

# Hands In The Air

Da Brat

[Da Brat]

Niggas always watchin me (funky!)  
But I want em to keep on watchin me  
I'ma keep give em sumthin to see (smokin!)

I always feel like  
Somebody's watchin me, watchin me  
Could it be the way I'm still tight?  
Niggas that didn't use to feel me jockin me, jockin me  
The, whole world got too much money for me  
To not get no dough, dough, can't no hoe  
Rock harder than the one from So-So  
I never go broke broke  
I keep comin with the vocals that make most know  
Why the fuck I boast, boast and brag  
Why should I look sad that I got some loot now?  
In fact, I knew how  
watch when I back the Coupe out  
Can niggas just troop out  
The same way they do when I show you Brat  
With a little bit of boobs out  
And her big ass protrude out  
Get the news out  
Some of you bitches lose out  
When the sexiness ooze out  
Like orgasms, I'm the best at this  
Throwin tantrums when I move into makin shit  
If you thinkin of becomin one of my favorites  
You gotta pay a bitch  
Cause I be stayin rich  
I ain't quittin, quittin  
Wave a 4 45, spittin, spittin

[chorus]

Throw yo hands in the air like you dont care  
This fo niggas and bitches everywhere  
Forever you playas playas flash on em, get cash on em  
And make em say, say  
Hands in the air, from side to side  
Forever im high, high  
Together we ride, ride  
I'm never too tired  
To get that paper, baby

[Da Brat]

If y'all wanna see me, see me  
Im give y'all somethin to look look at  
Make a nigga neck turn turn for Brat  
Burn burn these hoes cuz I'm back and my pants still sag  
It's automatic, they wanna jump on my wagon, wagon  
I ain't lackin lackin on shit  
Open ya eyes when my body when I try on clothes that fit fit  
I'm articulate and particulate on who I let hit hit  
And get up in the middle of the center of my tootsie roll  
Roll me something to smoke smoke and burn slow slow  
Don't keep it a secret, tell all ya folks  
See you when I shine, I glow, glow

From the C-H-I-C-A-GO, 6-0-6-4-4  
And I trust no, nigga that make a mistake for me  
Guns ready to blaze and to leave with you  
Some of the ones run  
I can't control my trigger finger when it pump pump  
Stay out the way when I come come  
It's guaranteed to bump bump the trunk, uh  
And put a hump in ya back  
If niggas is askin who's thumpin, it's Brat Brat

[chorus]

[Mystikal]

I keep my bad braids back when puttin the dick on the track  
You can turn it down playa, we don't listen to that  
The bass dont thump, the snare don't clap,  
That beat ain't tight nigga, that shit ain't fat  
Everytime I touch the mic, another record ya slap  
I be breakin ya back to the rhythm of rap  
Test it loud for the low kickin', slow and fast  
Niggas say, "I love that fuckin shit ya did wit Da Brat!"  
Actin bad with the pad, with the pen, with the paper  
Still smoke a nigga under the table  
Put the lines in the words and the hooks and the phrases  
Instead of puttin out sumthin thats blazin  
Get ya hand out my pocket, get ya foot out ya mouth  
And ya head out ya ass  
And keep ya nose out my buisness  
And I mean it, goddammit, cuz I'm fiddinta get MAD!  
I put em in the trash bag  
Twist, tie, put em out Monday and Wednesday  
I kick em in they raggely ass  
Take money from em everytime I bet against 'em  
I know it ain't fair  
but I swim with alligators and I wrestle with bears  
Throw ya hands in the air  
As high as you can, and leave them bitches there