

# T-Bone, Throw Ya Hands Up

[T-Bone]

From my days of a juvenile  
Raised in the church but lived thug style  
Back in the day in my hood gettin buckwild  
Runnin wit felons that be servin keys to O.G.'s  
And real pimps spittin game to ladies  
Drop Mercedes make em go crazy  
Mamis trippin on screamin Ay papi  
Talkin fast to tha chickens  
While we pimpin and dippin  
Throwin up signs and set trippin  
Livin la vida loca like Ricky  
Mom trippin out cause I got a neck full of hickes  
Breath smellin like whiskey  
Busted, plus Im saggin in a "T" and some dickies  
Just like Whiteny Im tryin to blow up  
But wanna do it while Im young like Brittney  
Ride to the death of me like KRS  
This was my philosophy, but not no more

[Chorus]

All my rogues gonna ride tonight  
Get ya hands way up in the air tonight  
From new york to the bay get live tonight  
Cuz we makin tha kind of music make ya feel alright

[T-Bone]

Thug passion got me flashin on rivals  
Henessey had me trippin feelin suicidal  
Full of all that hurt pain and tha misery  
Mad at the world for the things it did to me  
California just make a playa wanna ride  
Throw up a dub be a thug, holla Westside til I die  
Young G from tha projects stealin watches, why  
To impress all my rogues and tha notches  
So live life cautious  
Cuz now a days tha streets is filled wit armed killers  
And narcotics just cant stop this  
What type of sound make ya groove throw yo hands up  
And move all around just bounce to the rhythm  
Nod ya head like a pigeon to this chase beat thats hittin  
From Britain, the UK, LA to my dogs locked down in tha prison

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Somethin for that pretty ladies and tha thugs too  
In that East, Westcoast and tha South too  
We all bout it ma, like Cube show me love in tha club  
Wit the mobster kiss on both cheeks and thug hugs  
Throw yo hands up wave em side to side  
Ladies, Ridas, made men tonight  
We gon party like its 2999, no crime  
Just California beaches under the sunshine  
Plus one time isn't trippin on me or my girl  
Laced wit that rocks and Versace  
Black boots and Mosquino, Mexican  
Half black, Philippino it all good  
Now bounce like a check that aint got not funds  
And party like you just won half a million  
oh what a feelin  
Now everybody in the house get your hands to the ceilin

[Chorus]

