

Stand Up

Lil Durk

Dip Set, stand up
Leron, stand up
D Town, stand up
Avenue, stand up (Aye)
Throw them fuckin' trays up
Throw them fuckin' trays up (Aye)
Throw them fuckin' trays up
Throw them fuckin' trays up (Aye)
Low Life, stand up
Murder drive, stand up
Dogg Pound, stand up
Parkway, stand up (Aye)
Throw them fuckin' trays up
Throw them fuckin' trays up
Throw them fuckin' trays up (Aye, aye, aye)
Throw them fuckin' trays up

No, this ain't a movie, but this the future presentation
Fuck the bullshit, I'm goin' in about the situation
Hit his ass up with that .9, no hesitation
Have his ass beat like a bitch on a menstruation
Aw, I don't think he realize what his ass facin'
'Til I catch late-night slippin' in that gas station
Leave your ass in that gas station
Send him to the morgue and turn his ass into a karma patient
It's a bang, bang gang
Eastside, what up
I'm young money crazy, lil' Vernon, that's my brother
Free my nigga Maino
Rest in peace Weebo
Leron, bitch, throw them L's up for Lil Moe
I don't got to shoot, my lil' niggas come and let it blow
If you lookin' for me, we be posted by the corner store

I don't know what you'll do for your respect, but imma die for mine

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Hatin' is my major, that's crazy, so stop then
Navy blue, Impala, tint windows, ridin' '010
I'm tryna rest in green, I ain't tryna rest in peace
This rappin', and this street shit

Gettin' close to me shit
Leanin' every day like I'm tryna OD, shit
Laid back, .40 on my lap, lowkey shit
Hustle on knees, Four Corners, 4C shit
Niggas talkin' to the lot, hopin' we don't see shit
[?] got called up
Charges bein' brought up
Word from his mama, tryna slam him with a [?]
You know that Tim case that he beat was bein' brought up
Charles, don't worry, we keepin' eyes on your daughters
Leave the lot, no evidence
Poppin' all revolvers
[?] we drove Chargers
Clip long as shoe strings
Clappin' shells, wafters
Aimin' at no kids, at no boys, at no toddlers

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