

# 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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