# Stand Up (feat. Kev Da Hustler)

## Wiz Khalifa

listen, i came in the game feet first
hit the ground runnin, a hustler til i meet dirt
gotta be consumption i'm pumpin, the people need work
love the niggas frontin i came from nothin and seen worse
the long-armed khalifa reachin with each verse
i got that food for your thought, plus what the streets thirst
and you can ask around the haters'll know,
i'm tame with the flow, i'm sorta like the jaeger and blow
i see the dream like a martin luther, i preach to the constitution in peace,
but violate it, get that ass annihilated
i'm on the grind, money is time so why waste it
and everything but my piss clean, i'm high maintenance
you niggas are weak, sweet like one of them now-and-laters
the canon blast your candy ass if you try and hate it,
i made it, cause i stayed a couple steps ahead of y'all and
a hundred percent, since benji got the bread involved i'm,
lovin this shit, come fuck with the prince,
i'm leavin heads hollowed like them things stuffed in the clips
and the streets gon' remember this cat name, i'm beatin the rap game
just like nigga huggin the strip (why?)
cause that's how a hustler do, fall back i don't fuck with you,
we make it happen the clappin know we can scrum with you
yeah we can take it to the heads, give you a lump or two
a fool is still, team bring heat like a oven dude(chorus x2) ladies stand up, gentlemen stand up,
this is pure skill, far from damned luck,
you gotta make a plan to never give your man up
and man up, to positively stand uponce again the youngest sin came to drop the hammer
how could a bystander feel that this is not bananas?
we earn stripes, you all hype in that propaganda,
gats spot, you cats shot, but not from cameras,
back glock, cause snap shots'll stop your plan up,
stuck in my ways, the haze taste like tropicana,
thinkin the days of way back, people will say that,
the youngin was gifted sick when he stayed back
now the people listenin play back, i got it made
obligated to gettin passin grades and blaze tracks,
you'll be amazed at how i make units move
self-made, twelfth grade, boy i'll take you to school
i'm through the streets of pistolvania where my goonies move,

(??????) can't miss these trucks with the rims on them
and you can find me speedin, listenin to big and em,
fresh outta class with the weed tucked in my timberlands(chorus x2)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/