

# Stand Tall

Ice Cube

Now is the time...  
C'mon y'all

Stand tall, live your life to the limit  
Cause haterism seem like a fucking epidemic  
And look at Ice Cube, I ain't no gimmick  
I'm straight from the hood, I got to represent it  
Now - every day I think about my color  
And all the crazy shit we do to one another  
I ain't your blood brother, but I'm your cuz brother  
Let's take it back to the love and how it was brother  
If not, we gon' pull these triggers  
Show the world we deserve to be called niggaz  
I make a fuck-up, like Don Imus  
bow on his knees, and call me yo' highness  
You can too, you got the power to  
Don't let this motherfuckin system devour you  
I won't pretend, or act like I'm knowin you  
But check it out I understand what you goin through

But remember, brothers and sisters  
You can still, stand, tall  
Just be thankful...  
For what you got

I know what y'all motherfuckers thinking, heh heh  
Here comes another rapper with a song about hope  
All you wanna hear is a song about dope  
And how a nigga got mo' money than the Pope  
But he'll never tell you when he drop the soap  
No~! Ice Cube is here to drop you a note  
Cause some of our folk used to hang from ropes  
And some of our people used to hang from trees  
Now the only thing hangin muh'fucker is DEEZ  
So, get your mind right, and I'ma rhyme right  
Fuck the limelight, and a blind dyke  
I'm the sunlight, too bright to look  
When it's all said and done I should write the book  
You too cool for school, too old to know?  
Get your ass off the grassroots and let 'em grow  
I understand, it ain't no love lost  
But little kids, it ain't no Santa Claus

But remember, brothers and sisters  
You can still, stand, tall  
Just be thankful...  
For what you got

Yeah, f'real  
I was born in the mud but I came out clean  
That's 'til the government tried to intervene  
Tried to lock me up when I was only 19  
Don't never ever ever let 'em kill your dream  
I make shit raw that piss off the law  
If you want some fake shit turn this off  
If you want some realness I know you can feel this  
Maybe we can heal this just like an illness

Black on black, I got'cho back  
People don't think that we know how to act  
Just because our neighborhood is filled with crack  
And the CIA, won't take it back  
Never on top, always on the bottom  
Never put your trust in Hillary Rodham  
Cause I can tell you now it's gon' turn out rotten  
Keep on pushin, get 'em 'til we got 'em

But remember, brothers and sisters  
You can still, stand, tall  
Just be thankful...  
For what you got

Stand up, f'real...  
Raise your hand if you sick of this bullshit  
Heh, in the belly of the evil empire [fades]