

## **Black and White "Stand For Something"**

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Yeah, Outlawin it  
Fuckas aint ready for this  
Thug Life, like that  
Where you at? Fuck y'all

It ain't nuthin but a thug thing  
Let my nuts hang to the floor, oh no  
Please Young No', let 'em go  
I want mo'  
Go to the game in befo'  
Lettin 'em know, exactly the way the game go  
But it ain't No', shame in my game bitch, they know  
I'm flat broke, ran up in the session of an echo  
Now I'm trouble with the metal, had a score to settle  
Now it's me against the world, Young Outlaw rebel  
Mouthin off, what I tell you don't do that shit  
Give a fuck about ya fifth, I chew through that shit  
Do that shit, Outlaws comin equipped  
Spit ya rhyme now nigga, with a gun on ya lip  
Watch this  
Rhyme now nigga, spit ya rhyme now with a gun on ya  
lip  
Watch this, eat a dick, bitch

I'm a heartless, dark nigga from out the darkness  
Thugged out better hand, ready to spark this  
Off the meter, going to my nine millimeter  
This Napoleon, Outlaw, should be strong, willin to fly  
see  
Nothin me to fuck ya hood, gum bleed ain't nuthin to  
me  
Pussy eater, or am I a thug eater  
Punk beater, I show you that these slugs will they deal  
ya  
Hard be out crowd will make em the squad  
Probably burn the shit apart, Napoleon, Mr. Bonaparte  
The part of war you can call art  
And Jersey is a bitch reign, a cat to use a fuckin bark  
You faggot ass low heart ass nigga

Stand for something, don't fall for nothin  
Takin everythin a nigga want it all or nuthin

So yo button your lip just for frontin y'all get  
Hit with every last bullet up in the clip  
Stand for something, don't fall for nothin  
Takin everythin a nigga want it all or nuthin  
Jumpin for the hell of it, bluffin will never get a nigga  
rich  
So yo come with some better shit

Life, bright lights and guns  
Gritty nights in the slum, pretty right for bum  
Some pain become sunshine, but when it rain I'm on  
the frontline  
Slangin dimes, bangin that one time  
I've done mine, one crime after the other one  
Massacre, clap wit ya, scatter and smother 'em

You run for cover, my caliber is like the size of crumb  
Another dumb nigga thinkin they come?  
That's foul, they got you thinkin you too wild to be hung  
Seekin, to be broke and when the heat soakin  
Moapin, open ya throat nigga keep chokin

Ay yo One Eye  
Ya got Banky out here on the west  
Cream Teamin it with no vest but two techs  
Can't trust 'em fuck 'em, might as well buck 'em  
Leave 'em layin there leakin, the coroner 'a touch 'em  
Y'all niggas better watch what you say in your raps  
Better yet, who you aimin it at  
'Cause I'm a wanna know, where ya knuckle games at  
Cream Team a number one, holdin down my spot  
Ya corn balls got me feelin just like pop  
Bout to run all ya coward niggas outta hip hop  
When it come to Chip Banks, niggas don't know  
Whether to call me Banky Baby or Nino  
It's the Cream Team Senator/Governor  
Thug out a pretty sluggin ya, too much for ya  
While ya hidin for me, I'm fuckin ya baby mother

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Ya niggas better keep ya fuckin shit tight  
Come with some better shit, word up  
Chip Banks, done birth  
Fuckin world up  
Strife doin nigga, Cream Team  
Where my Harlem niggas at?  
East side, East  
West Coast, word up word up  
Out there, for all ya  
Word up  
Fuckin word nigga  
Told ya niggas it's comin

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