

# Still Standing

Goodie Mob

This for the soldiers. (Soldiers.)  
Stay strong, my niggaz.  
(Gangsters, Players.)  
Stay up, my niggaz. (Real niggaz.)

Leavin' the cut in a rage.  
Loadin' up my Mac, goin' to my crib, to get my twelve gauge.  
One of my boys just got shot, huh.  
Fuckin' around, in that million dollar spot.  
A educated brother,  
Didn't have no money for college, he was taught the street knowledge.  
Part of the plan,  
To keep us fightin' in the street, instead of becomin' a strong black man.  
Every two weeks I see Sam,  
Pitchin' out my check, with no respect, but I still don't give a damn,  
Because I gotta make my dough.  
My kill, rocked down, till I started seein' cash flow.  
Everything happens for a reason, choose the season,  
To commit the perfect treason.  
Who brought me to the land, of unfree man,  
To move about and catch trout, by the dozens?  
Even had my cousin locked down, at the feet shackled;  
A one-way seat, to Milledgeville.  
Nigga, this real, how can you kill another,  
When it's your brother? Still Standing.

I never thought about, talked about what I did.  
Just experimented life as a young Gump.  
Them days long gone, school bells done rung no mo'.  
Spendin' hours at the house, in my favorite chair.  
Slow mo', custom funk fingerprinted, to carry a hucklebuck.  
Feelin' stuck with the art that my skin carries, scary.  
If I ever had to plot again, needin' my stick,  
Gidgets to pidgits, moves to Philly and the crew.  
Nothin' else to prove, fold a plot like chrome.  
Salt lick teddy bears, in the college student's room.  
Speed, Gipp got that too.  
Watch that dude, inspect that fool, Still Standing.

[Chorus]  
Unscathed, 'cause this is pain.  
This for soldiers to feel.  
MC's, are running out of things to say.  
Radio stations are running out of songs to play.  
Still Standing, unscathed, 'cause of pain.  
This for soldiers to feel.  
MC's, are running out of things to say.  
Radio stations are running out of songs to play.

On the sick side of South Central,  
33rd Avenue, block six hundred.  
Workers have wash and car details.  
The ese's got the fresh Chevrolet's for sale.  
Twenty G's or better, the whole neighborhood tanked up.  
What? On the fortress walls, there is no letters.  
Buddha say, the Bloods are strictly outnumbered.  
They besieged, on the beats, Goodie Mo-B, run the creeps.

Y'all can have the streets, asphalt caught many suckers  
Slippin' on wet floors, we puttin' out the signs.  
On krockers, C-I, T-Y, such a pity.  
Bein' suckled dry, like a newborn.  
On his momma's titty before I retired, I hit twenty.  
True to cellulite with big room mesquite, on the porch.  
Poundin', like cartoon Ennis, old school efforts.  
Through the Sunday down, Crenshaw sparkin'  
Zoned out, off the ink, for life.  
Goin' through time and metal detectors, I can't take my weapon,  
And I can't be no dope dealer.  
'Cause they be done put a hit out on a nigga, plus I can't keep up  
With them keys, locked in the fo'-do'.  
Backseat drivers havin' out-of-body experiences.  
Wakin' up, somewhere else... Still Standing.

Yeah...

Each and every element that exists in this  
Universe is manifested from a thought, first.  
Through the inner mind's eye of the unseen power in the sky,  
Gave birth to Mother Earth, and all it's worth, to you and I.  
This most loved invention, my consciousness is an extension  
Of Him, yet I'm flesh and bone, with a mind of my own.  
To dig deeper than the surface, whether I learn  
From your upcomings or your downfalls, we all have individual purpose.  
It's amazing, how the streets do the majority of raising,  
Of children who end up dead before hearing what you said.  
And it's sad, so all I can write about is what I had.  
Interpretations of life, good and bad, with a pen and pad.  
It seems like abortion, when I just write a small portion.  
It's either crumpled up or torn, without lettin' the thought be born.  
Young minded, and blinded in those days; I didn't want to  
Have a thought that I couldn't raise, nurture, and care for.  
Be there for, help prepare for, the times ahead.  
When someone doesn't agree with what is said, huh.  
And if they did, don't get all arrogant 'cause that's my kid.  
Just be thankful that it's good, and somebody overstood.  
Now, the listener in here want the same flow, but I gotta let it grow.  
Clever enough to let it go, if I don't want to rap no mo'.  
And I'll make sure that no one ever forgets.  
It's immortalized forever, on wax CD's and cassettes.  
And when someone goes to the store and purchases it for ten,  
The life cycle starts all over again.  
And I was granted this music as my soulmate, to procreate,  
And give back what I was given, a life worth livin'.  
And I, am Still Standing, unscathed.  
Pain is for suckers to feel.  
MC's are running out of things to say, and  
Radio stations running out of songs to play, shit!  
We Still Standing, unscathed.  
And pain is for suckers to feel, huh.  
And MC's running out of things to say...