

# Still Standing

## Scrappy

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, gadgets 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 krovers, 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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