

Who Gon Stop Me

Kanye West

This is something like the Holocaust
Millions of our people lost
Bow our heads and pray to the Lord
Til I die I'ma fuckin' ball
Now who gon' stop me?
Who gon' stop me huh?
Who gon' stop me?
Who gon' stop me huh?

Black cards, black cars,
Black on black, black broads
Whole lotta money in a black bag
Black strap, you know what that's for?

Who gon' stop me huh?

Who gon' stop me, huh?

Yeah, who gon' stop me?
No brakes, I need, State Farm
So many watches I need 8 arms
One neck but got 8 charms

Who gon' stop me, huh?

Niggas talkin', they bitch made, Ix-nay off my dicks-nay
That's pig Latin, itch-bay
Who gon' stop me huh?
Last night ain't go so well
Got kicked up out the hotel
Got a little freaky like Marvin Albert
Yes! Tell Howard Cosell
You just a commentator, if you getting paper
Everybody I know from the hood got common haters
In some relations, you just supposed to say none
Heard she fucked the doorman
Well that's cool I fucked the waitress
Heard Yeezy was racist, well, I guess that's on one basis
I only like green faces

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Y'all weed purple, my money purple
Y'all Steve Urkel, I'm Oprah circle

I wrote the verse, that I hope will hurt you

Who gone stop me huh?
Beat the odds, best the Feds
It wouldn't be wise, to bet against the kid
Start me broke, I bet I get rich
Night shift, 6 to 6
Gimmie one shot, one pot
I'll show up in all white, wearing no socks
No ceiling, new coupe
They know I'm a dope boy
They don't have no proof
I'm 3 steps removed, I know how to move
It's looking like, I don't know how to lose
I'm winning again, I'm at the Wynn
I'm at the table, I'm gambling,
Lucky lefty, I expect a 7,
I went through hell, I'm expecting heaven, I'm owed,
I'm throwed and I stuck to the G-code,
I'm here, oh yeah, I promise I ain't going nowhere,
OK here, like a hare, like a rabbit, I like karats
I'm allergic to having bunny ears,
Like broke, like nope, like ha,
I ain't no joke, I can't be stopped
Like nope, like nope
To the beat Noah...

2 seats in the 911, no limit on the black card
Told y'all I was gonna go HAM, told the ocean was my backyard
No lies in my verses, please pardon all the curses
Shit gotta come some way, fuck, when you growing up worthless
Middle finger to my old life, special shout out to my old head
If it wasn't for your advice, a nigga would have been so dead
I'm living life, til these niggas kill me
Turn this up, if these niggas feel me
I'm riding dirty, trying to get filthy
Pablo Picasso, Rothkos, Rilkes
Graduated to the MOMA
And I did all of this, without a diploma
Graduated from the corner
Y'all can play me for a motherfuckin' fool if you wanna,
Street smart, and I'm book smart
Could have been a chemist, cause I cook smart
Only thing to stop me is me,
And I'ma stop when the hook start
Hold up

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