

Throw Your Hands (In the Air)

Mobb Deep

Kanye.. And we have.. M-O-B-B, Yo, Yeah
C'mon drop that, Yeah, Uh-huh
Just throw your hands in the air
Yeah.. Yo

I'm there for you, here with you, it's clear its crystal
I air before you only get stronger the things, you been through
I don't kill you thats what it'll do
Run with a few multiple-scribed, they say we belong in a fuckin' zoo
We done crashed all sorts of clubs forcin' the love
Often above them cowards and them so called thugs
When we come through respect is there, cause we demand it
Know the mobb is in the building, we officially landed
Keep your eyes on the man with the hammers, they can't stand us
Try to raid us the faggots snitchin' and got the cameras
Cock the cannons but shorty just keep dancin' cuz it might
be a chance that it won't pop off
If it do stay close to the wall, we gettin' it on
You about to witness fellas who gifted in brawl
My homie Lyndon Erik Da Bob pissin' you off
This southern cat finnin' to get it so kiss ya cross

R: So if you goin' thru it but you won't let it hold you down
(Just throw up your hands) C'mon ma
We gon party to the crack of dawn lets get it on with the girls
and me and my mans

Theres only few things i die for
Infamous my family, this money, sonny I hit the sky for
we don't take time off, we take rhymes off
Come with somethin better than that, to blow your mind more
Gettin our shine on... I think this due for a storm, hurricane Mobb
Rain on your parade and you can thank god
Or you can thank P, for simply not squeezin'
Really it wasnt called for, and you don't want it
to call for it, don't play my gun, it go off
Inside of your head oops, niggaz be dead
Then we drooped in the Coupes real heavy on the gas
Out there like the concord
I show you how to get murdered, and the cops never catch on
I show you how to do songs, then after than show
you how to do them contracts and get yours

R: (2x)

We ain't finished yet c'mon baby bring it back c'mon
You know that thing in the stash box
Ready to pop bast in the spot you stunt, you know we gon lock ass
Inevitable, can't control them slugs
Came from a place, that shape and mold them thugs
Flood the block with nothin but that gangsta shit
Y'all dead on that, now take ya miss, bitch.

It's plain to see, that you could never snake me
I never let the grass grow past my Nikes
Summertime in our wife beats, boiled this brick
outside with thermo shirts underneath tees

I stalely keep a mack on me, and let people
Try and contest Mobb Deep

Uh, yeah, yeah, c'mon

R:

Yeah

M-O-B-B Baby

(Just throw up your hands)

0-4.. Kanye

Flip it out my nigga