

Shit Don't Stop

2pac

Shit don't stop (2x)

Game rules often slang to the right fools
Heavy hittin' at this motherfucker's straight spittin'
Diggin' deep into your brain while tryin to explain
why real niggas need to stick to the game
It's the same got these motherfuckers changin' on me
Jealous-ass player-haters gaming on me
Look out motherfucker homey-G
As in gettin' motherfuckers 'fore they come get me
Get down for the right for the wishes
Fake ass nigga, you in shit, for fightin' over bitches
You call that a player?
Straight-ass sissy
See me at my show nigga miss me
Cause I ain't tryin' to hear that bullshit
Got a pistol motherfucker try to pull quick
And just cause i'm rappin don't mean I ain't scrappin
And if you clip when the shit happens, it don't stop

[chorus] Shit don't stop...

Now my guess is true
Them thug life niggas is a bull
Everywhere we go
The niggas trippin at the door
I want to dance with you
You can dance at the party and not get whipped [1x]

See the shit don't stop
My 9 goes pop
Your body drip-drop
Throw that ass in a zip-loc

Now you've been hauled away in a body bag
Get your Sammy D said how your blood got sneeze me

Yo you fuckin' with a thug yo your ass gets plugged
With this hollow-point slugs
With ya under the rug

That's why my deaf niggas don't play that shit
In thug life niggas be the craziest

So when you think about fuckin' this
You better wear a vest
But it really don't matter
We ain't aimin' at your chest

Nah we blowin holes in your motherfuckin' skull

Make sure your ass is smoked
That's all the fat lady wrote

You heard that fat bitch sing when my shit went bang-bang
But it don't pay when i flaunt your brain

Nigga, ain't no plain cane brothers come no show
In the casket
Git'n they ass kicked
And blasted

It don't stop

All I wanna do is try to Mac the hoes
Spin bank on thangs sellin me a sponsor on my foes
It's like each and every one they got the look of death
I got my 9 nigga
Don't be silly
You better watch your step

And pussies we crossin when my crew is flossin'
Bitches we tossin'
And niggas we crossin'
It's like a murder rhyme when we hit your hood
It's all good
The punks? I wish you would!

Wouldn't better to just corrolate what we bust
Instead of kickin' dust
Gets a press y'all from nuts
Cause ain't no herbs here
And ain't no morgues
Beware of the water 'cause they full of sharks

But in every state
Niggas perpetrate and test
Where I come from fools die for less
And thugs keep thugin' till their casket drop
It's on 'till I die
And the shit don't stop