

## Buffalo Tom

### "Stand Up!"

Visit "[Stand Up!](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Ghostface]

Be friends wit'cha gram!

I want everyone to stand up and be counted tonight

Hey you, blow your whistle (whistle sound)

Now clap ya hands and say yeah! (yeah)

[Ghostface]

Tune my voice out, tune my mic out

Tune my voice out, tune my mic out

Yo, this is how we rock

This is how we rock

This is how we rock, rock

Hey you, blow your whistle (whistle sound)

[Ghostface]

Yeah, we in the joint yo

We in the joint

Hey yo, hey, yeah, scream

Hey now, I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up  
(Ah shit!)

I want everyone to stand up and be counted tonight

(Stand up, yeah)

Brothers and sisters, if you know you've got your thing  
together

(Put your muthafuckin' hand in the air)

I want you to stand on up!

Now I got something to tell ya

(Swing it from left to right)

I'll tell you, now that I think about it

(Yeah)

And now I wanna tell ya how to get your thing together

(Play with this, you can't play with this)

Come on now, get a groove going

(Uh)

Yeah

Hey you, blow your whistle (whistle sound)

[Charli]

Yo, yo, yo  
Yo tony, what up?  
Heard your dick was good

[Ghostface]

You should know, yo I fucked you on the side of my  
hood

[Charli]

Never that dawg  
>From where you can never hit it  
Throw a razor in my mouth on the low  
And suck ya dick wit' it

[Ghostface]

The world famous, priceless, still stainless dick  
Pray over this, scoped ya love, nameless  
Heavyweight dick in ya jaw  
Good lickin' fom ya lips, now babygirl throw the song

[Charli]

Yo, yo, yo  
Aye yo Tony, you phoney  
We both signed to Sony  
But for half ya pub, ride that dick like a Pony, what

[Ghostface]

Yeah, what, put your money on my dick  
Girls, all eyes on my dick

[Charli]

Yo, yo, yo  
Cats fatigued out, thinkin' they armies  
My crew arms me with beats, how we swarm bee?  
Who bang?, B'More and Wu Tang, new thang  
Mad at how we do thangs, RZA cop me two fangs  
Official, now I bite through gristle  
Gold teeth style in from Philly to Stanton Island  
While in the meantime, spit mean lines  
Fuck clean rhymes, like mine's grimmy  
Like my niggas be  
Picture me, coming off soft  
Ya'll just cough up shit, I swallow rhymes  
Makin' bitches swallow 9's, re-define  
This rap shit, make my shit a classic  
Like Bethoven, stay posin'  
For the camera, stamina  
Like a crackhead, and crackheads are amauters

You try me, no in-between like Y to Z  
Pick brains like labotomies  
Still thoughts to charts of Billboard's  
Throw pour ill spores, leave niggsa stiff like still-born's

I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up  
(What, what, what)  
I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight  
(Stand up baby, stand up baby)  
Brothers and sisters, if you know you've got your thing  
together  
I want you to stand on up!  
(Stand up yo)  
Now I got something to tell ya  
I'll tell you, now that I think about it  
(Yeah, what, what, what)  
And now I wanna tell ya how to get your thing together

[Ghostface]  
I'm like Spider-Man's fifth brohter up in the Clan  
Drop like crap's that's scattered all up in ya van  
Skelly-man crook, character star  
In Donna Boines book  
MGM, Heaven and Hell, sat with the cook  
With the big spice bone, red hair's is killin' me  
Knotted up, twisted and green  
Seen them crystal's in that rap yo  
And get Barear  
Bear hug and five hundered ounce of that Stasion  
Wild man, Sarah  
Rush after hours, Alpha in the beds  
Caked hands like Dai Smith, rap haggler with a fade  
Magillia, Charli Baltimore with Hazel driftin'  
withdrawels  
Wind Face start with the Killah  
Stood still, a whole river chill  
Looked up and got dogged, that's when RZA started to  
build

Hey yeah!  
I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up  
Hey yeah!  
I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up

Hey you, blow your whistle (whistle sound)

[Charli]  
What, what, what, what!

[Ghostface]  
Aye yo, you craze me, turtleneck nigga rockin' Pasley

Shots crazily, steady blazin' where the spaid's be  
Teams like Starsky and Hutch, you put deluxe truck  
Ya bankrupt, 52's Knox, I heard you Ku Klux, damn  
Tear it out the van, sweat it with a tan  
With get like Remo spray can, suga the ram  
Fuck a cocktail, get my balls licked in Hell  
Read his Igloo Tales, hell all the dogs with broken tails  
Salt range, short order tab  
Ironman, bubble bath, nuclear, split the atom in half  
Meet dime O's, fifth brother bug inside 8 pole  
Change though, crush the birds inside the strip pose

[Charli]

Rap Conspiracy, hold songs for ransom  
Lancin' in Ghostmode, coke mixed with Branson  
Sheisty, tree's soaked in half-ki's  
Sabotage N.Y. with snipe's and 79's  
Channel 9's scene street team made news with who's  
Charli, every 16 bars be  
Sickening, peep the scription  
Rhyme vixen  
Keep the clips in tact, watch ya back  
Ain't done yet, 8-Spunett  
Poison webbers  
Spider-Woman, two legged, how we did it  
What!

Come on and get a groove goin'!

Hey you, blow your whistle (whistle sound)  
Hey you, blow your whistle (whistle sound)

Now clap your hands and say yeah

Yeah....

Now let me count it off  
1.. 2... 3

Hey  
Hey, hey, hey yeah!  
I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up

Visit [Buffalo Tom](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.