

Stand Up Nucca

Joe Budden

[Joe Budden]

Uh-huh...

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 drive

Ballers who never made it out the hood

Cats who owed, but never made it out the hood

If they offered you pleas 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, cause 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 in leather first cause it never hurt
 Street cats that never work cause it never worked
Or if you got your shit snatched, ripped clipped and masked
 Too small for the kickback, but gotta get your shit back
 Killed niggaz playin, 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
When you pull up your pants bled, 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 cause 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 but 'fore 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... geah!
 Let's get into it...

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