

Still Standing

Goodie Mob

This for the soldiers (soldiers)
Stay strong my niggaz
(gangsters, players)
Stay up my niggaz (real niggaz) Verse One: T-Mo
Leavin the cut in a rage
Loadin up my Mac, goin to my crib, to get my 12 gauge
One of my boys just got shot, huh
Fuckin around, in that million dollar spot
A educated brother
Didn't have no money for college he was taught the street knowledge
Part of the plan
to keep us fightin in the street instead of becomin a strong black man
Every two weeks I see Sam
pitchin out my check with no respect but I still don't give a damn
Because I GOTTA make my dough
My kill, rocked down, til I started seein cash flow
Everything happens for a reason, choose the season
to commit the perfect treason
Who brought me -- to the land, of unfree man
To move about and catch trout, by the dozens
Even had my cousin locked down, at the feet shackled
A one-way seat, to Milledgeville
Nigga this real, how can you kill another
when it's your brother? Still Standing
Verse Two: Gipp
I never thought about, talked about what I did
Just experimented life as a young Gump
Them days long gone, school bells done rung no mo'
Spendin hours at the house in my favorite chair
Slow mo', custom funk fingerprinted to carry a hucklebuck
Feelin stuck with the art that my skin carries, scary
If I ever had to plot again, needin my stick
? Gidgets to pidgits, moves to Philly and the crew?
Nothin else to prove, fold a plot like chrome
Salt lick teddy bears in the college student's room
Speed, Gipp got that too
Watch that dude, inspect that fool, Still Standing
Chorus: all together
Unscathed, cause this is pain
This for soldiers to feel
MC's, are running out of things to say
Radio stations are running out of songs to play
Still Standing, unscathed, cause of pain
This for soldiers to feel
MC's, are running out of things to say

Radio stations are running out of songs to play
Verse Three: Khujo
On the sick side, of South
Central

33rd Avenue, block 600

Workers have wash and car details

The ese's got the fresh Chevrolet's for sale

Twenty G's or better, the whole neighborhood tanked up

What? On the fortress walls, there is no letters

Buddha say, the Bloods are strictly outnumbered

They beseiged, on the beats, Goodie Mo-B, run the creeps

Y'all can have the streets, asphalt caught many suckers

slippin on wet floors, we puttin out the signs

on krovers, C-I, T-Y, such a pity

Bein suckled dry, like a newborn

on his momma's titty before I retired I hit twenty

True to cellulite with big? room pesquite? on the porch

Poundin, like cartoon Ennis, old school efforts

through the Sunday down, Crenshaw sparkin

Zoned out, off the ink, for life

Goin through time and metal detectors, I can't take my weapon

And I can't be no dope dealer

Cause they be done put a hit out on a nigga, plus I can't keep up

with them keys, locked in the fo'-do'

Backseat drivers havin out-of-body experiences

Wakin up, somewhere else... Still Standing
Verse Four: Cee-Lo
Yeah.

Each and every element that exists in this

universe is manifested from a thought first

Through the inner mind's eye of the unseen power in the sky

Gave birth to Mother Earth and all it's worth to you and I

This most loved invention, my conciousness is an extension

of Him, yet I'm flesh and bone with a mind of my own

To dig deeper than the surface, whether I learn

from your upcomings or your downfalls we all have individual purpose

It's amazing, how the streets do the majority of raising
of children who end up dead before hearing what you said

And it's sad, so all I can write about is what I had

Interpretations of life good and bad with a pen and pad

It seems like abortion, when I just write a small portion

It's either crumpled up or torn without lettin the thought be born

Young minded, and blinded in those days; I didn't want to

have a thought that I couldn't raise, nurture, and care for

Be there for, help prepare for, the times ahead

When someone doesn't agree with what is said, huh

And if they did, don't get all arrogant cause that's my kid

Just be thankful that it's good and somebody overstood

Now, the listener in here want the same flow but I gotta let it grow

Clever enough to let it go, if I don't wanna rap no mo'

And I'll make sure that no one ever forgets

It's immortalized forever, on wax CD's and cassettes

And when someone goes to the store and purchases it for ten

The life cycle starts all over again
And I was granted this music as my soulmate, to procreate
and give back what I was given, a life worth livin
And I, am Still Standing, unscathed
Pain is for suckers to feel
MC's are running out of things to say, and
radio stations running out of songs to play, shit!
We Still Standing, unscathed
And pain is for suckers to feel, huh
And MC's running out of things to say...

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