

Don't Stop

Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah..

'Pac, Dat Nigga Daz (yeah) Kurupt
All up in this bitch

Don't stop, keep goin
Don't stop..
Don't stop..

Keep it goin, got my nigga Slip Capone
Hahahaha, hell yeah, lot of fakers is out there
Niggaz get around these backwoods
Get around they mommas, pull up they pants
hide they rags and start to act good, hahahahaha!

Who mashes with the crazy, illest niggaz in town? (I do)
Killin willingly, who got the right to make a sound?
My sound break block, corners, avenues and drives
It's about time the mashin is arrived
I take you on a mission, be on a mission, I'm packin steel
Steadily givin these niggaz no passes on livin (no passes)
I spend major loot on khaki suits
Nikes and kroker-saks to sweat suits, and leather boots
I box niggaz twice my size, I bust wit a fo'-five
Lick you up in yo' eye, blast, make the party live
I live the unusual, crucial life
So pay attention when I come through for you and your crew
as just a man and his music, I ain't afraid to use it
Bruise you badly, you want confusion, I mean it's useless
to step to this, we in effect, we dangerous
Contendin mental murderers and ain't afraid to diss
Biatch! (yeah)

Now I been called crazy, to fade me it's not possible (haha)
I give a fuck, what you thought, or who you brought witchu?
(Bad Boy killer) A Bad Boy killer, Biggie annihilator
They wonderin why he breathin, but bitches is dyin later (ahh)
Better laugh now, then cry when I come to get you
I hit you with two glocks, and leave you with scar tissue
On some loco shit (loco), my pistol smoke yo' shit (smoke)
Let's go for dolo BIATCH, and watch me flow yo' shit
Mr., Makaveli movin pieces like telekenesis
It's like a chess game, let's play wit real pieces (hell yeah)
Shots rang and niggaz brains were spilt
Another Bad Boy affiliated (Bad Boy killer) nigga was kilt
I hit the funeral and busted his folks
and leave the scene like a shadow in a blaze of smoke
Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop, keep goin (6x)

Well it's that seventeen shot glock cocker, the block rocker (fool)
Hardcore hooligan, verbal assault chopper
Finally televised - Kurupt, Daz reside (resides)
Lethal with mics like guns, bats and knives
Those who oppose are my foes, all stand in rows
Deadliest MC across the globe, Kurupt Capone
(That's that nigga) I packs heat when it's cold

Too much pressure makes ya fold, so lo' and behold
Why you waitin for the poetical Satan?
Creatin slaughters, runnin through camps like Walter Payton
I snatch ya breath (aah!) and bust 'til there's no one left
Who goes against the program, I'm the Man like Meth
(I'm the man nigga) I don't trust ya (I don't)
The second I get a chance I'ma bust ya
No matter where, you could be in Russia I'ma touch ya
(Like that) Vocal assassin, motivated by cash
Shoot for the loot, brownies and black mags

Don't stop, keep goin (7x)
Don't stop, don't stop

..

Let the speakers bump - BIATCH! (let the speakers bump)
For everybody out there that got the humps in they Jeep
Big Suburbans, they Lexuses, they Beemers
We gon' break it down a lil' somethin like this
for you to get yo' sub on throughout yo' neighborhood
Turn it up, check it out

They claim to be down, they say they down (man fuck you man)
Number one..