Busta Rhymes, Stand Up

Y'all really be talkin' too much
Singin' and singin', and—
Singin' and singin', and singin', and singin', and—
Y'all got too much conversations incriminatin' yourselves
We really thought you were standup
While y'all all singin' and singin', and singin', and—
Singin' and singin', and singin', and—
Singin' and singin', and singin', and—
We really thought you were standup
Havin' conversations, incriminatin' yourselves
While y'all all singin' and singin', and singin', and—
We really thought you were standup (Huh, uh)

If you're not on my timin'
You best get out my way, yeah
VVS, see man shinin', yeah
Rolex, I iced that face
You wanna peep designer, yeah
You knew I got that taste, yeah
When you go buy designer, yeah, you're gonna see man's face

We celebratin', while I give it a— (Hey)
Bust open bottles and live it up (Oh)
Before the cameras, this a different sandwich, you step in the building and lift it up (Ayy)
We kill all the snitches like fentanyl, go 'head and sniff it up (Ayy)
Bitch, when the coast is clear, for all you to pull up and big it up (Big it up)

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Don't do snitches, don't do snakes Don't do rats, I don't do jakes All my drip real, don't do fakes Keep it real, it goes two ways Let a bad B go to waste Shiesty mask, no face, no case Nothing can ever stop my shine Then we'll pull up, I'm burn the place

You don't want to do that (Switchy) Never-ever, no

Go zoom, zoom Jump in that Ferrari, it go zoom, zoom, zoom Smokin' marijuana, I see fume, fume Ladies say they love me, love the shrooms, shrooms, shrooms Always been the highest in the room, room, room My baby, she the flyest in the room, room, room She got like Louis, Prada, Dior, baby, damn, she got poom, poom, poom, yeah

Yeah, I love the way you move, ah, baby No snitchin' on me I love the way you move, ah, baby No switchin' on me I love the way you move I love to show improve I love the way you groove (Ah) No switchin' on me (Yeah) No switchin' on me (Oh, no, no, no) No switchin' on me (Uh, yeah) I love the way you move, ah, baby (Oh, no, no, no) No snitchin' on me (Shit) No switchin' on me (Shit) No snitchin' on me (Shit) No switchin' on me (Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah) I want to get lit to the club Sip some champagne, pop, pop, pop, pop Meet some gyal, then chill with the gyal Never know, you might be my one Ooh, wow, skip to the club Sip some champagne, pop, pop, pop, pop Meet some gyal, then off with the gyal Never know, she might be my one, yeah

Don't stop (Hey) Don't stop (Hey) Don't stop (Hey) Don't stop (Hey) We gonna get you, get you, get you, get you We gonna get you, get you, get you, get you We gonna get you, get you, get you, get you We gonna get you, get you, get you, get you Oh, shit, oh God Oh, shit, oh God