

Meek Millz, Stand Up Nigga

(feat. Nitty)

Yeaaa hahaha uhuh conway

Is this a flamer?

Yea szir

I got Black- with me, Nitty ha!

Listen I'm a ball till I fall

Spit it lik I did it

Ride til I die with my finger on the trigger

I ain't never had nothing

I'm a get it how I'm living

Crackers wanna sit me down cause I'm a stand up ni**a

Check! I be on the block with it

Tray pound blocking it

Better shoot all in the ni**a face like - swish!

Got ya main b***h on my d**k nd she be riding it

She tell me that your f*** game suspect

Tired of it

I don't even let her suck me off

I let her polish it

She be lolly poppin it

Head shot bobbing it

But back to these dirty streets

Where these niggas on some rotton s**t

Gorilaz with banana clips

You ont wanna collide with it

Ummm

If a nigga got beef

Tell em don't go rap bout it

Tell em meet me in the streets

Cause he kno that's where I'm at

Seven days up out the week

24 hours a day

I'm in the track I'm never sleep

I'm a east side rider

Willadel solider

Toldya ni**as out my range like rover

Hold up

Grind lik brakes with no roaders

Big boy shit

Wake a ni**a up

Fooled yas

My team pro

Mephazine soda

We boss sip

Lean ride rolla

We all get green got yolla

Got pur by the pound haze

Fluffy like ya sofa

That's how we move it

Like ain't nothin to it

Get to work bust it down and run right through it

Some say I spit retarded lik I'm stupid

If it's bout a check

Weeknights then just do it

[Chorus:]

I'm a ball till I fall

Spit it like I did it

Ride till I die

Trigger on my figger

I ain't never had nothing

I'm a get it how I'm living

Crackers wanna sit me down

Cause I'm a stand up ni**a

Ey yo the name nitty yo

Talk of the city yo
I get busy not afraid to let that semi go
I be in the line lik
It look lik a video
Never been an underdog
Stayed on top with any flow
A million a more my shit poppin out the store
If I hit it one time
But she called me back for more
I'm tryna make a million of a dollar
Grinding off the steps
Could'ntdo it had to holla
Tripein with an attitude
Nothin like my father
Still on my jay-o
Never man I can't let a day go
My a** get to work than he drop it lik a Kayo
Ask them lil niggas
They say I'm hotter than waiko
Texas, mex- elastic when I stretch shit
Richie on his way home and he can't wait to wet s**t
Back to back vans
Different b**ches on some next shit
Black on black vans
With some laces lose fresh shit
[Chorus:]
Ball till I fall
Spit it like I did it
Ride til I die
With my finger on the trigger
I ain't never had nothin
I'm a get it how I'm living
Crackers wanna sit me down cause I'm a stand up ni**a
Who got the game on smash
Who got the game on lock
You ain't got the game on nothing
You just run that game alot
I keep that hand in poc
I keep that gun on hip
Betta keep yo distance ni**a
When I lift betta pray I miss
I'm bout that dollar dollar
That louie, gucci, and proda
That's part of my attire
I spit that rap with fire
I set that stove on fire
I drop that -bake in water
I got some nicest prices
Come on now place your order
You know I'm bout my change
You know I hold them thangs
I throw that work around lik change
Come back like boomerangs
Roll with orangatang
They flippin bust that heat
I know the feds is watching
Homey I'm in the streets
Bust guns and held the smoke
Bust guns if I go broke
Sometimes I bust my guns if nothing just to let you know
Grown man with too much pride
I let them bullets fly
And I ain't fighting
Only thing I'm fighting is homicides
[Chorus:]

Then Ball till fall
Spit like I did it
Ride till I die with my finger on the trigger
I ain't never had nothing
I'm a get it how I'm liveing
Crackers wanna sit me down cause I'm a stand up ni**a!