

LL Cool J, Put Your Hands Up

{We about to set this motherfucker off in here tonight!}
{It be like da, da, da-da-da, da}
{This that real shit dawg, real shit dawg.. c'mon, c'mon, come}
{What you say?} Mr. Smith
{Nigga, what you say?} I said my name is Mr. Smith
{Yo, I want you to state the business}
{You know what I want y'all to do?} Do your thing, do your thing, uhh

[Chorus]
{I said put your hands in the motherfuckin air - where?}
{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air}
{I know you like hoes} Yes {I know you got cars} Yes
{I know you spit bars} Yes {I know you like stars}
{But put your hands in the motherfuckin air - you hear me?}
{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air - LADIES}
{I know your nails done} Yes {I know your hair done} Yes
{I know your toes done} Yes {I know you look good - bitch}
{But put your hands in the motherfuckin air - right}
{Put your hands in the motherfuckin air - c'mon, c'mon}
{BITCH!} Uhh {BITCH!} Uhh uhh
{BITCH!} Uhh {BITCH!} Uhh uhh

[LL Cool J]
Papi way too pimply to live this fast life simply
Please squeeze at them twin armored Bentleys, I love envy
Evidently, the pesos made 'em resent me
Cause I clown on 'em, pull they broad gently, leave the bar empty
I pimp Benzoes, you smell cherry air freshener
Leather and indo, I cruise slow spit slick lingo
You might mingle with more stars than Ringo
on the beach in Santo Domingo lightin trees with singles
But I'm a mandingo I make your guts tingle
'til your doorknockers jingle, stack chips like Pringles
Ball like the Bengals, spread love like Kris Kringle
Get paid off the single, let them dollars co-mingle
Baby, baby, deep dish is chrome, navy
Gray interior you feel inferior, it's crazy
It's over baby your vision's hazy they plantin daisies
You tried to play me but couldn't fade me that's why they pay me

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[LL Cool J]
Since I dropped "I'm Bad" I've been in Jags with nickle bags
Hoes I had give better blows than Felix Trinidad
One I had flew her Benz in from Baghdad
with personalized tags, chrome mags and Prada bags
I refused to stab, now she cryin in the rehab
Wishin while reminiscin about all the sessions we had
You knew all the positions to keep me on a mission
Put the Playstation 2 in your Limited Expedition
You're the mami I kept dipped, slept wit, crept wit
Once you got needy and greedy sweetie I flipped like a brick
Sharin my oochie spendin my chips
like I'm up in the Bricks politickin for new flicks
On the FreakNik tip, grabbin your phattie on the 6
I ain't faded by them hips
I split, just like Xzibit from Tha Liks (X)
I got major bread to break
Recipes for cake, keys to V's and estates, I'm straight

[Chorus] w/ minor variations

[LL Cool J]

Ride.. aww yeah, that's crazy
E Mr. New York Knicks, B. Daltry
Violators, "Rock the Bells"
T Rhone, get money, Markee, we doin this
{Violator, Violator 2, 2, we out - freeze!}