

Can't Stop Us

Field Mob

Uh, it's hard catchin' these old rhymes
I cant' remember these old rhymes
It's hard catchin' these old rhymes

[Kalage]

Shit we comin' after the whack rappers
Studio gat-clappers slash jackers
Them braggin' back-stabbin' non-rappin' autographers
And I'm backed up like brake lights don't beep me
That's some shit you ain't gon' see like a punch in a snake fight
Or a preacher that play dice
It's another level bitch
And I'm sick of rappers braggin' bout they diamond bezelled wrists
My ice this, my ice that
I bet I'll melt yo shit
Cause Shawn J come hotter than the Devil's dick
Couldn't beat me if I was yo dick
We were in the movies
Watchin' porn flicks in 3D
And you were PeeWee
I don't blow shit out of proportion
I'll stuff you in yo mama's stomach
Rap her then make her have an abortion
The Vince Carter of rap, Shawn tall and brown skinned
Dunkin' dick in yo bitch with my arm in the rim
Keep yo hoe I chase dough
Burnin' rappers till sun-up
And jackin' off layin' on my back tryin' to come up
To get grip
Shawn slick with bricks for chips
I flip one-fifth of a brick
Nicks go for 6
Tug a four-fifth with more glits than 6 twists
I don't sniff but I spit
Catch a whiff nit-wit
Slick 6 style switch
Like a whip stick shift
I stole rap like the grinch stole Christmas
My clique pissed tryin' to hit licks to get grip
Tryin' to make more bread than Bisquick Biscuits
This misfit pissed cause I hit his chick
He mad cause I'm Indiana like Rik Smits
But he don't know I'm underground like the Ninja Turtle
He wanna fight but he type that couldn't injure Urkel
I play the cut though
Mr. Nice guy slash cut throat
Spit doo-doo like you butt blow
UH-OHHHH y'all best to get runnnin'
Why? Shhh! I hear Field Mob comin'

[Hook]

Can't stop us
Can't stop the Mob
Can't stop Boondox
Can't stop Kalage
[Repeat 11x's]

[Boondox Blax]

Uh, it's you boy Boondox aka Smoke from the Mob
That charcoal color lyrical criminal spittin' flows from yo ?
I break bricks down in yo hood and take over yo block
Whatever you want I got it from the South Coast to the Rocks
Open up shop totin' a glock with a scope on the top
Two clips in each ankle tucked low in my sock
Like lil' whodi Wayne - I'll have yo block scorchin' hot
You need oven gloves to get yo mail out of yo box
To you rappers thinkin' you gonna come control my block
Check yo face you see a infrared now way it's not
Close to yo eye and in yo ears and all up in yo teeth too
So many red dots look like you sick with the measles
My clique hold heat too
But I roll with more people
Macks like Rudy Ray Moore, Goldie and Seigel
Like Bebe we don't die we multiply like wet gremlins
Jack Martin girl
It's best you hide the baguettes listen
We the best spittin' gold rhymes
Lyrics stickin' to yo brain as if yo pillow was porcupine
Not only yo mind
I poke yo tummy like Doughboy
Makin' ya bummy
Droppin' lyrical bows to yo stomach
Smokey done it in two years and 4 weeks
I ain't lying
If Jigga Jordan
You can call me the Kobe Bryant of this rap shit
So go get more practice
I skipped college and high school - I ain't even pass it
Barely made it past the 10th grade
You been writin' for 20 years
And still writin' and I been in this shit getting' paid
Spittin' raid at you cockroaches
It makes you move out the way if you did not notice
Here come the Mob

[Hook]