Stand Tall

Ian Axel

Now is the time
Come on y'all
Stand tall, live your life to the limit
'Cause haterism seem like a fuckin' epidemic
And look at Ice Cube, I ain't no gimmick
I'm straight from the hood, I got to represent it now
Every day I think about my color
And all the crazy shit we do to one another
I ain't your blood brother, but I'm your 'cause brother
Let's take it back to the love and how it was brother
If not, we gon' pull these triggers
Show the world we deserve to be called niggaz
I make a fuck up like Don Imus
Bow on his knees, and call me yo' highness
You can too, you got the power to
Don't let this motherfuckin' system devour you
I won't pretend or act like I'm knowin' you
But check it out I understand what you goin' through
But remember, brothers and sisters
You can still stand tall
Just be thankful
For what you got
I know what y'all motherfuckers thinkin'
Here comes another rapper with a song about hope
All you wanna hear is a song about dope
And how a nigga got mo' money than the Pope
But he'll never tell you when he drop the soap
No, Ice Cube is here to drop you a note
'Cause some of our folk used to hang from ropes
And some of our people used to hang from trees
Now the only thing hangin' motherfuckers is deez
So, get your mind right and I'ma rhyme right
Fuck the limelight and a blind dyke
I'm the sunlight, too bright to look
When it's all said and done I should write the book
You too cool for school, too old to know?
Get your ass off the grassroots and let 'em grow
I understand, it ain't no love lost
But little kids, it ain't no Santa Claus

But remember, brothers and sisters
You can still stand tall, stand up
Just be thankful, yeah
For what you got, f'real
I was born in the mud but I came out clean
That's 'til the government tried to intervene
Tried to lock me up when I was only nineteen
Don't never ever, ever let 'em kill your dream
I make shit raw that piss off the law
If you want some fake shit turn this off
If you want some realness I know you can feel this
Maybe we can heal this just like an illness
Black on black, I got'cho back
People don't think that we know how to act
Just because our neighborhood is filled with crack
And the CIA won't take it back
Never on top, always on the bottom
Never put your trust in Hillary Rodham
'Cause I can tell you now, it's gon' turn out rotten
Keep on pushin', get 'em 'til we got 'em
But remember, brothers and sisters
You can still stand tall, stand up
Just be thankful, f'real
For what you got
Raise your hand if you sick of this bullshit
In the belly of the evil empire

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