

Stand By

Diabolic

There's about to be a fuckin' problem...

This is hip-hop, get your muthafuckin hands high, get em' up, get em' up,
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I said this is hip-
hop, get your muthafuckin hands high, get em' up, get em' up,
I said this is hip-
hop, get your muthafuckin hands high, get em' up, get em' up, now,

Yo,

Ones for the money ya'll, twos for the show infact,
Threes for the loaded gat you hold when you wrote your raps,
I ain't holdin' back no more, If your flow is wack,
I'm flying off the handle like the barrel from a broken bat,
Anybody poppin' slick shifts getting helicopter lifted,
To the top of district hospital's for a doctor visit,
Bolics optimistic, opposite; apocalyptic,
Brainstorm, make it rain drop acidic toxic liquid,
I'll knock you bitches into next week with a haymaker,
And straight razor your face when you land seven days later,
I say pray your soul to keep, when you go to sleep,
But you sold the lease, on your own beliefs, like Roman priests,
You prolly told the beast hip-hop needs its own police,
To patrol the streets and shows whenever somethin' dopes released,
But the Navy's total fleet can't storm in a local beach,
Told to breach my home, couldn't get me out the zone I've reached.

Make some muthafuckin noise, scream like you never do,
Let em' know we here, punch the muthafucka next to you,
Roll somethin', light it up, guzzle what's inside your cup,
Hold up, wait a minute, i don't think you hype enough,
Who don't give a fuck now? Livin' like they can't die,
I said get your hands high, reachin' for the damn sky,
People get em' up now, you don't gotta ask why,
I said get your hands high, verse two, stand by...

Store my rhymes cryogenically, for an entire century,
And even science then'll be baffled by the chemistry
The rapid rise in energies, analyzed forensically,
To fathom why this natural high is trapped inside your memory,
So why do rappers lie, glamorizing weaponry,
Gettin' away with murder like the cat who's driving Kennedy,
I'll have your life's in jeopardy, receiving intravenous fluid,
Till the thieves I'm crew with pull the plug on your breathing unit,
I peep the blue-print of your music, every bar and measure,
Plantin' demo charges to tear apart the architecture,
My squad march together through the Arctic weather,
And the hardest sector, and left a mark forever like a Scarlet letter,
Scar a veteran for medallin' in our endeavours,
So enjoy gettin' tar and feathered while your arms are severed,
Ya'll will never stop this moon out the Boonies,
Who spits more jewels out than that dudes mouth in Goonies,

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Hold up, wait a minute, I don't think you hype enough,

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I said get your hands high, reachin' for the damn sky,
People get em' up now, you don't gotta asky why,
I said get your hands high, verse three, stand by...

Payin' god when you go to mass,
For someone that i know will slash your throat,
With the broken glass from a Corona broke in half,
I'm Jehovah's wrath or worse than the pope and Catholic Church,
Christening the anti-Christ while he soaked in after birth,
Half a verse got you spacing out like Captain Kirk,
Till i throw you back to Earth and leave you miles below the grass and dirt,
The gat will burst, at the first cat I face ya'll,
And that's why you shook to respond like magic 8'balls,
_____ the great wall, New York is the Norwegians
Fuck what they force-feeding, I'll up chuck in a board meeting,
Four seasons, year round, spittin' that blue magic,
It wouldn't wear down in a triple fat goose jacket.
Can pull ratchets like mechanics, i got screws loose,
But fuck a deuce-deuce, I'll drop two nukes through your moonroof,
And it's foolproof so imma act a fool like Raul do,
With two turntables and a mic, that's my crew roots.

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