

Stand Up Tall (Tom EQ Remix)

Dizzee Rascal

Raskit, boy in the corner I still roll deep young star gimme the beat and let me prove
London city forever you're not a still creep ain't no stopping me never you best move
Live o ghetto record with no redemption world wide critics acclaim my big moves
Showtime main event you can't beef me dizzee ras hotter than Nelly I can't loseEast side boy make the paper
rise

Big up my north west south east types every section where my connection lies
East side boy made the crowd go loops never had a desire for chinese zoots
Big up my midland up north troopsGet your backs up backs up back off the wall
Sounds of the young star dizzee rascal
Don't give it heart hearted give it all
Pull your socks up and stand up tall
Backs up backs up back off the wall
Sounds of the young star dizzee rascal

Don't give it heart hearted give it all pull your socks up and stand up tallCan't run the marathon without trainin
or stretch the ass hole without straining

Too much hype not enough brain in whole lotta money little maintaining

Whole lotta complaining no plan little more no less done ten grand

Blingin ice sitting nice in your hand too much platinum not enough landEast side boy make the paper rise

Big up my Ireland Scotland types every section where my connection lies
Eastside boy made the crowd go loops never had a desire for Chinese zoots
Big up my Europe USA troopsGet your backs up backs up back off the wall
Sounds of the young star dizzee rascal

Don't give it heart hearted give it all pull your socks up and stand up tall

Backs up backs up back off the wall

Sounds of the young star dizzee rascal

Don't give it heart hearted give it all pull your socks up and stand up tallTo my eastside crew, get paper,

To my Westside crew get paper,

To my southside crew get paper,

I tell da playa hater see you later,

To my northside crew get paper,

To my midlands crew get paper,

To my up north crew get paper,

I tell da playa hater see you later,Dizzee rascal the loudest finest dirtiest grimest most hot dirty stank

London stand up tallDon't be silly cover your milli I'm like billy

Don't be dumb cover your gun I ain't fun

When I come I come ere to stun you get bunned

Mid night all day like fight dog fight

You don't really want to be dizzee I'll get busy

You don't really want me t pop I'll get fizzy

Real fizzy bill up a zoot we smoke whizzy
He knows she knows we're tough negroes
Forever ready and I'll be ready forever
You don't want to try ting I'll put holes in your leather
So please never ever try to be clever I'll be wetting mc's like rainy weather
Too the two faced nigga screw faced laced in get chased n get placed in a bin
Getta slicing batterin workin dizzy boy don't stop till it's hurtinGet your Backs up backs up back off the wall
Sounds of the young star dizzee rascal
Don't give it heart hearted give it all pull your socks up and stand up tall
Backs up backs up back off the wall
Sounds of the young star dizzee rascal
Don't give it heart hearted give it all pull your socks up and stand up tall

Songwriters

MILLS, DYLAN KWABENA / NURSE, DARRYL CARL
Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>