

Can't Stop

Ant Banks

Aight, one O this E Fizee
I gotta, I gotta thank my math teacher 'Count Dracula'
Who just teaches a brother how to, you know
Count his marbles, you know....what about you?

You see I can't stop I won't stop til I check a mill
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill
365 seven days I believe crack pays
My estates been guarded by pitbulls and AK's
I'm straight cookin' them thangs movin weight like I should
Cause a nigga livin good don't mean he went Hollywood
Dog I practice my craft so each year I get better
To stay ghetto and clever and be richer than ever

Fonzarelli man I thought you was a rebel I am
But tell me this then: why you move up out the ghetto?
Motherfucker I am the ghetto I beg your pardon
Nigga I was grindin tryna take niggas heads off
Flossin and fuckin hoes when you was kindergarden
Nigga this ain't 'Lenny & Squiggy'
Nigga this E Fizee and Mack Tizee
Fuckin with italian romiane pasta chicken tortellini
30 odd 6 custodian with the scope far from Nickelodeon
No shit no joke southern Cali up north se we be rollin
Make a bitch purchase a gun report it stolen
Plead the 5th but don't snitch
No case cause every Po-Po and they mammy know
That 12 gauge equipment can be traced
Stand on your bunions nigga don't try to get caught in his draws
Cause them 2.2.3.'s be penetratin' through walls
Plus I got warrants and shit didn't pay child support
Thinkin' about skippin town movin to Shreveport, biAtch!

You see I can't stop I won't stop til I check a mill
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill
(from L.A. to the Yay see we be rollin)
(make a bitch purchase a gun report it stolen)
You see I can't stop I won't stop til I check a mill
I need a super bad bitch and a house on the hill
(see you my dude right that mean we partners in crime)
(it's Forty Fonzarelli and Mack Dime, biAtch!)

Forty, I'm one bro that's in the mix like gumbo
Now how can I stay humble and make feddy by the gumble?
Marv said we got bigga triggas Mack we got bigga figures
Now throw the top back on the 'rarri and bang gears on these niggas
And watch what money show you bout niggas
That don't know you busters is gone hate
Real G's is happy for you
It's Mack Dime on the grind fool it's my time to shine
Now would you niggas kick back and let me mine?

Causin havoc sparkin up chaos bringin the ruckus
Heavy metal heaters mobbin under buckets
If you can't beat us then join us get on the team street sweepers
Grenade, riffles and M1 car beams, dice game
Craps bets over car titles, pink slips, cash money

Watchin out for rival gang members beefin bad weather
But it all boils down to who got the most paper

I shoot 'em up like syringers I know what real ends is
Low-Lows, Harley Davis and big body benzes
Ain't been faded so far on my wrist I got a R
Hundred thousand dollar car cause I push the caviar
So what's up what you need everybody huddle up
Got that 2 for 1 special with the rock called double up
So get lit take a hit shop is open all day
From L.A. to the Bay it's Mack 10 and E-Fourtay

Sometimes I wonder if it's worth this
Fuckin with the law tryna make it look like I'm runnin
A legitimate tow truck service with a 'just-say-no'
Drug bumper sticker on the back of my window (back window)
Knowin I been smokin a gang of Indo
Around the corner 4 houses down across the way
Way make a right and then a left over there by Safeway
And when you get there page me punch in
How much ya wanna spend separate the 20's from the 1's 5's and 10's
Slick, sly, sharp narcotic vendors always do business
In shoppin centers Buck 'em stick 'em stuck 'em don't ever fuck me
Hate 'em bleed 'em love 'em shit can get ugly

Hoo Bang Hoo Ride, Hoo Bang Hoo Ride
Hoo Ride Hoo Bang
Who be ridin who be bangin', ride nigga