

No Hands

Waka Flocka Flame (feat. Roscoe & Wale) 2010

Nedskrift: TH

♩ = 72

C#m/NC

Vokal 1
Lis-ten to the track, (bitch). Girl the way you're mov-ing, got me in a trance. D J turn me up. La-dies, this your jam.

Vokal 2
trance now Come on.

Vokal 3
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Synth.

Tr. Støjlyd:

Vokal 1
Come and sip mo - sca - to, and you gon-na lose those pants. I'm 'a throw this mo - ney while you do it with no pants

Vokal 2
Ooh

Vokal 3
wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, l'eg - go

Synth.

Synth.

Tr. Støjlyd:

5 C#m C#m/D# C#m/E C#m/H

Vokal 1
 Girl, drop it to the floor, I love the way your boo - ty go. All I wan - na

Vokal 2
 Now Come on.

Vokal 3
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

Synth.
 Oktav under:

Bas

Tr.

7 C#m C#m/D# C#m/E C#m/H

Vokal 1
 do, sit back and watch you move and I'll pro - ceed to throw this cash All that

Vokal 2
 Ooh

Vokal 3
 wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, oh yeah,

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

13

Vokal 1
thun-der storm, Bud, want it Floc-ka, yeah. Blow-ing, fuck it, I don't care. Dres-ses fly-ing ev'-ry - where. Got my part-ner,

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

15

Vokal 1
Ros - coe like bro. I'm drunk as hell, can't you tell? Booze help me hit them fif - teen steps I'm fuck - ing, well I'm try - na hit the

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

17

Vokal 1
ho - tel with two girls that swal-low me. Take this dick while I swal-low, pay Mo - sca - to, got her frea - ky. Hey, you got me in a

Synth.

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

19

Vokal 1
trance. Please take off your pants. Pus-sy pop on her hand - stand. You got me sweat-ing. Please pass me a fan, damn!

Synth.

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

Roscoe Dash

21

C#m C#m/D# C#m/E C#m/H

Vokal 1
Girl the way you're mov-ing, got me in a trance. D J turn me up. La - dies, this your jam.

Vokal 2
trance now Come on.

Vokal 3
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Synth.
Oktav under:

Bas

Tr.

23 C#m C#m/D# C#m/E C#m/H

Vokal 1
Come and sip mo-sca-to, and you gon-na lose those pants. I'm 'a throw this mo-ney while you do it with no hands.

Vokal 2
Ooh

Vokal 3
wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, e-jo

Synth.

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

25 C#m C#m/D# C#m/E C#m/H

Vokal 1
Girl, drop it to the floor, I love the way your boo-ty go. All I wan-na

Vokal 2
Now Come on.

Vokal 3
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

Synth.
Oktav under:

Bas

Tr.

27 C#m C#m/D# C#m/E C#m/H

Vokal 1
do, sit back and watch you move and I'll proceed to throw this cash. She said, Look Ma, no hands. She said,

Vokal 2
Ooh

Vokal 3
wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, wo, oh yeah,

Synth.

Bas

Tr.

She said look ma, no hands
 And no darling I don't dance
 And, I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka
 I think I deserve a chance
 I'm a bad mothafucka'
 Gon' ask some mothafuckas
 A young handsome mothafucka'
 I sling that wood I just nun chuck 'em
 And, who you wit' and, what's yo name?
 And, you not hear boo, I'm Wale
 And, that D.C. shit I rep all day
 And, my eyes red 'cause of all that haze
 Don't blow my high, let me shine
 Drumma' on the beat, let me take my time
 Nigga want beef we can take it outside
 Fight for what broad, these hoes ain't mine
 Is you out yo mind, you out yo league
 I sweat no bitches, just sweat out weaves
 Where our tracks, let me do my thing
 I got sixteen, for this Roscoe thing
 But, I'm almost done, let me get back to it
 Whole lotta loud, and a little Backwood
 Whole lotta money, big tip I would
 I put her on the train, little engine could, bitch

Girl, the way you're moving got me in a trance (Yeah)
 DJ, turn me up, ladies, this your jam (Come on)
 I'ma sip Moscato, and you gon' lose them pants (Ooh)
 Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands (Leggo)
 Girl, drop it to the floor (Yeah)
 I love the way your booty go (Come on)
 All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move (Ooh)
 And I'll proceed to throw this cash (Roscoe Dash, okay, l'eggo!)

OK, R-O-S-C-O-E (O-E), Mr. Shawty-Put-It-On-Me (Please)
 I be going HAM (HAM), shawty upgrade from baloney (Please)
 Them niggas tipping good, girl, but I can make it flood (I can)
 'Cause I walk around with pockets (Pockets) that are bigger than my bus (Whoa)
 "Rain, rain, go away"—that's what all my haters say
 My pockets stuck on overload (Whoa), my rain never evaporates (No)
 No need to elaborate (Never), most of these ducks exaggerate (They do)
 But I'ma get money, nigga, everyday stunting, nigga
 Ducks might get a chance after me (Go)
 Bitch, I'm balling like I'm coming off of free throws (Yes)
 Just ahead of the game, no cheat codes (No)
 Lambo, Roscoe, no street code (Skrt!)
 And your booty got me lost like Nemo (Go)
 Go, go, go, g—go'n' and do your dance (Right now)
 And I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands, go (I'm gone!)

Girl, the way you're moving got me in a trance (Yeah)
 DJ, turn me up, ladies, this your jam (Come on)
 I'ma sip Moscato, and you gon' lose them pants (Ooh)
 Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands
 Girl, drop it to the floor (Yeah)
 I love the way your booty go (Come on)
 All I wanna do is sit back and watch you move (Ooh)
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