

Hi-Tek

"Stand Up"

Visit "[Stand Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Kanye West] + (Ludacris) + (*Shawwna*)
Now, blaze that!
(Stand up!) (*uh*) (stand up!) (*yeah*)
(Stand up!) (*uh*) (stand up!) (*uh*)

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawwna)
When I move you move (just like that?)
When I move you move (just like that?)
When I move you move (just like that?)
Hell yeah!, hey DJ bring that back!
(When I move you move) just like that?
(When I move you move) just like that?
(When I move you move) just like that?
(Hell yeah!, hey DJ bring that back!)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]
How you ain't gone FUCK?, bitch I'm me
I'm the GOD DAMN reason you in V.I.P
CEO, you don't have to see ID
I'm young, wild, and strapped like Chi-Ali
BLAOW, we ain't got nothing to worry about
Whoop ass, let security carry them out
Watch out for the medallion my diamonds are
wreckless
It feels like a MIDGET is hanging from my necklace
I pulled up with a million trucks
Looking, smelling, feeling like a million bucks, ahh!
Pass the bottles, the heat is on
We in the huddle all smoking that Cheech & Chong
What's wrong?!, the club and the moon is full
And I'm looking for a THICK, young lady to pull
One sure shot way to get them out of them pants
Take note to the brand new dance
Like this

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawwna)

[Verse 2: Ludacris]
Go on with your big ass, let me see something
Tell your little friend he can quit mean mugging
I'm lit and I don't care what no one thinks

But where the FUCK is the waitress at with my drinks?!
My people outside and they can't get in
We gone rush the back door & break them in
The owner already pissed cause we sort of late
But our time and our clothes got to coordinate
Most girls looking right, some looking a mess
That's why they spilling drinks all over your dress
But Louis Vuitton bras all over your breasts
Got me wanting to put hickies all over your chest
Ahh!, come on we gone party tonight
Y'all use mouth to mouth bring the party to life
Don't be scared, show another part of your life
The more drinks in your system, the harder the fight!

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawna)

[Bridge: Ludacris]
Stand up! stand up!
Stand up! stand up!

[Verse 3: Kanye West]

Now, uh, me and Luda wasn't good at computers
So we dropped out of school cause we tried to fuck the
tutor
Her ex man drove a Mercury Cougar
I hit him with this maneuver he just couldn't recover
We got vouchers to stand on these couches
James Brown couldn't tell me, "get down!"
We got foreign cars and houses
We got porno stars and spouses
You trying to stab one like Jack The Ripper
Trying to get two like Jack "The Tripper"
My nigga Tony been locked for a minute
He come home from the street he gone want those
strippers
And I'm a big tipper I don't even be tripping
This my first real role, XL don't even be ticking
This my first pair of earrings I can wear in the shower
Without clouding up in a half an hour
So that basically mean my paper getting mean
Four G's in a paper denim jeans
The pink rocks real hot like Anthony Keys
To see this Jesus the sweetest of detest
We FIRE, y'all RETIRE
All ugly people please!, be quiet!
Over get a beat from me in a minute
He heard "Just to Get By" and I was rehired
I got a track right now that could save miles
It ain't a song, it's a video called Dave Meyers
Y'all drop 20 G's on the Sprewell rims
I give that money to another to get some real spins

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawna)

[Outro: Ludacris] + (Shawna)

Stand up! (uh) stand up! (yeah)

Stand up! (uh) stand up! (uh)

Stand up! (just like that?)

Stand up! (just like that?)

Stand up! stand up!

Visit [Hi-Tek](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.