

# Stand Up

Meek Mill

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

(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 f\*\*k 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 Mulsanne'n  
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

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