

# Stuck At a Standstill

Scarface

These niggas is fuckin with a dangerous game

Hey Joe, what's up baby?

Yeah, I like the beat

Hahaha...

Hey, when you drop drums I'ma drop rhymes, aight?

(Drop rhymes)

Nah, I don't need no count-off

Just drop the beat and I'm on it, aight?

(2-3-4)

I took my chances when I did my dirt

And my advice to any nigga if you crimin, you do it worse

Just get enough and step the fuck back

Cause in this game when you get fame

You gotta start dumpin these agents off your nutsack

I'm just a nigga out the hood tryin to have things

But when I got up on my feet you're screamin "Brad changed!"

And your excuse was that the money came

But my excuse was that you missed the plane, simple and plain

I got to show my homies love, though

I just don't fuck around with niggas that I don't know

And you can take that how you wanna take it

I'm from these muthafuckin streets

And the same rules apply in this game, don't ever break it

Ain't my muthafuckin luck I'm all alone at the crack

And you niggas don't wanna try to attack

We steady dyin over dumb shit, and me, I'm steady losin my sleep

Cause niggas ain't familiar with the rules of the streets

You're stuck

Stuck at a standstill

On the beat one time, come on

It don't stop

Give it to em

...3

And to my niggas on the streets crimin (watch for haters)

Stop sittin on the sidelines and (get your paper)

Too many niggas complainin pointin fingers at the problems

"That's why I hate my baby mama"

I'm just a nigga from the very bottom

Skippin classes, goin 8 balls or the white powder

Tryin to get it while the muthafuckin gettin good

The possibilities of movin out my neighborhood

Don't get me wrong, I had them dreams too

But the only thing you do is get your cream, fool

Get your muthafuckin green, fool

Niggas ain't knowin 'bout the ins and the outs

First get in, then you get out

Don't be stuck at a standstill

(You know...  
To the 2, ah 2-1  
(...I was thinkin)  
Rock the mob shit for niggas, come on y'all  
(...need to, I don't know, maybe findin new hustles  
like niggas is runnin out of hustles, you know?)

When it's over don't nobody cry  
Just enjoy it while you live life cause everybody gotta die  
So when you see me I'll be hella high  
Bendin corners with my top down checkin out the changes in the sky  
Shootin paper clips at Jupiter  
The mo' I learn it's like I'm gettin stupider, and stupider  
Tryin to make the best out of a fucked up decision  
I'm just a nigga with a vision, which is  
Gettin up, gettin out, gettin my profits  
Tryin to stay away from these bitches that jock dick  
Movin up to move on, gotta stay true to it  
That's just the way you gotta do it  
And these niggas here is renegades, don't give a fuck  
But if you're real, then you like it rough, nigga what?  
You know it, you know what I'm sayin is real  
Now step the fuck off all those standstills  
Cause you're stuck

Stuck at a standstill

Stuck

To the beat one time

Yeah

My nigga Mike Dean