Still Standing

Wavorly

This for the soldiers, soldiers
Stay strong my niggaz
Gangsters, players
Stay up my niggaz, real niggaz
Leavin' the cut in a rage
Loadin' up my Mac, goin' to my crib, to get my 12 gauze
One of my boys just got shot, huh
Fuckin' around, in that million dollar spot
A educated brother didn't have no money for college he was taught
The street knowledge, part of the plan
To keep us fightin' in the street
Instead of becomin' a strong black man
Every two weeks I see Sam
Pitchin' out my check with no respect but I still don't give a damn
Because I gotta make my dough
My kill, rocked down, 'til I started seein' cash flow
Everything happens for a reason, choose the season
To commit the perfect treason
Who brought me to the land, of unfree man?
To move about and catch trout, by the dozens
Even had my cousin locked down, at the feet shackled
A one-way seat, to Milledgeville
Nigga this real, how can you kill another
When it's your brother? Still standing
I never thought about, talked about what I did
Just experimented life as a young Gump
Them days long gone, school bells done rung no mo'
Spendin' hours at the house in my favorite chair
Slow mo', custom funk fingerprinted to carry a hucklebuck
Feelin' stuck with the art that my skin carries, scary
If I ever had to plot again, needin' my stick
Yeah, gidgets to pidgits, moves to Philly and the crew?
Nothin' else to prove, fold a plot like chrome
Salt lick teddy bears in the college student's room
Speed, Gipp got that too
Watch that dude, inspect that fool, still standing
Unscathed, cause this is pain
This for soldiers to feel
MC's, are running out of things to say

Radio stations are running out of songs to play
Still standing, unscathed, 'cause of pain
This for soldiers to feel
MC's, are running out of things to say
Radio stations are running out of songs to play
On the sick side, of South Central
33rd Avenue, block 600
Workers have wash and car details
The ese's got the fresh Chevrolet's for sale
Twenty G's or better, the whole neighborhood tanked up
What? On the fortress walls, there is no letters
Buddha say, the Bloods are strictly outnumbered
They besieged, on the beats, Goodie MoB, run the creeps

Y'all can have the streets, asphalt caught many suckers
Slippin' on wet floors, we puttin' out the signs
On krokers, C I T Y, such a pity
Bein' suckled dry, like a newborn
On his momma's titty before I retired I hit twenty
True to cellulite with big room pesquite on the porch
Poundin', like cartoon Ennis, old school efforts
Through the Sunday down, Crenshaw sparkin'
Zoned out, off the ink, for life
Goin through time and metal detectors
I can't take my weapon
And I can't be no dope dealer
'Cause they be done put a hit out on a nigga, plus I can't keep up
With them keys, locked in the fo'-do'
Backseat drivers havin' out-of-body experiences
Wakin up, somewhere else, still standing
Yeah, each and every element that exists in this
Universe is manifested from a thought first
Through the inner mind's eye of the unseen power in the sky
Gave birth to Mother Earth and all it's worth to you and I
This most loved invention, my consciousness is an extension
Of Him, yet I'm flesh and bone with a mind of my own
To dig deeper than the surface, whether I learn
From your upcomings or your downfalls we all have individual purpose
It's amazing, how the streets do the majority of raising
Of children who end up dead before hearing what you said
And it's sad, so all I can write about is what I had
Interpretations of life good and bad with a pen and pad
It seems like abortion, when I just write a small portion
It's either crumpled up or torn without lettin the thought be born
Young minded, and blinded in those days, I didn't want to

Have a thought that I couldn't raise, nurture, and care for
Be there for, help prepare for, the times ahead
When someone doesn't agree with what is said, huh
And if they did, don't get all arrogant 'cause that's my kid
Just be thankful that it's good and somebody overstood
Now, the listener in here want the same flow but I gotta let it grow
Clever enough to let it go, if I don't wanna rap no mo'
And I'll make sure that no one ever forgets
It's immortalized forever, on wax CD's and cassettes
And when someone goes to the store and purchases it for ten
The life cycle starts all over again
And I was granted this music as my soul mate, to procreate
And give back what I was given, a life worth livin'
And I, am still standing, unscathed
Pain is for suckers to feel
MC's are running out of things to say, and
radio stations running out of songs to play, shit!
We still standing, unscathed
And pain is for suckers to feel, huh
And MC's running out of things to say

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