

We Don't Stop

Young Bleed

Featuring Maxminelli

(Maxminelli talking)

Say check this out Bleed, look Concentration Camp in this bitch
Gettin heavy, ya heard me? We all foldin paper nigga, you
Lucky Nuckles, that nigga Loc, Big Happy, Lee Tyme, you know me
Maxminelli I'm foldin paper nigga, an Boo, an we layin low
Cuz that's what Lay Low do, ya heard me?

I'm tellin you, by the time that nigga OG come out of Paris
We gonna have somethin real swole to fold

My nigga down in Bam foldin paper, my nigga Poola

My nigga Big Poola Mic

An we be bout ta let em know what's the motherfuckin count say!

Chorus x1 (Maxminelli)

The mutha fuckin count don't stop, an they don't quit

Shit a nigga can't fuck wit, you can't fuck wit

You only live once that's how it's cut,

So where the weed Young Bleed lets get tore up!

Verse 1-(Young Bleed)

The ghetto got me givin up no love, tod ya this mornin,

You gotta know a nigga yearnin,

Niggaz stole from the stop an go,

An seperate my weed from the seeds,

An roll an optimo,

An saddle up my cattle cuz lets roll boy,

An every nigga I know, livin it up like a cowboy,

Shootin up some shit, for the fuck of it an I'm lovin it,

I got a tray-80 for rainy days, an I'm huggin it, an muggin,

While I'm sippin on a young tre-deuce, four-five,

All the way live, wit my homies wanna ride, southside,

Got yo mouth wide,

Buggin for nothin, try to twerk somethin nigga

Or hurt somethin nigga,

Look here, I be yo Huckleberry playin it rough,

Quick on the draw like the last outlaw,

Killin 'em softly,

Hollerin dawg get off me,

Tryin to boss me, an cost me a grip,

An got the nerve to get flipped wit a nigga,

But see Trix is for