

# Cassidy f/ Drag-On, Maino, Styles P., Swizz Beatz, Talib Kweli

## "Stand Up"

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Grind House  
Sean Bell, everybody

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz]  
Get up, stand up, get up  
Get up, stand up, get up  
Get up, stand up, we gotta fight for our rights, huh  
Get up, stand up, get up  
Get up, stand up, get up  
Get up, stand up, we gotta fight for our rights, huh

It's crazy, man it's crazy  
Man it's crazy, man it's crazy  
Get up, stand up, get up  
Get up, stand up, get up  
Get up man, we gotta stand fight for our rights, huh

[Cassidy]  
The boy Sean in heaven cause he was born in hell  
To feed his daughter, he husteled like I ain't gon fail  
He was an electrician but wasn't doing well  
I ain't gon say he sold drugs but kept going to jail  
He wasn't doing right cause life wasn't going well  
I'm gon tell a story, ghostwritten by Sean Bell  
Detective suppose to protect us, but now dectective  
shoot us  
They ruthless like Michael Oliver and Detective Cooper  
Obama, when you get elected, please improve the law  
Cause they ain't have to shoot 50 shots and a moving  
car  
Them cops admit that they did it and still got acquitted  
But if we fight our rights, one day we got to get it

[Chorus]

[Drag-On]  
Yeah, chea, uh, uh  
Niggas in New York like on the cell  
Turn to kid got shot named Sean Bell  
Damn, another good soldier fell  
If he would've did it, he would've got no bail

What's going on? I can't tell, cops getting away with  
that murder murder  
50 shots right through the car, and they ain't even find  
out one burner  
Cause all they wanna do is meet the quoter  
Running up, killing niggas on the corner  
Better watch out for they for they pop up on ya  
Cause cops every block hot as a sauna  
Another young black casualty  
That's the government strategy  
In the hood, they harassing me  
What happened to Sean can't happen to me  
I feel for his moms (yeah), I feel for his pops (yeah)  
When I heard that verdict, I peeled through the block  
Feel his family pain, what a way to die  
Just try to keep your sane, it's ok to cry

[Chorus]

[Maino]

Listen, look, now I can't help but think what if that man  
was me  
What if the rose was different, I was him and he was  
me  
What if he had the chance to live out his wildest  
dreams  
What if his 50 shots came directly after me?  
What if my son was crying? Police, they keep on lying  
What if my girl was live hurting? Al Sharpton says  
defying  
This shit is crazy, they got our babies  
Feels like the world is a prison, we in the case and  
There ain't no hope for us, look at how they hurting us  
Dirty cops and politicians, I don't have a soul to trust  
Hope is not enough, we need to open up  
We need to fight, we need to change, we need to do  
for us

[Chorus]

[Styles P.]

People come to march, but I come to spark blue  
Throw it in your head, they on kill us cause we dark  
Now once the police, (what up), a black man is running  
for president  
But still no justice, no peace  
Just we in our own hell up in New York City  
And I'm thinking what a pity, every man is Sean Bell  
Is a black man a bullseye? Just a moving target to 'em  
Let it go, reload, we that much of a problem to 'em?  
Judge let the cop go, we that much of a problem to

'em?  
How your honor ain't got no honor to 'em?  
Peace to the family of Bells  
I respect how you're strong, may your family be well

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]  
Yo, yeah, yeah, get up, stand up  
Man, get up, stand up, yeah, no, no  
No he didn't come to mourn, not another mother torn  
Not another brother gone, something's wrong, the last  
thing we need is another song  
Man, the proof of lack of leadership like a truth up in  
the media  
My people in need of a solution, we need some civil  
disobedience  
They stuck glued to they TV screen and they believe  
what's on they computer screen  
The cops did they job and did it well, that's how the  
judge views the scene  
Skip the jury of their peers  
Now the Bell family's eyes is blurry with their tears, you  
feel the fury everywhere  
Nothing left than assassintation, exaggeration of the  
facts  
Fabrications is facinating, the beast is waiting to attack  
Gotta face it, if you're black and you're young  
It's predetermine that you that you pack a gun, people  
shouting black to everyone

[Chorus]

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