

Don't Stop

Big Scarr

(Tahj Money)

Yep

Frozone

Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm

Uh, yep

Uh, yep, shows coming in, but the P's don't stop (P's don't stop)

Put it in my nine, Ray Charles on the Glock (On the Glock)

Big micro, put a nigga in the box (Put him on box)

Designer track runners, double G's on my socks (On my socks)

Uh, nigga, we ain't ducking no smoke (No, no), only time we running when the narcs hit the spot (Yeah, the narcs)

Uh, I'm really thugging in the streets, only time I'm on the porch is when the box finna drop

Crybaby, snotty nose, boogers in the watch (Boogers in the watch)

Psychic vision, had a dream 'bout the guap (Dream 'bout the guap)

Decapitate a nigga, leave his brains in one spot (Brains in one spot)

Contaminate a Glock with fresh blood from a opp (Yeah, a opp)

Nigga, we ain't squashing no beef (No, no), spin again and again 'til somebody else dropped (Gotta drop)

You would have been dead but you working with the cops (Working with the cops)

Uh (What?)

Yep (Yep)

Seventy-five shooters on point like a sniper (Shooters on go)

Fuck a Hellcat, pulled up in the Viper (Yoom)

Shitbag a nigga, now you gotta wear a diaper

Christian Loub' shoes, bleed red like a psycho (Drip)

Hell nah, I don't want the P through the mail, hit the road, yeah, I still overnight 'em (No ship)

We ain't saving hoes, yeah, we only one-night 'em (Yeah)

I just wanna fuck you and hold down, hold the title (Hold the title)

Thirty thousand in my jeans, make my pants fit tighter

I'm the chosen one, fit in line like the cycle

Stolen car with the dealer seal, no title

Free my dogs out the pen', I'm on the road, still righting 'em (Yep)

Can't take me out, up north in New York with the sticks and we screaming, "Fuck Rikers" (Yep)

Ride with them choppers like bikers (Like bikers)

Shoot shit up, I feel bad for a fighter (For a fighter)

Real street nigga, you a Facebook typer (You a typer)

Playing with the gang, right or wrong, you in danger (Yep, yep)

Cool with clientele, I don't really serve strangers (Nope, nope)

Shooters on go, hell nah, can't tame 'em (Brrt)

Smoke 'em with the woop, faceless, can't name 'em (Can't name 'em)

I was down bad in the trap, I done came up (I done came up)

Reach for the chain, guarantee you'll get flamed up (Brrt, brrt)

Uh, yep, shows coming in, but the P's don't stop (P's don't stop)

Put it in my nine, Ray Charles on the Glock (Ray Charles on the Glock)

Big micro, put a nigga in the box (Put him on box)

Designer track runners, double G's on my socks (On my socks)

Uh, nigga, we ain't ducking no smoke (No, no), only time we running when the narcs hit the spot (From the narcs)

Uh, I'm really thugging in the streets, only time I'm on the porch is when the box finna drop (For the box)

Crybaby, snotty nose, boogers in the watch (In the watch)
Psychic vision, had a dream 'bout the guap (Dream 'bout the guap)
Decapitate a nigga, leave his brains in one spot (One spot)
Contaminate a Glock with fresh blood from a opp (Yep, a opp)
Nigga, we ain't squashing no beef, spin again and again 'til somebody else d
ropped (Gotta drop)
You would have been dead but you working with the cops (With the cops)

Bitch-ass nigga

Yep

Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm

Yep

Yep, yep, yep