

Stand Up

Meek Mill

When you go out, you want an obituary or a documentary? Which one you want Khaled?

(I want money)

A documentary, right?

(I want that too!)

We gotta make movies Bright lights attracted bad bitches

And attracted to mad niggas Whoever thought lil' ol' Meek Milly'd pass Jigga?

I'm just thinkin' a tad bigger

You niggas talk fly, only fly at your last picture

And you look like the last picture

I just hit a home run, on clash with us

And this money, [?], comin' for the ass, nigga, ass, nigga

Last nigga, there were cemeteries diggin' grass, nigga

The obituary leaves the last scripture

Mama said he was a good kid, thinkin' would kid

I signed my deal with my AP on

In the drop top with the AC on

Stuntin' with Cash Money, get my Baby on

No, never fuck a chick that got Bakers on

Or no Michael Kors

I'm on the same shit that Mike was on

Jordan, Jackson, Tyson on

I've seen niggas your type twice before

I'm in that white velour, look at the flights I bought

These mothafuckin' hoes got a right to war

When a young real nigga light the floor

Hundred black bottles, man that's lights galore

Before Tom was Ford, I'm talkin' Honda Accord

Lookin' for a plug, tryna find the cord

Niggas gettin' shot tryna find the Lord

This bust down Rollie say the time is yours

I get my grindin' on

Like [?] in the [?], it was mayday

Started with a warden, gun until I got an AK

Kids in the projects when we was by the bay, bay

Kids with the Pyrex, I hit it first, Ray J

When the lights low, and the show starts And the champagne spill on your bow tie

And your dawg change up, playin' both sides

No it won't stop, when the dope stop

When the fed rush in the dope spot

And your main man tell 'em how the coke drop

How he rain danced with me by the boat dock

I know when he did that, I bet that your ghost drop

I hope that you stand up
 Young nigga just man up
 I'm just hopin' you stand up
 Young nigga just man up
 I just hope that you man up and don't give the fam up
 I just hope that you man up and don't give the fam up Real nigga for life
 As the rain drop, drop on the pavement
 I came through my hood more sanely
 On the block all night like I ain't famous
 I still run with the same niggas I came with
 Where I came from, where I came in
 We eatin' lobster and steak from Top Ramen
 Oodles and noodles, when you're hungry them killers'll do you
 And when you're gettin' to that money them people pursue you
 The feds lurkin', the streets watchin'
 Them hoes talkin', like he got it
 And he nervous, cause we plottin'
 We call that boy for a burner and we rob him
 Like Batman, pussy niggas gettin' backhand
 Talkin' to the people you a at man
 Half rack, we got more ghosts than Pac-Man
 And for that paper we be grindin' like a lapdance
 Get the money young nigga
 Get the money, never fold, cause they comin' young nigga
 When the feds get to rushin', better not tell on young nigga
 Don't be selfish young nigga, just man up, don't give the fam up
 Facin' 20 years when they added them grams up
 Plus 5 more, he got booked with a handgun And now he in the courtroom, givin' his mans up
 Rat ass nigga When the lights low, and the show starts
 And the champagne spill on your bow tie
 And your dawg change up, playin' both sides
 No it won't stop, when the dope stop
 When the fed rush in the dope spot
 And your main man tell 'em how the coke drop
 How he rain danced with me by the boat dock
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 I just hope that you man up and don't give the fam up
 I just hope that you man up and don't give the fam up
 Real nigga for life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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