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

You got a gator 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

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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

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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

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Pussy nigga stand up or lay down

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Tištěno z Stand up