to pick up, back to pick up  
I'm a pull up, pull, pull up nigga countin', countin' nigga  
How will got a pound about, hit it nigga on line  
Niggas got the hands up but the niggas ain't nothin'  
Gotta cute P one by one with me  
Gucci man wanna try now with me  
Pull out the tone ain't start to screaping  
You look clip and hola that bow  
My confess it mean a whole o fity  
Gucci Mane come pinchie like my girl come naked  
I just keep on bugging the balls  
Biggest ball I just down searching  
Better stay on my down baby  
We, we independent most of these days still get mad

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I start the wrong right out of plug  
(Should I do it? But I ain't even do it. Fuck it)  
I scare the [?] pack with the profit  
We straight to that collapse and do it  
I worry 'bout to get that photo  
Say fuck that I'mm cooper  
And nobody round in this pretty motherfucker ride  
He will be on my trolley  
G me and my fox ain't never love nobody  
So you know I don't trust nobody  
Lie about it, it's that kind of party  
All I do is wide in circles with these bitches ooh Maley

It's a stika, it's stika  
I saw you with pie but I see Gucci are turn to get you ooh  
My niggas from eighty eight but I'm a meat this niggas up  
Shawnty they clug like master B and make you say  
Is down, forbid this bitch  
On that paper rap shit with the truck with four dollar ain't fit

That's how I'm trapping on me, how I kick it  
Pull the drag out that black [?] with the thirty dollars easy

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Put your motherfuckers hands up, don't move nigga  
I will get you LA without no school brothy  
Turn into [?] then nigga try to win it, turning into roading pull in it  
I will really try, man that's my image  
Bitches, bitches, bitches, they can't read it I can't trust it  
Our fealty on the floor, pissed it on the couch  
I'm not stunning, got me in this spot on me  
Why you really think I'm not gonna buy a thing  
Nigga winning pussy hey what up with the bitch  
Must e worm for me  
Nigga roll up on me you gonna die nigga  
Nigga read this Ak sign to you, like trace songs  
Can't have treagor, I motherfucker beat to gorilla  
Hit a pussy nigga with three reggy miller  
Bitch not in fall, is a fucking chill chiller  
Leaving with the birds on the fucking baby seller

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