

# Stand Up

Cassidy

Grind House

Sean Bell, everybody

Get up, stand up, get up

Get up, stand up, get up

Get up, stand up, we gotta fight for our rights, huh

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It's crazy, man it's crazy

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The boy Sean in heaven cause he was born in hell

To feed his daughter, he husteled like I ain't gon fail

He was an electrician but wasn't doing well

I ain't gon say he sold drugs but kept going to jail

He wasn't doing right cause life wasn't going well

I'm gon tell a story, ghostwritten by Sean Bell

Detective suppose to protect us, but now dectective shoot us

They ruthless like Michael Oliver and Detective Cooper

Obama, when you get elected, please improve the law

Cause they ain't have to shoot 50 shots and a moving car

Them cops admit that they did it and still got acquitted

But if we fight our rights, one day we got to get it

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Yeah, chea, uh, uh

Niggas in New York like on the cell

Turn to kid got shot named Sean Bell

Damn, another good soldier fell

If he would've did it, he would've got no bail

What's going on? I can't tell, cops getting away with that murder murder

50 shots right through the car, and they ain't even find out one burner

Cause all they wanna do is meet the quoter

Running up, killing niggas on the corner

Better watch out for they for they pop up on ya

Cause cops every block hot as a sauna

Another young black casualty

That's the government strategy

In the hood, they harassing me

What happened to Sean can't happen to me

I feel for his moms (yeah), I feel for his pops (yeah)  
When I heard that verdict, I peeled through the block  
Feel his family pain, what a way to die  
Just try to keep your sane, it's ok to cry

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Listen, look, now I can't help but think what if that man was me  
What if the rose was different, I was him and he was me  
What if he had the chance to live out his wildest dreams  
What if his 50 shots came directly after me?  
What if my son was crying? Police, they keep on lying  
What if my girl was live hurting? Al Sharpton says defying  
This shit is crazy, they got our babies  
Feels like the world is a prison, we in the case and  
There ain't no hope for us, look at how they hurting us  
Dirty cops and politicians, I don't have a soul to trust  
Hope is not enough, we need to open up  
We need to fight, we need to change, we need to do for us

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People come to march, but I come to spark blue  
Throw it in your head, they on kill us cause we dark  
Now once the police, (what up), a black man is running for president  
But still no justice, no peace  
Just we in our own hell up in New York City  
And I'm thinking what a pity, every man is Sean Bell  
Is a black man a bullseye? Just a moving target to 'em  
Let it go, reload, we that much of a problem to 'em?  
Judge let the cop go, we that much of a problem to 'em?  
How your honor ain't got no honor to 'em?  
Peace to the family of Bells  
I respect how you're strong, may your family be well

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Yo, yeah, yeah, get up, stand up  
Man, get up, stand up, yeah, no, no  
No he didn't come to mourn, not another mother torn  
Not another brother gone, something's wrong, the last thing we need is another song  
Man, the proof of lack of leadership like a truth up in the media  
My people in need of a solution, we need some civil disobedience  
They stuck glued to they TV screen and they believe what's on they computer screen  
The cops did they job and did it well, that's how the judge views the scene  
Skip the jury of their peers  
Now the Bell family's eyes is blurry with their tears, you feel the fury everywhere  
Nothing left than assassintation, exaggeration of the facts  
Fabrications is facinating, the beast is waiting to attack  
Gotta face it, if you're black and you're young  
It's predetermine that you that you pack a gun, people shouting black to everyone

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