

We Ain't Stoppin'

Big Tymers

Whoa, whoa
The Big Tymers nigga, who, who
Big Tymers nigga, huh, get it right

Bentley interior I lay back on it,
everytime a nigga see me it's a Kodak moment
Now I ain't the one to brag (nope)
But I bought myself a hummer, my brother a Jag (for sho)
I'm taking all the ho's and I'm making you mad (yep)
You violate my household, I'm busting your ass
Is you listening, do you see my ice when it's glistening
Cause if you wit that balla blocking niggas come up missing then

I need a bin life, to get right, up in my new Prowler
And put her lips tight on this pipe and suck out the problem
Need a Rolex wit princess cuts all at the bottom
Need a kit wit twenty inches on the car that I'm driving
Went from dimes to quakes, to money like Bill Gates
Doing a hundred on interstates, and Hummers on 38's
We are C.M.B. my nigga
Fresh, Baby, Hotboys and Weezy Wee my nigga

Where ever it's popping, we stopping
But if it ain't hot then, we not then
Where ever it's twerking, we working
She got to be slurping, for certain

Project and hoodrat bitch is who I like
A bitch that's about riding, who going on flight

I met this bitch in Cabriny Green, a nasty ho
Like that dick from the back and you can "ugh" in her throat

A bitch that's about hustling and smuggling work
Head busting and thugging, just like Turk

A wild bitch off Gray street, doing her thing
Big ass, big tits she love eat ding-a-ling

I need a black hoe
One wit the braids in her head
Working wit some ass
And can give good head

Can't forget about this bitch up in Philly and Richie Allen
A freak nasty bitch, that's always swallow

Sticking to tha G code, Ree's and Girbaud's
Got hands and bout strapping, quick to beat a ho

Oops, almost forgot about Tasha up in the Watts
A hotgirl for sho, that stay dropping it like it's hot

Chorus: Where ever it's popping, we stopping
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Bitch, I'ma be stunting until the day I go (what)
Bentley's and Hummers and drop Diablo's (what)
Running wit nigga's that don't love no ho's (what)
Platinum grill cause bitch I'm done wit gold

Hey

Now you know it's lil Weezy off the heezy believe me whoa
Hot like pepper, sliding out the compressor slow
Me and your wife slut, don't slam my door
Cut on the lights, look how the dam watch glow

Hold up, Wayne (what)

You know what, Wayne (whoa)
I'ma get in this bitch and do donuts, man

Now wait, Bubba

You gonna make me go buy a grape Hummer
And make me put my name in diamonds on the license plate cousin

Now peep me slick

I got a hoe out the project
That eat the dick, she a freaky bitch

Nigga you know it's Iceberg boy straight off the block
Wit the number one stunner and we blazing hot

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