

Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown "Still Standing"

Visit "[Still Standing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This for the soldiers (soldiers)
Stay strong my niggaz
(gangsters, players)
Stay up my niggaz (real niggaz)

Verse one: t-mo

Leavin the cut in a rage
Loadin up my mac, goin to my crib, to get my 12 gauge
One of my boys just got shot, huh
Fuckin around, in that million dollar spot
A educated brother
Didn't have no money for college he was taught the
street knowledge
Part of the plan
To keep us fightin in the street instead of becomin a
strong black man
Every two weeks i see sam
Pitchin out my check with no respect but i still don't give
a damn
Becaause i gotta make my dough
My kill, rocked down, til i started seein cash flow
Everything happens for a reason, choose the season
To commit the perfect treason
Who brought me -- to the land, of unfree man
To move about and catch trout, by the dozens
Even had my cousin locked down, at the feet shackled
A one-way seat, to milledgeville
Nigga this real, how can you kill another
When it's your brother? still standing

Verse two: gipp

I never thought about, talked about what i did
Just experimented life as a young gump
Them days long gone, school bells done rung no mo'
Spendin hours at the house in my favorite chair
Slow mo', custom funk fingerprinted to carry a
hucklebuck
Feelin stuck with the art that my skin carries, scary
If i ever had to plot again, needin my stick
?gidgets to pidgits, moves to philly and the crew?

Nothin else to prove, fold a plot like chrome
Salt lick teddy bears in the college student's room
Speed, gipp got that too
Watch that dude, inspect that fool, still standing

Chorus: all together

Unscathed, cause this is pain
This for soldiers to feel
Mc's, are running out of things to say
Radio stations are running out of songs to play
Still standing, unscathed, cause of pain
This for soldiers to feel
Mc's, are running out of things to say
Radio stations are running out of songs to play

Verse three: khujo

On the sick side, of south central
33rd avenue, block 600
Workers have wash and car details
The ese's got the fresh chevrolet's for sale
Twenty g's or better, the whole neighborhood tanked
up
What? on the fortress walls, there is no letters
Buddha say, the bloods are strictly outnumbered
They beseiged, on the beats, goodie mo-b, run the
creeps
Y'all can have the streets, asphalt caught many
suckers
Slippin on wet floors, we puttin out the signs
On krovers, c-i, t-y, such a pity
Bein suckled dry, like a newborn
On his momma's titty before i retired i hit twenty
True to cellulite with big ?room pesquite? on the porch
Poundin, like cartoon ennis, old school efforts
Through the sunday down, crenshaw sparkin
Zoned out, off the ink, for life
Goin through time and metal detectors, i can't take my
weapon
And i can't be no dope dealer
Cause they be done put a hit out on a nigga, plus i can't
keep up
With them keys, locked in the fo'-do'
Backseat drivers havin out-of-body experiences
Wakin up, somewhere else... still standing

Verse four: cee-lo

Yeah..
Each and every element that exists in this

Universe is manifested from a thought first
Through the inner mind's eye of the unseen power in
the sky
Gave birth to mother earth and all it's worth to you and
i
This most loved invention, my consciousness is an
extension
Of him, yet i'm flesh and bone with a mind of my own
To dig deeper than the surface, whether i learn
From your upcomings or your downfalls we all have
individual purpose
It's amazing, how the streets do the majority of raising
Of children who end up dead before hearing what you
said
And it's sad, so all i can write about is what i had
Interpretations of life good and bad with a pen and pad
It seems like abortion, when i just write a small portion
It's either crumpled up or torn without lettin the thought
be born
Young minded, and blinded in those days; i didn't want
to
Have a thought that i couldn't raise, nurture, and care
for
Be there for, help prepare for, the times ahead
When someone doesn't agree with what is said, huh
And if they did, don't get all arrogant cause that's my
kid
Just be thankful that it's good and somebody overstood
Now, the listener in here want the same flow but i gotta
let it grow
Clever enough to let it go, if i don't wanna rap no mo'
And i'll make sure that no one ever forgets
It's immortalized forever, on wax cd's and cassettes
And when someone goes to the store and purchases it
for ten
The life cycle starts all over again
And i was granted this music as my soulmate, to
procreate
And give back what i was given, a life worth livin
And i, am still standing, unscathed
Pain is for suckers to feel
Mc's are running out of things to say, and
Radio stations running out of songs to play, shit!
We still standing, unscathed
And pain is for suckers to feel, huh
And mc's running out of things to say...

Visit [Goodie Mob F Sleepy Brown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.