

Tamia F/ Jermaine Dupri

"Stand Up"

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[Lil' Fame]

We don't say put your hands up, nigga stand up!

Yeah.. (STAND UP!)

Hahahaha.. yeah!

Hear me though, hear me though - heh, yeah

You see it! Say what? You see it!

Uh, uh (STAND UP!)

[Verse One: Lil' Fame]

I'm back in the fuck up in this bitch (who dat?) Me bitch
(who dat?)

The Brooklyn thug, what the fuck you see bitch?

I'm known for regulatin this game, fuck a critic

Cause when I'm spittin, I'ma split your shit in, when I
aim

Yo you try to get a name, but ain't, provin a thang

I'm still doin my thang (go 'head) bells they still rang
(uh-huh)

Now who the lame that wan' tangle with Lil' Fame

Step in the ring and I'll break yo' ass up - STAND UP!

(AAAAAAHHHH!!!) How you like me now?

That +Kool Moe Pee+ shit nigga, put it down

Yo I need to silence the gat, shit too loud

When that bitch start to holla, nigga through child

Made the church people on your block wanna move out

I bump off and I dump off, and a nigga cool out

Why? Cause when we in the place with the guns in our
waist

We don't say put your hands up, nigga (STAND UP!)

[Chorus 2X: M.O.P.]

Sit down (STAND UP!) Sit down (STAND UP!)

("First Fam, ridiculous!")

Sit down (STAND UP!) Sit down (STAND UP!)

[Fame] We don't say put your hands up, nigga (STAND
UP!)

[Verse Two: Lil' Fame]

You gotta get it, cause you nah lissen

Dump off your body, send your whole family to 'gwan

fishin

The street mayor, ghetto street playa
Hit your hooker with this heavy dick meat playa ass
cheek flare
Fuck the fame! I agree, fuck the fame
But I got four words for ya, don't fuck with Fame
Cause I'm a Machine Gun Kelly, clapper dude
Write my name across your belly BRBRBRBRBRBRBR
clap a dude!
Ain't no escapin these streets I'm raised in (c'mon)
It's so amazin (why?) We still blazin
Ain't no savin yo' ass from hell raisin
They be scrapin your canteloupe off the pavement
Wit yo' wig split in half and yo' chest caved in
So walk on the green, I'ma cut yo' ass down if you walk
in between
So listen up and hear me boy
I'm the American (slash) pretty boy

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Billy Danze]

I done figured it out (what's that?)
They don't want us to shine (true!)
You lost your mind if you thought I tossed my iron
I still got it, for when I'm facin situations like this
You dissin? I'm hittin (buk buk buk buk buk buk)
Listen, is it me or the industry don't understand
I'm a whole different breed of man
Bill Danze, Brownsville, Bronx
And I'm servin double and single shots on the rocks
nigga
(AAAAHHHHH!) What! Who gon' tame me?
I'm a bad block nigga and can't, nobody change me
You can look at me strangely
Keep yappin at your dogs if I go up in your mouth, don't
blame me
First Family trainee, take what's mine
{*censored*} is my time to shine, that's that
(Take it easy!) Fuck that, I'm ready yo
I refuse to dilute jewels for you fools (STAND UP!)

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Billy Danze]

Fizzy Wo' (suckers never played us)
They can't fade us, they hate us, they anus
In fact when you touch 'em face to face, they stay in
they place
They know I'm slant up from the right side left five in
one fist

(Shaddup!) Shutup! Now you wanna show love?
You hear the soft music in the background it's your
brain on slugs
Now, it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it
So I crept up, stepped up, got to it.. (STAND UP!)

[Chorus]

[Outro: M.O.P.]

First Fam, ridiculous!
Violators try to get with us, we quick to bust
Them false dudes can't get with us, homeskillet
cause we too tough, too real, too raw, too rough
First Fam, ridiculous
Fools try to move but them fools can't get wit hus
Cause we holdin (classin) loadin (blastin)
Strollin (crashin) rollin (MASHIN!!)

{*cackling and ad libs*}

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