

# Standing Ovation

Jeffrey Foucault

I told 'em straight, drop this an' zip lock that  
Right on my waistline is where I kept that strap  
I remember nights, I didn't remember nights  
I damn near went crazy, had to get it right  
Now I'm ya favorite rapper's favorite rapper  
Now I'm ya favorite trapper's favorite trapper  
The absolute truth, yeah, I'm no joke  
Who me? I emerge from the crack smoked  
In the hearts of those who grind with O's  
They feel my pain, they at my shows  
That's why I got this glass pot an' this triple bean  
I tell 'em 'Money Talks' like Charlie Sheen  
These are more than words, this is more than rap  
This is the streets an' I am the trap  
Standing ovation, standing ovation  
These are more than words, this is more than rap  
This is the streets an' I am the trap  
Standing ovation, standing ovation  
Once upon a time, I used to grind all night  
With that residue that was iPod white  
I'm a boss, I got Juice like the magazine  
An' everyday I see Feds like a magazine  
Psychopathic wordplay, schizophrenic flow  
I guess it's safe to say I got schizophrenic dough  
Fuck bad bitches, smoke big blunts  
Who am I to tell ya different? Ya only live once  
All I blow is Kush, yeah, that Cali bud

Got Cali love when I got that Cali glove  
My Spanish bitch in L.A., yeah, I owe her one  
Not them square seventeen like Uncle Brady's son  
These are more than words, this is more than rap  
This is the streets an' I am the trap  
Standing ovation, standing ovation  
These are more than words, this is more than rap  
This is the streets an' I am the trap  
Standing ovation, standing ovation  
My brains pulse through my veins, man, I can't understand it  
Infatuation with the birds, I watch Animal Planet

My life's a motion picture in Dolby Digital  
Tree raiser an' the scale, it was digital  
Calculate my every step, I'm a mathematician  
Make them pigeons disappear, I'm a damn magician  
A 40 cal, rubber bands an' a shoe box  
Run through a hundred grand watchin' [Incomprehensible]  
Got it by the truckload like the bread people  
I got a 'Sixth Sense', I stack dead people  
I'm talkin' Grants an' Jacksons  
Swear, it took a whole hour just to count the Jacksons  
These are more than words, this is more than rap  
This is the streets an' I am the trap  
Standing ovation, standing ovation  
These are more than words, this is more than rap  
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