

Artist: ti

Title: Stand Up

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[Lil Jon]

Check this out my nigga (what's up) theirs a lot of niggas out here
That got a lot of shit to motherfuckin say (yeah)
But when a nigga bring it to them niggas (what's up)
They can't stand up for what they motherfuckin said
(Naw I aint say that, he said that) Stand Up
If you got something to say my nigga, stand up for what you said..my nigga
Tell them niggas bring it to the square nigga

(chorus)

Stand up..If you don't like what I'm saying then buck
Swang when you see me, we can throw them hands sucker
Stand up..If you aint 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 wanna see the triggermans bust
Hit you and your man's up, make it hard for a nigga to..stand up
Tell your crew they don't want it with us dudes
And if the motherfucka do, bust a motherfuckin move..stand up

[T.I.]

You got a alligator mouth and a hummingbird ass
Your mouth writin' checks that ya ass can't cash
One forty-five and I'm outta ya weight class
Wanna survive..better scramble like eggs and break fast
Cause I know how to handle ya fake ass
I'm ride on ya, and hide ya in yesterday's trash
Pull up in the chevy spraying rounds through the glass
See you laying face down in the grass and I laugh
Ha...that's the end of the sog
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 holla
Now I'm telling ya potna, you don't know whatcha doing
Don't recognize the trouble ya getting into, and ya ruined
Dig this man..I spent my childhood in a wild hood
And all that gangsta shit ya talking, yeah it sound good
But make it understood, you gonna have to show me
I'm a OG, you wanna overthrow me

(chorus)

[Trick Daddy]

Dearly beloved, we 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 niggas
And when the problem come, learn to deal with'em
Do you swear to turn the chopper on any motherfucker in ya path
Or any bitch, that's tryin to stop ya
And do you promise to keep'em handy, and don't hand'em
To nobody, nobody except family and keep'em cocked and loaded
And don't expose'em to nobody unless somebody want'em in his body
To love and cherish'em from his trigger to his barrel
From the bottom of ya heart, to death do you fuckin part
Do you understand to live the life by him, is to sell ya soul
And Lord knows you gonna die by him
I know you heard gun stories about John Wayne and Billy the Kid
Sheed...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 they ain't never seen or cocked beamed a milli fourteen
Or tommy gun, with a hundred round fucking gun

(chorus)

[Lil Wayne]

Sheed..I'm talking about riding out tonight
Only way I die first, gotta kill me in this verse
Weezy F, middle finger to life
So nothing seem critical, in the hood I'm typical
Yeah I'm feeling good and spiritual
Healing hoods with shit up outta my kitchen
I'm pitching it, 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'll probably give you a kiss, nasty
Holly grove classic, parley with a nigga, proly rob the same bastard
Ask him, we don't give a fuck about a casket
Nigga this the murder cappy, niggas just murder happy
Twelve years old, I jumped off the pot
I started selling rocks, right after I got shot
I had to hold my weight down
Pussy nigga stand up or lay down

(chorus)