

T.I., Stand Up

(feat. Lil Jon, Lil' Wayne, Trick Daddy)

[Chorus]

Stand up
If you don't like what I'm saying then buck
Swing when you see me we can throw them hands sucker
Stand up
If you didn't notice nigga, I don't give a fuck
If I said it then I meant it and what fuck nigga
Stand up
You don't want to see the triggerman bust
Hit you and your mans up, make it hard for niggaz to
Stand up
Tell your crew they don't want it with us dude
And if them motherfuckers do, bust a motherfucking move
Stand up

[Verse 1: T.I.]

You got an alligator mouth and a hummingbird ass
Your mouth writing checks that your ass can't cash
145 and I'm out of your weight class
Want to survive, you better scramble like eggs and break fast
Cause I know how to handle your fake ass
I'm a ride on you and hide you in yesterday's trash
Pull up in the Chevy's spraying rounds through the glass
See you laying face down in the grass and I'll laugh
Ha, cause that's the end of the saga
The end of my problems, nigga mash the Impala
Go lay up with a model and watch the news tomorrow
And that's the end checkmate, game over, I'll holler
Pimp, telling you partner, you don't know what you're doing
Or recognize the trouble you getting in to and you're ruin
And dig this man
I spent my childhood in a wild hood
And all that gangster shit you talking, yeah, it sound good
But make it understood
You gone have to show me, I'm a O.G.
You want to overthrow me

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Trick Daddy]

Dearly beloved, we're gathered here today
To marry this young nigga in his own special thug way
Do you promise to love and respect all of the real niggaz
And when a problem come, learn to deal with 'em
Do you swear to turn this chopper
On any motherfucker in your path, or the bitch that's trying to stop ya
Or do you promise to keep him handy
And don't hand him to nobody, nobody except family
And keep him cocked and loaded and don't expose him to no body
Unless somebody, who want him in his body
To love and cherish and from this trigger to a barrel
From the bottom of your heart
'til death do you fuckin' part
Do you understand to live, to lie by him
Is to share your soul, Lord knows, you gone die by him
I know you heard gun stories about John Wayne and Billy the Kid
Shit, all them motherfuckers dead
And did you know that every other bitch from the Wild, Wild West
End up dying from hollow points to they fuckin' chest
Cause I ain't never seen a cock beamer meant for a team of tummy guns
With a hundred round fuckin' drum

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Lil' Wayne]

Shit, I'm talking about riding out tonight
Only way I die first, got to kill me in this verse
Weezy F middle finger to life
So nothing seem critical in the hood I'm typical
Yet I'm feeling good and spiritual
Healing hoods with this shit up out my kitchen
I'm pitching that it's really good
Smoking, drinking, I'm like a fish
And I'll probably shit on ya bitch
Probably piss on her lips and she probably give you a kiss
Nasty, Holly Grove classic
Polly wood a nigga probably robbed the same bastard
Ask him
We don't give a fuck about a casket
Nigga this the murder campy
Niggaz is murder happy
12 years old, I jumped off the pot
I started selling rock right after I got shot
I had to hold my weight down
Pussy nigga stand up or lay down

[Chorus]