

Wiz Khalifa, Stand Up

Listen, I came in the game feet first
Hit the ground runnin', a hustler 'till I meet dirt
Gotta be consumption I'm pumping, the people need work
Love the niggas frontin' I came from nothing and seen worse
The long-armed Khalifa reaching with each verse
I got that food for your thought, plus what the streets thirst
And you can ask around the haters'll know
I'm tame with the flow, I'm sorta like the jaeger and blow
I see the dream like a Martin Luther, I preach to the constitution in peace
But violate it, get that ass annihilated
I'm on the grind, money is time so why waste it
And everything but my piss clean, I'm high maintenance
You niggas are weak, sweet like one of them Now and Laters
The cannon blast your candy ass if you try and hate it
I made it, cause I stayed a couple steps ahead of y'all and
A hundred percent, since benji got the bread involved I'm
Loving this shit, come fuck with the prince
I'm leaving heads hollowed like them things stuffed in the clips
And the streets gon' remember this cat name, I'm beating the rap game
Just like nigga hugging the strip (why?)
Cause that's how a hustler do, fall back I don't fuck with you
We make it happen the clapping know we can scrum with you
Yeah we can take it to the heads, give you a lump or two
A fool is still, team bring heat like a oven dude

Ladies stand up, gentlemen stand up
This is pure skill, far from damned luck
You gotta make a plan to never give your man up
And man up, to positively stand up

Once again the youngest sin came to drop the hammer
How could a bystander feel that this is not bananas?
We earn stripes, you all hype in that propaganda
Gats spot, you cats shot, but not from cameras
Back Glock, cause snap shots'll stop your plan up
Stuck in my ways, the haze taste like tropicana
Thinking the days of way back, people will say that
The youngin was gifted sick when he stayed back
Now the people listening play back, I got it made
Obligated to getting passing grades and blaze tracks
You'll be amazed at how I make units move
Self-made, twelfth grade, boy I'll take you to school
I'm through the streets of pistolvania where my goonies move
[?] can't miss these trucks with the rims on them
And you can find me speeding, listening to Big and Em
Fresh outta class with the weed tucked in my Timberlands

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