

# Stand Up Nucca

## Joe Budden

I just want everybody to kinda be clear  
Of what's takin' place right now  
It's not an introduction, it's more like a beginning  
It's like the calm before the storm  
I guess you can sorta call it, the rebirth  
Or the birth period, it's the growth  
For all my real niggaz, real people in general  
It's never one-dimensional, it goes out to everybody  
If you can though, just kinda take some time out  
Relate to it  
For all my mans that died, with grams at they side  
Plans just to ride, gun jammed when he tried  
Ballers who never made it out the hood  
Cats who owed, but never made it out the hood  
If they offered you please and you went to court with it  
My dawgs doin' time 'cause you got caught with it  
Or if you need cheddar, blast heat whenever  
And run from the cops 'cause you know the streets better  
Dope niggaz who rich 'cause they know connects  
Or dope niggaz who spit but got no connects  
If you pitch to pay rent, but get no business  
Life in the state pen but get no visits  
Fend for yourself 'cause you ain't got no boys  
Ride or die, really you ain't got no choice  
If your alibi's straight when you're wanted on the stand  
Soldiers that take they football numbers like a man  
Hustle O-Z 'cause your product rich there  
Hood know you snitch but you gotta live there  
You held your man shot, you don't know where it hit him  
And you tryin' to buy guns, you don't know where to get 'em  
If you strapped in the streets with your palms all black  
Young G's that gotta see they moms on crack  
Pop can't be found, hand me down  
When you the oldest out of five, hold the family down  
  
If you caught a body and your wiz hid you out  
If you slept in the park when moms kicked you out  
Or if you gonna die, you gon' leave with a slug  
Idolized your big bro, but he was a thug

If you squeeze your leather first 'cause it never hurt  
Street cats that never work 'cause it never worked  
Or if you got your shit snatched, gripped, clipped the mack  
Too small for the kickback, but gotta get your shit back  
Killed niggaz playin', but you was only boxin'  
Accept twenty flat as your only option  
Calm in the jungle in between the system  
If you high on parole and gotta clean your system  
If you told 'em to stop, 'cause soon you'll lose it  
Pull up your pants leg, bullet wounds to prove it  
Or if you grabbed the liquor, swallow it hard  
If they drive-by on you but you follow the car  
Full clip cause your foes is lurkin' or the D's at your door  
With a picture, "Do you know this person?"  
If you dead broke, but forced into extortin'  
'Cause your girl pregnant and she don't want a abortion  
Got charged before, strap a gun anyway  
Took the state's lawyer, but you won anyway  
Stand up cats beat the odds by far  
Real recognize real, R.R.R.  
Don't mistake a amped up nucca, for what?  
For a stand up nucca, I won't  
If you a stand up nucca, then what?  
Then stand up nucca, R.R.R.  
Basically, that's about it  
Hope you people get a better understanding  
And roll with me, yeah  
Let's get into it

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