

Stand Up (Featuring Ghostface Killah)

Charli Baltimore

[Ghostface]
Be friends wit'cha gram!
I want everyone to stand up and be counted tonight
Hey you, blow your whistle [whistle sound]
Now clap ya hands and say yeah! (yeah)[Ghostface]
Tune my voice out, tune my mic out
Tune my voice out, tune my mic out
Yo, this is how we rock
This is how we rock
This is how we rock, rock
Hey you, blow your whistle [whistle sound][Ghostface]
Yeah, we in the joint yo
We in the joint
Hey yo, hey, yeah, screamHey now, I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up (Ah shit!)
I want everyone to stand up and be counted tonight (Stand up, yeah)
Brothers and sisters, if you know you've got your thing together
(Put your muthafuckin' hand in the air)
I want you to stand on up!
Now I got something to tell ya (Swing it from left to right)
I'll tell you, now that I think about it (Yeah)
And now I wanna tell ya how to get your thing together
(Play with this, you can't play with this)
Come on now, get a groove goingYeah
Hey you, blow your whistle [whistle sound][Charli]
Yo, yo, yo
Yo tony, what up?
Heard your dick was good[Ghostface]
You should know, yo I fucked you on the side of my hood[Charli]
Never that dawg
From where you can never hit it
Throw a razor in my mouth on the low
And suck ya dick wit' it[Ghostface]
The world famous, priceless, still stainless dick
Pray over this, scoped ya love, nameless
Heavyweight dick in ya jaw
Good lickin' from ya lips, now baby girl throw the song[Charli]
Yo, yo, yo
Aye yo Tony, you phony
We both signed to Sony

But for half ya pub, ride that dick like a Pony, what[Ghostface]
 Yeah, what, put your money on my dick
 Girls, all eyes on my dick[Charli]
 Yo, yo, yo
 Cats fatigued out, thinkin' they armies
 My crew arms me with beats, how we swarm bee?
 Who bang?, B'More and Wu Tang, new thang
 Mad at how we do thangs, RZA cop me two fangs Official, now I bite through gristle
 Gold teeth style in from Philly to Stanton Island
 While in the meantime, spit mean lines
 Fuck clean rhymes, like mine's grimmey
 Like my niggas be
 Picture me, coming off soft Ya'll just cough up shit, I swallow rhymes
 Makin' bitches swallow 9's, re-define
 This rap shit, make my shit a classic
 Like Beethoven, stay posin'
 For the camera, stamina
 Like a crackhead, and crackheads are amateurs You try me, no in-between like Y to Z
 Pick brains like lobotomies
 Still thoughts to charts of Billboard's
 Throw pour ill spores, leave niggas stiff like still-borns I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up (What,
 what, what)
 I want everybody to stand up and be counted tonight (Stand up baby, stand up baby)
 Brothers and sisters, if you know you've got your thing together
 I want you to stand on up! (Stand up yo)
 Now I got something to tell ya
 I'll tell you, now that I think about it (Yeah, what, what, what)
 And now I wanna tell ya how to get your thing together[Ghostface]
 I'm like Spider-Man's fifth brother up in the Clan
 Drop like crap's that's scattered all up in ya van
 Skelly-man crook, character star
 In Donna Boines book
 MGM, Heaven and Hell, sat with the cook With the big spice bone, red hair's is killin' me
 Knotted up, twisted and green
 Seen them crystal's in that rap yo
 And get 'Bearer'
 Bear hug and five hundred ounce of that Staision Wild man, Sarah
 Rush after hours, Alpha in the beds
 Caked hands like Dai Smith, rap haggler with a fade
 Magillia, Charli Baltimore with Hazel driftin' withdrawls
 Wind Face start with the Killah
 Stood still, a whole river chill
 Looked up and got dogged, that's when RZA started to build Hey yeah!
 I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up
 Hey yeah!

I want all you brothers and sisters to stand upHey you, blow your whistle [whistle sound][Charli]

What, what, what, what![Ghostface]

Ah-yo, you craze me, turtleneck nigga rockin' Pasley

Shots crazily, steady blazin' where the spades be

Teams like Starsky and Hutch, you put deluxe truck

Ya bankrupt, 52's Knox, I heard you Ku Klux, damn

Tear it out the van, sweat it with a tanWith get like Remo spray can, suga the ram

Fuck a cocktail, get my balls licked in Hell

Read his Igloo Tales, hell all the dogs with broken tails

Salt range, short order tab

Ironman, bubble bath, nuclear, split the atom in half

Meet dime O's, fifth brother bug inside 8 pole

Change though, crush the birds inside the strip pose[Charli]

Rap Conspiracy, hold songs for ransom

Lancin' in Ghostmode, coke mixed with Branson

Sheisty, tree's soaked in half-ki's

Sabotage N.Y. with snipe's and 79's

Channel 9's scene street team made news with who'sCharli, every 16 bars be

Sickening, peep the scription

Rhyme vixen

Keep the clips in tact, watch ya back

Ain't done yet, 8-Spunett

Poison webbers

Spider-Woman, two legged, how we did it

What!Come on and get a groove goin'!Hey you, blow your whistle [whistle sound]

Hey you, blow your whistle [whistle sound]Now clap your hands and say yeahYeah....

Now let me count it off

1.. 2... 3Hey

Hey, hey, hey yeah!

I want all you brothers and sisters to stand up

Songwriters

BROWN, CASEY / WILLIAMS, KIPP / FIELDES, MIAPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,

Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>