

Hands Up

Chris Webby

I started off a little guy, baby full of laughter
But due to Darwin's theory I evolved into a rapper
Flip a couple chapters, this foul mouthed bastard
Is here to get this rap shit mastered
After I talk to you and get to speak what I'm about
Linguistic, twisted diarrhea of the mouth
So hot, drop the mic and I'll leave the set steamin'
I been the best breathin', since I was breast feedin'
Presto, I'm back writin' rhythmic manifestos
So let's go, I'm meaner than an angry Lou Ferrigno
Flows that'll get yo hands in the izz-air
Blunt rap, puff that, done that, been there
So tap the keg, let's get drunker than we've ever been
Liquor settin' in, shit somebody let Webster in
So go and fill yourself another dutch
And put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up

Put your hands up, everybody stand up 'cause we ain't leavin' till they throw us in some handcuffs
So put them hands up up up up up, and keep it goin' like (hey!)
Put your hands up, roll yourself a gram up, if you ain't twisted go and fill another damn cup
And put them hands up up up up up, and keep it goin' like (hey!)

I'm a mix of rhymes with some Nirvana and Sublime
Eric Clapton with the rappin', Jimi Hendrix in his prime
A little bit of Lennon and Zeppelin up in the mixture
Stumblin' around on more drugs than Keith Richards
Hard body spitta, overnight deliver
Lyrics sharper than Legolas's arrows up in the quiver
Liquor by the pitcher, beer by the thirty rack
Droppin' dirty ass, intelligent wordy raps
So raise your hands to the God damn roof
Sippin' white grape juice with the eighty-five proof
I'm the truth, go to parties in my birthday suit
And holler at any chick I think's cute, and to boot
I'm an artist to my roots, and I got the soul
Rollin' deep, shit I'm showin' up with Jacques Cousteau
I'm a pro, here to show you what this rappin's about
So put 'em up like you have balloons attached to your house

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That's how we do it