

## Poor Old Lu

### "Stand Up"

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[intro]

What's goin on world?  
It's pop da brown hornet  
Chillin wit black, blackstreet, chauncey  
This song is dedicated to, inspired by  
Brother of mine, poo johnson  
My love baby, this for you

[pop da brown hornet]

A childhood friend of mine, was shot to death  
I visioned his body, fo' they lay him to rest  
The autopsy showed he was hit in the head, in the  
chest  
Weakened the strip, straight thru his flesh  
Whoever responsible will see the judge  
I hold no grudge, I fight evil with love  
I hear no evil, and I see non either  
Comin from believin the creator  
As a juvenile, I would often sit and wonder  
Starin out the window at the lightning and thunder  
Will they better days for mom dukes and me, at birth  
She wrapped up her dreams and gave them to me  
Genetically, I could feel the energy  
Pullin me towards my destiny, it was meant to be  
Eventually, it'll all pay off  
If you want it bad enough, you gotta give what it costs

Chorus: chauncey hannibal  
Every woman, every man  
To spread the news across the land  
Stand up, stand up, stand up  
Everybody, there has to be a better plan  
Stand up, stand up, stand up

[pop da brown hornet]

Nothin in life for free, not even death  
Can know and at em, cut out to be the best  
With we form mistakes, no one was born perfect  
Be careful who you love, because they might no  
deserve  
The knowledge that I drop, pure enough to worship

As for pop the individual, I'm just a mere mortal  
I'm trying to make it out of poverty  
Buy some property, build for the family  
Establish and establishment  
Put the proceeds I receive from entertainment  
All I want is love-love, so I can retire the all black  
knockout glove  
And just touch you in the mental, reach the next level  
Weed out the devil, assemble the puzzle  
Blow up a 8x10 so you can see the big picture  
Take care of self, we can all get richer

Chorus

[pop da brown hornet]  
Yo, any day could be our last, a world full of  
psychopaths  
Learn ya math, or you just might crash  
How to reality and into insanity  
In this cold world we can't even trust family  
Nowhere to turn when you stuck in between a  
Concrete jungle and a pack of hyenas  
Scavenger huntin, ain't no time for frontin  
Brothers in the street with nothin  
Always tryin to take somethin from somebody  
They usually pray on the week,  
Sacrifice a life 'cause somehow they gotta eat  
No regrets when actin out threats  
It's a different world when growin up inside the projects  
Outsiders get hawked by night riders  
You bound to get game in a world full of liars  
You gotta stand firm on shaky grounds  
Yo chauncey, break it down for da brown

Chorus 3x

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