

# Ludacris, Stand Up (Remix)

(featuring Kanye West & Shawna)  
[Intro: Kanye West] + (Ludacris) + (\*Shawna\*)  
Now, blaze that!  
(Stand up!) (\*uh\*) (stand up!) (\*yeah\*)  
(Stand up!) (\*uh\*) (stand up!) (\*uh\*)

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawna)  
When I move you move (just like that?)  
When I move you move (just like that?)  
When I move you move (just like that?)  
Hell yeah!, hey DJ bring that back!  
(When I move you move) just like that?  
(When I move you move) just like that?  
(When I move you move) just like that?  
(Hell yeah!, hey DJ bring that back!)

[Verse 1: Ludacris]  
How you ain't gone F\*\*K?, bitch I'm me  
I'm the GOD DAMN reason you in V.I.P  
CEO, you don't have to see ID  
I'm young, wild, and strapped like Chi-Ali  
BLAOW, we ain't got nothing to worry about  
Whoop ass, let security carry them out  
Watch out for the medallion my diamonds are wreckless  
It feels like a MIDGET is hanging from my necklace  
I pulled up with a million trucks  
Looking, smelling, feeling like a million bucks, ahh!  
Pass the bottles, the heat is on  
We in the huddle all smoking that Cheech & Chong  
What's wrong?!, the club and the moon is full  
And I'm looking for a THICK, young lady to pull  
One sure shot way to get them out of them pants  
Take note to the brand new dance  
Like this

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawna)

[Verse 2: Ludacris]  
Go on with your big ass, let me see something  
Tell your little friend he can quit mean mugging  
I'm lit and I don't care what no one thinks  
But where the F\*\*K is the waitress at with my drinks?!  
My people outside and they can't get in  
We gone rush the back door & break them in  
The owner already pissed cause we sort of late  
But our time and our clothes got to coordinate  
Most girls looking right, some looking a mess  
That's why they spilling drinks all over your dress  
But Louis Vuitton bras all over your breasts  
Got me wanting to put hickies all over your chest  
Ahh!, come on we gone party tonight  
Y'all use mouth to mouth bring the party to life  
Don't be scared, show another part of your life  
The more drinks in your system, the harder the fight!

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawna)

[Bridge: Ludacris]  
Stand up! stand up!  
Stand up! stand up!

[Verse 3: Kanye West]  
Now, uh, me and Luda wasn't good at computers  
So we dropped out of school cause we tried to f\*\*k the tutor

Her ex man drove a Mercury Cougar  
I hit him with this maneuver he just couldn't recover  
We got vouchers to stand on these couches  
James Brown couldn't tell me, "get down!"  
We got foreign cars and houses  
We got porno stars and spouses  
You trying to stab one like Jack The Ripper  
Trying to get two like Jack "The Tripper"  
My nigga Tony been locked for a minute  
He come home from the street he gone want those strippers  
And I'm a big tipper I don't even be tripping  
This my first real rolex it don't even be ticking  
This my first pair of earrings I can wear in the shower  
Without 'em clouding up in a half an hour  
So that basically mean my paper getting mean  
Four G's in a paper denim jeans  
The pink rocks Red Hot like Anthony Kiedis  
To see this Jesus the sweetest of detest  
We FIRE, y'all RETIRE  
All ugly people please!, be quiet!  
Hovah get a beat from me in a minute  
He heard "Just to Get By" and I was rehired  
I got a track right now that could save Mya  
It ain't a song, it's a video called Dave Meyers  
Y'all drop 20 G's on the Sprewell rims  
I give that money to another to get some real spins

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Shawwna)

[Outro: Ludacris] + (Shawwna)  
Stand up! (uh) stand up! (yeah)  
Stand up! (uh) stand up! (uh)  
Stand up! (just like that?)  
Stand up! (just like that?)  
Stand up! stand up!