

# Stand For

ChillinIT

Yeah, fuckin' oath  
What would you stand for?  
420Fam  
What would you stand for?  
Sydney to Brisbane, stand up  
What would you stand for? Like  
Tell me, what would you stand for? Like  
Yeah, what would you stand for?  
Would you stand with your bredrens?  
I don't want war, but a phone call's made  
Brah, tell me, would you stand in my trenches?  
Yeah, how could you stand for the truth  
When the truth is, you can't stand your reflection?  
We got bottles, babes, blunts  
Still in the club, ten men in my section

Jacks come, we don't answer a question, rargh! (Grrr) Fuck off  
Clean sweep the cash, you best dust off  
Crew got rejected, security checks  
Yes, we jump fence, the back door gets unlocked  
Fire escape, we're safe, a quick rush job  
Sneak in half my mates and get one shot  
Two shot, three shot, four shot, pull up the flavours  
I don't pull cards, pull favours, argh (Sheesh)  
Hold up, get a whole one  
Sold, done, shake on poles then get dolled up  
Booty like "Fuck me slowly", best fold up  
Looking like a Uncle Toby, girl, rolled up  
With a rolled one that she rolled up  
So the whole club got smoke and the coke was like gold dust  
Girl, work this out, just like Cole does  
Yeah, sex and drugs, thought I told ya  
I make the paper at a bank  
Jason Statham when I crank  
Girl, if the grams all that she can transport her  
Then my baby just blaze on the dank  
I get wasted on drank  
King of the hill like I'm Hank  
Sippin' up hilly and jank  
Takin' a flight, copacabana  
Let's keep it Sinatra, my homies are frank  
We put in work, Thotiana when she twerk  
Drop it harder, make it work  
Call her Schapelle Corby, get the bodyboard  
She got the quarter of ganja and herb and she run it up  
My bitches don't give a fuck, my bitches body this up  
Let me be blunt, my bitches snuck into ravers  
She smuggled the pills in her cunt  
Don't give a fuck, that was just us (Hoo)  
2017, when I walked in the foyer  
And the first thing I said when I first got done by the jacks  
"Go talk to the lawyer"  
Gloves on, strapped up  
Ten rounds of the box and a Oscar, that's De La Hoya  
And a bad gal lookin' all crisp  
But a chip on her shoulder, I don't mean Sawyer, ah  
Never stoppin' till this hurts

Check the clock and let it turn  
I still got brothers that don't be discussin'  
'Cause they use their kero to wash out the burn  
It ain't your concern  
That be the hustle, my brother  
This cheddar is all that we know, all for the dough  
Do what we meant to, quote  
My bro check for the stamp like a envelope, but no joke  
Why spend fifty bucks for quick fix or a hit or a pick-me-up?  
We on business, so we don't wanna shiv no cunt  
We Bris this up, a quick little fisticuff  
And we live to fight another day, live to find another way  
Quick to light another J, grip her tighter on the waist  
Bitches like it when I blaze, so let's roll it up (Yeah, yeah)  
I got big smokes and big spliffs  
I got big bros and big shit  
And my bitch knows that I'm it, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Get a quick fix, 'cause the bitches wanna hit it just for fitness  
I had her grippin' on my riches like a Fitbit  
I could put a little bitch up on the dick list (Uh)  
420, I light the good ganja  
I stick with a pack 'cause life is too hard  
I'm more than the one, my formula's one  
So I drift from the pack, I'm Michael Schumacher, haha  
Player to death, paper and cheques  
Back in a jiffy, I flew up to Brissie  
I told my boy Lisi to say with your chest

Said it with my chest, don't worry, uce  
You know that I'm always comin' at 'em like a molecule  
Fuckin' oath, I got skill  
How they gonna talk about I'm not real?  
Then they're gonna run their mouth  
But when I come around  
I make 'em drop like they tryna pop pills  
This ain't a cap, MD  
They gas me but my tank's empty  
And now I'm taking da win, NT  
I ask my uso what he does with an esky  
He said, "I chill in it"  
Aw, that's why you spit cold  
Cancer bars, I'm just tryna spit bold  
I've got a text from my chick named Nicole  
But my uso Chill said she's got a big hole  
No, thanks, next  
I remember when they didn't wanna text  
Now they see me and they just wanna sex  
Ain't Coco Pops, but I'm tryna make cheques  
On the mic, they know that I kill  
They can never say that I don't have skill  
Always on some hater shit, they're like Jada Smith  
Tryna fuck around with my will  
But I promise they will never touch that  
Tryna stop me, but I told 'em, "Fuck that"  
These kids talk too much, like Rugrats  
And if you got better bars, better run that  
Don't talk the talk if you don't walk the walk  
Because I promise that you won't get far  
And your skillset's high, but you got no drive  
You remind me of a broke-down car  
But I guess it's alright  
We stay up on the grind, all day, all night  
Uso, I don't smoke weed, but I only smoke mics

Since I attack the track  
They listen to me and my uso take it back to back

Chilly and the Lisi gettin' litty  
With a bitty wagwan when we came to the party  
Sparky, but I spark up with the blunts  
And I trap like "'Sup?" like Damian Marley  
(Wagwan, step in the party like, "Who wants some?"  
I'm a tough motherfucker, they don't wanna punch on  
Hustle till I get the cheque  
And like a gym freak, you know that I rep the set)  
Get ready, get ready, their legs like spaghetti  
Get spun, brudda, brudda, get whopped just like Fetty  
(Got your girlfriend and her pants strapped like confetti  
Then I'ma cut your grass like I got the machete)  
Head steady, head steady, the crew good like Freddie  
Get bun 'cause the guru's the one, just like Headie  
(I don't wanna ever hear them say that they're heavies  
'Cause that's when shit gets ugly like Betty)  
And as far as the bar game go  
Yeah, the tracks go down then a man gets slaughtered  
And this shit be a RKO  
When I SmackDown throw, that's Randy Orton  
(While I'm Mick Foley or Dwayne Johnson  
Every time that I'm in this bitch  
'Cause if I sock the cunt, then I'ma rock the cunt  
Walk off like it didn't mean shit)