

Trick Daddy "Stand Up"

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

(feat. Lil Jon, Lil' Wayne, T.I.)

[Chorus]

Stand up

If you don't like what I'm saying then buck

Swing when you see me we can throw them hands

sucker

Stand up

If you didn't notice nigga, I don't give a fuck

If I said it then I meant it and what fuck nigga

Stand up

You don't want to see the triggerman bust

Hit you and your mans up, make it hard for niggaz to

Stand up

Tell your crew they don't want it with us dude

And if them motherfuckers do, bust a motherfucking

move

Stand up

[Verse 1: T.I.]

You got a gator mouth and a hummingbird ass

Your mouth writing checks that your ass can't cash

145 and I'm out of your weight class

Want to survive, you better scramble like eggs and

break fast

Cause I know how to handle your fake ass

I'm a ride on you and hide you in yesterday's trash

Pull up in the Chevy's spraying rounds through the

glass

See you laying face down in the grass and I'll laugh

Ha, cause that's the end of the saga

The end of my problems, nigga mash the Impala

Go lay up with a model and watch the news tomorrow

And that's the end checkmate, game over, I'll holler

Pimp, telling you partner, you don't know what you're
doing

Or recognize the trouble you getting in to and you're
ruin

And dig this man

I spent my childhood in a wild hood

And all that gangster shit you talking, yeah, it sound
good

But make it understood
You gone have to show me, I'm a O.G.
You want to overthrow me

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Trick Daddy]

Dearly beloved, we're gathered here today
To marry this young nigga in his own special thug way
Do you promise to love and respect all of the real
niggaz
And when a problem come, learn to deal with 'em
Do you swear to turn this chopper
On any motherfucker in your path, or the bitch that's
trying to stop ya
Or do you promise to keep him handy
And don't hand him to nobody, nobody except family
And keep him cocked and loaded and don't expose
him to no body
Unless somebody, who want him in his body
To love and cherish and from this trigger to a barrel
From the bottom of your heart
'til death do you fuckin' part
Do you understand to live, to lie by him
Is to share your soul, Lord knows, you gone die by him
I know you heard gun stories about John Wayne and
Billy the Kid
Shit, all them motherfuckers dead
And did you know that every other bitch from the Wild,
Wild West
End up dying from hollow points to they fuckin' chest
Cause I ain't never seen a cock beamer meant for a
team of tummy guns
With a hundred round fuckin' drum

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Wayne]

Shit, I'm talking about riding out tonight
Only way I die first, got to kill me in this verse
Weezy F middle finger to life
So nothing seem critical in the hood I'm typical
Yet I'm feeling good and spiritual
Healing hoods with this shit up out my kitchen
I'm pitching that it's really good
Smoking, drinking, I'm like a fish
And I'll probably shit on ya bitch
Probably piss on her lips and she probably give you a
kiss
Nasty, Holly Grove classic
Polly wood a nigga probably robbed the same bastard

Ask him
We don't give a fuck about a casket
Nigga this the murder campy
Niggaz is murder happy
12 years old, I jumped off the pot
I started selling rock right after I got shot
I had to hold my weight down
Pussy nigga stand up or lay down

[Chorus]

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

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