

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)