

Can't Stop Won't Stop

Young Gunz

Yo C, They thought we wasn't gonna come
with something for the club, Check it out

Can't stop, won't stop, Rocafella Records
Cause we, we get down baby, we get down baby
The girls the girls, they love us
Cause we stay fresh to death, we the best nothing less

They don't make us so break us when they make up to break up (No)
See the Jacob, fix they lil' make up (Uh)
That's them Young gunaz Chris and Lil Neefy
Wishin they was the one what Chris got Lil Kee Kee (That's right)
Home base Sham Co back there (Uh huh)
Keep ya mouth shut, we might do that dere
Yep it's only right, that the whole block stares
Hop out the Bimp with blue and white Airs
When I say move nigga let's go and get left yo
Mami feelin my baguettes so my whole neck glow
Say I'm young but I can sex though
Now could it be I'm the one ladies check fo'
Yes hoe, got grown women my momma age, fuck me all kinda ways
Suck and swallow everything, way before them rhymin' days
Naw it ain't bout the age, it's all in da stroke
Bitches thought I was a joke, 'til they got my jammies HEY!

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Hold up, stop wait, reverse the tape
(Beat changes to Clipse - Grindin' beat)

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Chris, we ballin' in the drop top, open Sky
Somethin' foreign, soarin' One-forty-five
To god is callin' for my body let my spirit fly
I want it all uh, no lie
Picture me ballin' poppin' somethin' important
Pedal floorin' clutch poppin' boppin' to Lauren
Now picture me.

Yep it's only right we don't feed 'em no cash
We ain't flea 'em and pass soon when we see 'em we pass 'em
Yep, I know they hate 'cause we seein that cash
And seein right pass 'em, and I don't wanna access 'em
No, no, don't make me the bad one
Then negotiate, when the man wit the badge come
You know the rules, when a nigga was yappin
Ain't no rappin, when we see 'em we clap em'
Plastic bag 'em, then we findin' a ditch (Yeah)
Toss the magnum, then we findin' his bitch (Yeah)
Then take a step over the shit we left over

Now I gotta and tell, my niggaz what happen
Niggaz better believe, we the youngest in charge (Yeah)
Ain't takin a deal man, I run wit a charge (Yeah)
Chris and Neef, we runnin this rap shit
State Property poppin anyone of you bastards

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They see the Young gunna, all the girlie, girlies
Wanna see the Young gunna once they see the Rocawear (Wear)
Little bit of jewels plus I treat 'em like I care (Care)
Safe home base I just treat 'em like a spare (Yeah)
You know I stay wit a beautiful little thing
And after me, it's Neef abusin that little thing, look (together)
You better tuck your girl, if she hot fam' (together)
Cause I'm pretty sure, she a rock fan
Mami do you want, us or him
Ain't no "I" in a team, fuck wit me, fuck wit them
Get the ride for my dogs, that's the game baby girl
Ain't no shame keep it clean, keep a eye on my dogs (You know)
Never brag, never blab what you saw
Let them motherfuckers know you just as fast on the draw (Fo' sho')
Let 'em know you need some cash for the drawls (Wooo)
Keep the shit between us, so they be blast on the saw

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