

Kelly Willis, Get Up, Stand Up

Huh yeah, huh

This is all live, and all real

Niggaz can't understand it

I don't know why they can't comprehend

Heh-heh, heh-heh

[diesel (fam)- {both}]

I got a rugged step-back, cruddy-bat-smackin type of style

Meanwhile flip a freestyle

You know what I mean now?

Cos I've been down and kept down

Now I'm comin up

Pack a strap for roughin up

Don't you think of runnin up

(this is the music, so just use it to your benefit

Shit don't hit the fam, my man, unless I stand in it

(so duck) what? (your face will get bucked up huh)

You've never been roughed up

(but I think it's up something)

All about income, so run your funds

Yo, we ain't the ones

(we are your friend with the nines)

Cos I get slick

(and I get tough)

And we get rough

(so we gotta get) rough

(enough's enough, save the chatter

It don't matter

Knocked your grill and left, fam

Cause I'm a grand slam batter)

Who, when, why? what the fuck's up?

Give it up for the rugged rough

{and we them same guys

That snuffed guys on the last cut}

Chorus-x4

Get up, stand up

Chump, throw your hands up