

Can't Stop Won't Stop

Dizzy Wright

[Hook]

Can't stop and it won't stop
Yeah you rap but you won't pop
It's a long shot
Can't stop and it won't stop
Yeah you rap but you won't pop
It's a long shot

[Verse 1]

You niggas got a long way to go man
Nigga it's a long shot...
I smoke the bombest dro, nigga it's phenomenal
Nigga now we blow, fuckin' with college hoes
Niggas playin' dominos, somebody bout to lose they ho
Rasta flow, my brody bro Logic know
We Bobby Soxer hoes, we poppin' though
These niggas can knock the flow but I'm too in my zone
Wait a minute though, niggas rather lay up in a ho
I was layin' low trynna get my head right
Ready for a change, ran into a dead end
Turned around and told myself I was finna rap right
Left life on the next flight, ugh
Sky's the limit and you dead right
Dizzy Wright get it every night
Substance to the game made a name
Now I got a message for the lames

[Hook]

Ugh... pretty much

[Verse 2]

East side til' I die ho
I could take over the world with my eyes closed
Legal marijuana patient I ain't worried bout 5-0
Changin' up the new God flow
Tell me something you alive fo'
If God died for us, tell me who you finna die fo'
Slow down, ride slow, don't forget your Bible
The Golden Age, you livin' in a cycle
Nigga you dealin' with a psycho
He go by Dizzy Wright though, with the rifle
In 1991, I'm lookin' like Michael
The same year that the police beat up
On Rodney King and gave us something to fight fo'
Ight bro, don't push it, I was scared when I couldn't
And now that I came in I shouldn't
I'm knowin' my limits, but this the beginning
And they gon' support to the fullest
We out here, real rap get them other niggas out here
You feel that? Fuck that, I ain't givin' out no passes
Them lazy ass rappers ain't allowed here
Found here, 'round here with the bosses
Down here, turn my home to my office
Spreadin' light like a King, so a nigga standoff-ish
Always sayin' something when I'm talkin'
This a message to the nigga sparkin'

[Hook]

Niggas trynna play me out?
Nigga it's a long shot
Last words

[Verse 3]

I've been rapping all of my life
I ain't askin' y'all for no stripes
I would go toe to toe with any ho nigga
I ain't askin' y'all for no rights
Fuck yo platinum plaques, if you gettin' lazy
I'm takin' off on yo life
Pick up the pace, as I grace that fight
Can't relate, he a fake cause he ain't that nice
Pick up the eighth that night
Crazy how they praise my life
Nigga workin' like a slave at night
(But you hate that right?)
For my niggas in the cage at night
This the music that'll save yo life
(When it ain't alright)
Left it on a nigga brain all night
Let it sit so it cook right
So many people are attracted to the possibility
Of what it looks like, you hear the hook right?
I was birthed to be the man, ugh
But is it worth to be the man?
I love my life a little too much to hate on your's
So I work for me and my fans
When I'm deserving, I still hustle
Like I have not earned it
Concerned with not nothing I'm learning
These niggas ain't been on my level for weeks
Ahead of my time, let my Legacy speak

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