

Standing Ovation

Young Jeezy

Hey
Hey
Hey
Hey, yeah
Hey
Jeah, hey, hey, hey

I told 'em straight drop this and zip lock that
Right on my waistline is where I kept that strap (yeah)
I remember nights I didn't remember nights (nights)
I damn near went crazy, had to get it right (that's right)
Now I'm ya favorite rapper's favorite rapper (hey)
Now I'm ya favorite trapper's favorite trapper (ha ha)
The absolute truth, yeah I'm no joke
Who me, I emerge from the crack smoked (yeah)
In the hearts of those who grind with O's (O's)
They feel my pain, they at my shows (jeah)
That's why I got this glass pot and this triple beam (what)
I tell 'em Money Talks like Charlie Sheen (hey)

These are more than words, this is more than rap
This is the streets and I am the trap
Standing ovation
Standing ovation
(2x)

Once upon a time, I used to grind all night (grind all night)
With that residue, that was Ipod white (yeah)
I'm a boss, I got Juice like the magazine (jeah)
And everyday I see Feds like a magazine (ha ha)
Psychopathic wordplay, schizophrenic flow (flow)
I guess it's safe to say I got schizophrenic dough (damn)
Fuck bad bitches, smoke big blunts (jeah)
Who am I to tell ya different? Ya only live once (let's get it)
All I blow is kush, yeah that cali bud (bud)
Got cali love when I got that cali glove (hey)
My spanish bitch in L.A., yeah I owe her one (one)
Now them squares seventeen like Uncle Brady's son (yeah)

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My brains pulse through my veins, man I can't understand it
Infatuation with the birds, I watch Animal Planet (ha ha)
My life's a motion picture in Dolby Digital (hey)
Tree raiser and the scale it was digital
Calculate my every step, I'm a mathematician
Make them pigeons disappear, I'm a damn magician (yeah)
A .40 cal, rubber bands, and a shoebox (jeah)
Run through a hundred grand watching Matlock (hey)
Got it by the truckload, like the bread people (jeah)
I got a Sixth Sense, I stack dead people (that's right)
I'm talking Grants and Jacksons
Swear it took a whole hour just to count the Jackson's (hey)

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