

# Can't Stop

Def Squad

Macaulay Culkin, "home alone" lustin  
Tuesday night we stop by Justin's  
Check the scene, immaculate  
Grab the bottle from the bar and dismantle it  
Who you wit, spot a chick for my man to get  
She a big body girl, I can handle it  
'cause my money blow 'em  
If I had the voice of my man Sisqo, I could see the thong  
But I'm not so I flash the yacht master  
And the gold seal so I can get it faster  
Eye contact, said my name Onasis  
Check myself from catching hot flashes  
This girl is just too much  
Quench my thirst wit a glass of, "puffy" punch  
And that's the real, I'm the realest nigga ever seen  
Fuck a gun, stop me, try a laser beam

Chorus 2x: Dave Hollister  
Where we goin, goin  
How we movin, movin  
What we doin, doin  
Who she bouncin wit? "keep bouncing"  
Can't stop movin, movin, movin "keep bouncing"

Yo, same night, shit's right, glide down the block  
Club cheetahs, the other spot, uh  
It should be closed, fubu had a a-list fashion show  
I bought the hoe, "you know!"  
Inside, Deborah Cox, ll cool...  
J, broads hangin off the barstools  
Uh, I'm the shit, I break down to any figure  
"trick" 'em you don't know "nann nigga"  
Uh, around the chicks I flash the bread  
Never, ever get over my head, I front instead, "trust me"  
Me, I won't risk it  
I do it all for the "nookie" like Fred from Limp Bizkit  
So I snooze 'em, seven day yacht cruise 'em  
Do what I want to and then lose 'em  
For real, me and my squad's off the hook  
Case closed, end of story, close the book

Chorus

"I hate e so much right now"  
I don't give a f\*\*k, I be like ch ch blau!  
Gettin hoes with asses like wow  
Laughin at y'all how you like me now, uh  
I get the money baby, ain't nothin funny baby  
Carrots are for bugs bunny baby  
To each his own, I rock til the spot is blown  
Club hoppin, once again it's on

Chorus