

Tity Boi

"Stand Still"

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2 Chainz...

Scream, what's happenin'

You know man, these people man...

A lot of'em, a lot of'em going nowhere fast man

I call dat "treadmillin'", you feel me

They at a standstill man, got'em at a standstill

[Tity Boi:]

Long nights, more white and foresight

Foreseen in a foreign with the fog lights

On a pedestal and you're frog height

Forever clever, napalm mics

Blowed up last summer off of the freestyles

Year before that, the plug was on redial

Couple years remove for the penile

State of mind: criminal enterprise

Individuals who want extra sides

And desert, so we gone need extra pies

Emphasize I pull girls like a exercise

I pull so many hoes I need extra guys

Don't stand so close, shawty respect the fie (fire)

No sweat although the temp too high

Where I'm from, we feel the rent too high

She got me fucked up, I think the bitch too high

And I'm a southside astronaut, SA, that's the acronym

Mauri's with the air bubble on the back of them

The truck so big, it go beep backing in

[Chorus:]

Yep, yep, we got'em at a stand still

Like traffic, we got'em at a stand still

Young niggas from Atlanta, we're on a mission

Feel that, that's momentum shiftin'

Yep, yep, we got'em at a stand still

Like traffic, we got'em at a stand still

Young niggas from Atlanta, we're on a mission

Feel that, that's momentum shiftin'

[CyHi Da Prynce:]

Since I was a boy wearing Bugle's

Ran with the big dogs, never with the poodles
Eating noodles, being frugal, open mic at Crucial
Pussies wanna shoot you cause yo name all over
Google
Plus they stuck in neutral, and I doodle when I doo doo
So I won't take no shorts, I want the whole kit n
kaboodle
Martial arts flow, what I'm kickin is brutal
Fuck you busters and you suckers, you ain't shit in my
pupil
Toaster in the kitchen, but I ain't fixin a stroodle
Cause I hang with street niggas that's still getin boodle
If I never knew you, you can't get a feature
Cause my words are beautiful, I'm Mona Lisa of the
speaker
Me and 2 chainz backstage blowin Keisha
Witta black and yellow bitch, you can call me Wiz
Khalifa
Or, shakespeare in his late years
Face fears to make the average nigga taste tears
Waist spear for my fake peers
You in park partner, I'm in eighth gear
I hear you haters hatin, I got great ears
Cause the ATL on top and we stay here, yeah

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