Intro

J.R. Writer

Get it clear -- hater, I'm here
Still Standing, welcome to the tape of the year
Haze in the air
, I done turned it up another notch
Bulbs in my ear, I done turned it up a couple watts
At the motherfucking spot -- not the "motherfucking spot"
But your mother's fucking spot, with the butter in the pots
I don't know why I come across humble when I'm not
Might have lost a couple rocks, but I'm up a couple blocks
Suckers need to stop, give me a break
Since '07 I've been getting six figures a tape
While you get what you take
I'm a bit overweight
Picking pounds up like I'm trying to get into shape
Hundred grips
in the safe, that's something you know nothing 'bout
So get in your place -- my bad, I mean your mother's house
put up the right cash
And these corns want beef, I'mma crush 'em like hash
The hottest you know; you gotta be slow
I'm still standing, nothing like the Monica show
The Dips split, and they wondering which side I'mma go
But I don't pick sides, and the game's not to be told
I don't switch sides, man -- the game's got to be sold
I'm gonna let the Dip fly until they can't fly anymo'
No, ain't no one iller; what up, Killa?
Ain't speak about two years but what up, nigga?
I'm still J.R., a.k.a. A.R
B.k.a. "Who are you? You ain't on my radar"
Get it? This my play-yard, and I don't want these pawns around
Play hard, I play you out -- listen, this my stomping ground
I want the crown even though that I'm a champion
You still buying Champions
shit, I'm from Lionel Hampton
130th
burning piff
with the burner grip
I don't need a burner to murder this -- I just murder it
I know you heard I'm sick, or if not, you heard I'm sick

And yeah, the flow from outer space, but I'm
earthing this
How you sold grams? You ain't never served a brick
It's like you got no hands -- you ain't got a bird to flip
I'm from the murder strip, hood life shady
Nah, I wasn't born a rapper -- the hood life made me
But lately, I've been in the hood like crazy
Put red marks on your head, you'll look like Baby, baby
I am great, skipping on the race
730, but what I meant it's twenty minutes late
Niggas reckless, give the kid a break
Scott Tissue records, I'm shitting on your tapes
still lamping
Lex
with the grill dancing
Still scrambling cause yes, I'm a real champion
Of course, come mess with a real cannon
You thought I fell off, well welcome to Still Standing

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