

## T.i. "Stand Up"

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Check this out my nigga, there's a lot of niggas out here

That got a lot of shit to motherfuckin' say  
But when a nigga bring it to them niggas  
They can't stand up for what they motherfuckin' said

Naw, I ain't say that, he said that  
Stand up if you got somethin' to say, my nigga  
Stand up for what you said, my nigga  
Tell them niggas bring it to the square, nigga

Stand up, if you don't like what I'm sayin' then buck  
Swang when you see me, we can throw them hands  
sucker  
Stand up, if you aint notice, nigga, I don't give a fuck  
If I said it, then I meant it an' what? Fuck, nigga

Stand up, you don't wanna see the trigger man buss  
Hit you an' your man's up, make it hard for a niggas to  
stand up  
Tell your crew they don't want it with us dude  
An' if the motherfuckas do, bust a motherfuckin' move,  
stand up

You got a alligator mouth an' a hummingbird ass  
Your mouth writin' checks that ya ass can't cash  
One forty five an' I'm outta ya weight class  
Wanna survive? You better scramble like eggs an'  
break fast

'Cause I know how to handle ya fake ass  
I'm ride on ya an' hide ya in yesterday's trash  
Pull up in the Chevy, sprayin' rounds through the glass  
See you layin' face down in the grass an' I laugh

Ha, that's the end of the saga  
The end of my problems, nigga mash the Impala  
Go lay up with a model an' watch the news tomorrow  
An' that's the end, checkmate, game over, I'll holla

Now I'm tellin' ya, potna, you don't know whatcha doin'  
Don't recognize the trouble ya gettin' into an' ya ruined

Hey, dig this man, I spent my childhood in a wild hood  
An' all that gangsta shit ya talkin', yeah, it sound good

But make it understood, you gonna have to show me  
I'm a OG, you wanna overthrow me

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Dearly beloved, we gathered here today  
To marry this young nigga in his own special thug way  
Do you promise to love an' respect all of the real  
niggas?

An' when the problem come, learn to deal with 'em?

Do you swear to turn the chopper on any motherfucker  
in ya path

Or any bitch, that's tryin' to stop ya?

An' do you promise to keep 'em handy an' don't hand  
'em

To nobody, nobody except family?

An' keep 'em cocked an' loaded an' don't expose 'em  
to nobody

Unless somebody want 'em in his body

To love an' cherish 'em from his trigger to his barrel  
From the bottom of ya heart, to death do you fuckin'  
part

Do you understand to live the life by him, is to sell ya  
soul

An' Lord knows you gonna die by him

I know you heard gun stories about John Wayne an' Billy  
the Kid

Sheed, all them motherfuckers dead

An' did you know that every other bitch from the Wild  
Wild West

End up dyin' from hollow points to they fuckin' chest  
'Cause they ain't never seen or cocked beamed a milli  
fourteen

Or Tommy gun, with a hundred round fuckin' gun

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Sheed, I'm talkin' about ridin' out tonight  
Only way I die first, gotta kill me in this verse  
Weezy F, middle finger to life  
So nothin' seem critical, in the hood I'm typical

Yeah I'm feelin' good an' spiritual, healin' hoods  
With shit up outta my kitchen, I'm pitching it, it's really  
good  
Smokin', drinkin', I'm like a fish an' I'll probably shit on  
ya bitch  
Probably piss on her lips an' she'll probably give you a  
kiss

Nasty, holly grove classic, parley with a nigga  
Probably rob the same bastard, ask him  
We don't give a fuck about a casket  
Nigga this the murder cappy, niggas just murder  
happy

Twelve years old, I jumped off the pot  
I started sellin' rocks, right after I got shot  
I had to hold my weight down  
Pussy nigga, stand up or lay down

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