

Stand Up

Charli Baltimore

Be friends wit'cha gram!

I want everyone to stand up and be counted tonight

Hey you, blow your whistle Now clap ya hands and say yeah! (yeah)

Tune my voice out, tune my mic out

Tune my voice out, tune my mic out

Yo, this is how we rock

This is how we rock

This is how we rock, rock

Hey you, blow your whistle

Yeah, we in the joint yo

We in the joint

Hey yo, hey, yeah, scream

Hey now, I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up

(Ah shit!)

I want everyone to stand up and be counted tonight

(Stand up, yeah)

Brothers and sisters, if you know you've got your thing together

(Put your muthafuckin' hand in the air)

I want you to stand on up!

Now I got something to tell ya

(Swing it from left to right)

I'll tell you, now that I think about it

(Yeah)

And now I wanna tell ya how to get your thing together

(Play with this, you can't play with this)

Come on now, get a groove going

(Uh)

Yeah

Hey you, blow your whistle

Yo, yo, yo

Yo tony, what up?

Heard your dick was good

You should know, yo I fucked you on the side of my hood

Never that dawg

From where you can never hit it

Throw a razor in my mouth on the low

And suck ya dick wit' it

The world famous, priceless, still stainless dick

Pray over this, scoped ya love, nameless

Heavyweight dick in ya jaw

Good lickin' fom ya lips, now babygirl throw the song

Yo, yo, yo

Aye yo Tony, you phoney

We both signed to Sony

But for half ya pub, ride that dick like a Pony, what

Yeah, what, put your money on my dick
Girls, all eyes on my dick

Yo, yo, yo
Cats fatigued out, thinkin' they armies
My crew arms me with beats, how we swarm bee?
Who bang?, B'More and Wu Tang, new thang
Mad at how we do thangs, RZA cop me two fangs
Official, now I bite through gristle
Gold teeth style in from Philly to Stanton Island
While in the meantime, spit mean lines
Fuck clean rhymes, like mine's grimmy
Like my niggas be
Picture me, coming off soft
Ya'll just cough up shit, I swallow rhymes
Makin' bitches swallow 9's, re-define
This rap shit, make my shit a classic
Like Bethoven, stay posin'
For the camera, stamina
Like a crackhead, and crackheads are amauters
You try me, no in-between like Y to Z
Pick brains like labotomies
Still thoughts to charts of Billboard's
Throw pour ill spores, leave niggsa stiff like still-born's

I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up
(What, what, what)
I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight
(Stand up baby, stand up baby)
Brothers and sisters, if you know you've got your thing together
I want you to stand on up!
(Stand up yo)
Now I got something to tell ya
I'll tell you, now that I think about it
(Yeah, what, what, what)
And now I wanna tell ya how to get your thing together

I'm like Spider-Man's fifth brohter up in the Clan
Drop like crap's that's scattered all up in ya van
Skelly-man crook, character star
In Donna Boines book
MGM, Heaven and Hell, sat with the cook
With the big spice bone, red hair's is killin' me
Knotted up, twisted and green
Seen them crystal's in that rap yo
And get Bareaar
Bear hug and five hundered ounce of that Stasion
Wild man, Sarah
Rush after hours, Alpha in the beds
Caked hands like Dai Smith, rap haggler with a fade
Magillia, Charli Baltimore with Hazel driftin' withdrawels
Wind Face start with the Killah
Stood still, a whole river chill
Looked up and got dogged, that's when RZA started to build

Hey yeah!
I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up
Hey yeah!
I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up

Hey you, blow your whistle
What, what, what, what!

Aye yo, you craze me, turtleneck nigga rockin' Pasley
Shots crazily, steady blazin' where the spaid's be
Teams like Starsky and Hutch, you put deluxe truck
Ya bankrupt, 52's Knox, I heard you Ku Klux, damn
Tear it out the van, sweat it with a tan
With get like Remo spray can, suga the ram
Fuck a cocktail, get my balls licked in Hell
Read his Igloo Tales, hell all the dogs with broken tails
Salt range, short order tab
Ironman, bubble bath, nuclear, split the atom in half
Meet dime O's, fifth brother bug inside 8 pole
Change though, crush the birds inside the strip pose

Rap Conspiracy, hold songs for ransom
Lancin' in Ghostmode, coke mixed with Branson
Sheisty, tree's soaked in half-ki's
Sabotage N.Y. with snipe's and 79's
Channel 9's scene street team made news with who's
Charli, every 16 bars be
Sickening, peep the scription
Rhyme vixen
Keep the clips in tact, watch ya back
Ain't done yet, 8-Spunett
Poison webbers
Spider-Woman, two legged, how we did it
What!

Come on and get a groove goin'!

Hey you, blow your whistle Hey you, blow your whistle
Now clap your hands and say yeah

Yeah....

Now let me count it off
1.. 2... 3

Hey
Hey, hey, hey yeah!
I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up