

# Standout

Prof

Wall got me got going bam, bam, ah bam, 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 (ahhoooooyayayayaya - 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 (ahhoooooyayayaya - repeated throughout)  
Check my game, check my game, game, game (YA YA)  
I need some trouble  
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I don't know what I would do without my homies

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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