

Standout

Prof

Wall got me got going bam, bam, ah bam, bam, bam, ah bam, bam, bam, ah bam, bam, bam

I don't fit in - I stand out
I spread my wings - I branch out
I'm happening player
I'm going bam, bam

Yeah, I don't think like you do
I'm too different boo boo
They used to think I'm coo-coo
I threw my face on YouTube
420 - more money
Prof a better rapper then you cloudy or sunny
Hit the ground like a brown horse running
Why these other motherfuckers sound so funny
Umm, I was the first to high-five
Swerving bumping a curb when I drive
Now the po-po they go searching my ride
So bright, nowhere on this Earth could I hide
And why would I want to
There's fondue on my pontoon
That whiskey is a monsoon
I party like a blonde dude
So many women like seven to a friend
All the hard work got em knowing who I am
We could take a picture get a camera to a friend
Everybody know I got em going going bam
Dammit all the bottles going empty all again
Seems to me it's easy they all spending all the rent
We could take a ride like can I go again
Everybody know I got em going going bam

I don't fit in - I stand out
I spread my wings - I branch out
I'm happening player
I'm going ham

YEAH (ahhooooyayayayaya - repeated throughout)
Check my game, check my game, game, game (YA YA)
I need some trouble
Check my game, check my game, game, game (YA YA)
Get on my level
Check my game, check my game, game, game (YA YA)
I need some trouble
Check my game, check my game, game, game (YA YA)
Get on my level
I don't know what I would do without my homies

Came illin'
My lame game killin'
King of the game, got the same dang feeling
Ain't pillin'
Chain chillin'
Came with the Jameson
Ain't that a given
Ooh

I'm colossal
Every cop that come hostile
Mozel Tav - I'm a Gampo
Gotta let my cock go
Like a Mr. Macho
Ooh, yeah
There go the gospel

I don't fit in - I stand out
That's why I throw my hands out
I'm happening player
I'm going BAM - BOOM

There's a hole in my wall, so I let them all look
Naked as a J-bird - stiff as a book
I ain't got nothing to hide on my boat
That's why haters are probably all shook
I'm stunting - I'm cheesing
There's no one on my level
Iguanas - Jamaicans
There's women on my pillow
Oooh
There's peacocks in my kitchen
My shoes are made of diamonds
I'm sticking out - I'm living

YEAH (ahhooooyayayayaya - repeated throughout)
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I don't know what I would do without my homies

Wall got me got going bam, bam, ah bam, bam, bam, ah bam, bam, bam, ah
bam, bam, bam

If you could just have it in your heart to let me do me uh - Hold on - eh I
said I was dope as hell; I never said I was perfect. HO! Prof! It was close