

# Stuck At A Standstill

## Scarface

These niggas is fuckin' with a dangerous game  
Hey Joe, what's up baby?  
Yeah, I like the beat  
Ha ha ha  
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  
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

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