

Stop-Start

Mike Will Made-It

Stop, start, all my goons on stop-start
My trap is on stop-start, started with my pot, fork
Start, I got killers up in New York
Pints come in from Detroit, got white, got green, I got, boy
Boy, I hit a button, make my car park
I don't even got to be inside to make my car start
Start, I give a word and make my goons march
Blow money like I'm Scott Storch, I got your bitch on stop-start

Ten thousand ones, they're on the way, I'm 'bout to start tippin'
Lil' mama fine but on the real she didn't just start strippin'
You know I'm used to money, Gucci didn't just start flippin'
Threw so much money in the air they stopped and start kissin'
Canary yellow bitch remind me of my Bart Simpson
I brought a pint off in the club, I'm 'bout to start sippin'
I brought my goons with me and my goons, they don't stop twistin'
I popped a pill, it kicked in, I'm 'bout to start trippin'
I'm 'bout to stop rappin', stop trappin', start pimpin'
Drop 'Rari pullin' up, nigga, start your engine
Stop panhandlin', nigga, stop penny pinchin'
And I ain't gotta come back, I never stop gettin' it

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The bitch was near me then like "Stop"
Let me go and check out my guap
Check out my guap, my Glock
Nigga try me, he get popped
And he get shot, he get dropped
Right on the mothafuckin' spot
Start, start, nigga, you don't wanna start
Kid 'bout to drive, boy you don't wanna park
Park, nigga I'm a young South Park
Young wild boy, with a lot of heart
Heart, heart, goin' hard
Bullets at your ass, they'll rip your ass apart
I take a minivan and I fill it's ass with narcs
Homer, can't nobody kill us as a Bart
Up my gun and make this bitch fart
Stop, boy you shouldn't even start
Lil pussy boys you're Minnie Mouse
Stand on your two feet
You don't even know what that damage about
Pull up, you'll get swiss cheesed
Hop in my car then pull right off
I don't start that bitch with my key
Racks in my jeans and I'm pullin' right out
Walk in this bitch, I'm Keef

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Salute to Big Gucci, he opened the door
Studio smokin' OG, sippin throw
Big dog wanna see the band unfold
Smokin' OG when we sippin' some throw
My plug touched down on a banana boat
Meetin' and greetin' in Givenchy loafers
You may be seated, Versace business over
My plug done dropped a ticket, no need for soda
Big dog, rich gang, stretch it, get the oval
Master Peewee, with the No Limit soldiers
I'm the sergeant, the lieutenant, and general
If it's fish I hit the block with minnows
Chopped them lil bitches in dimes
Big dog let me in the door, I'm grindin'
Hit your ass hard on the low
She tip-toein' on the marble floor
I'm dabbin', the double R, ghost
I swear my pinky do the most
The wrong nigga been had money
I'm just tryna throw him through some more
Man keep countin', skip town after we flip your ass
Then we gone to the mountain, headed to the Heavens
Pull up in a Lambo mounted

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