

# Still Standing

## Goodie Mob

This for the soldiers, soldiers  
Stay strong my niggaz  
Gangsters, players  
Stay up my niggaz, real niggazLeavin' 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 spotA 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 manEvery 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 flowEverything 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 dozensEven 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 standingI 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 chairSlow 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 standingUnscathed, 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 playStill 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 playOn 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 saleTwenty 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 creepsY'all can have the streets, asphalt caught many suckers  
Slippin' on wet floors, we puttin' out the signs  
On kokers, C I T Y, such a pity  
Bein' suckled dry, like a newbornOn 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 standingYeah, 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 IThis 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 purposeIt'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 padIt 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 forBe 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 overstoodNow, 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 cassettesAnd 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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