

# Stop

Jay-Z

[Intro: Tone (R. Kelly)]

Yo, Duro, tell Rob to hurry up back in the booth, man  
We got the Track joint  
Yo, this Tone the referee, while I got your attention  
I gotta we set out to bring you the best possible heat  
For your two step, me, Jigga and Kells  
You know, so y'all just enjoy, aight  
Yo, Rob you there? (Yeah) Your mic sound nice (uh-huh uh-huh)  
You first to blow (yeah) Ight, you ready to blow (uh-huh)  
Aight, let's go

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Hold up, wait a minute, stop  
Jigga, I'm about to put the shit down  
Hold up, wait a minute, stop  
I'm about to, make these niggaz get down  
Hold up, wait a minute, stop  
Guaranteed, these niggaz gonna feel us  
Hold up, wait a minute, stop  
Tone and Poke, blow the motherfuckin' speakers

[R. Kelly]

Grab a bottle, get two models  
Thugs at Apollo's, niggaz wanna follow  
I'm about to show you, how wild it gets  
That nigga Hov', is the craziest  
Stop at the club, bout a quarter to six  
With a bottle in my hand, yellin' "Bitch, I'm rich"  
Hey, y'all niggaz see me, I can't believe it  
You startin' to sound like, you don't want it  
Tony's on the drop, blue and yellow rocks  
He keep yellin', stop, Sisqo's album flopped  
What you wanna do, if you drinkin', I'm hangin' out with you  
Five, four, three, two, one  
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

It's Young... uh, mack alone, I'm back in the zone  
I'm out they way, still these rappers won't leave me alone  
I can give a fuck what these rappers sayin' bout me  
That just let's me know, they can't go a day without me  
Scared of me succeeding, that's the reason you doubt me  
Cuz if you ain't believe me, you wouldn't be thinkin' bout me  
Sorta how like you, never crossed my mind  
Until you crossed the line, stop...  
Then I gotta come accross a rhyme  
To let the world know you come across a mime  
I do so much sauce with lines, with someone who saws my climb  
From Marcy to party, where you soakin' up blue nine  
Prude, am I, got a du-lemma, I'm a dude from the hood  
Who loves jewels, who am I?  
You where placed in the same shoes, size 10/5  
With a sick view, of the place you grew, dude, can I  
Live, what I did, for this whole rap circus  
I open up more doors for y'all fuckers than car service

Ya'll nervous, I ain't back yet  
I'm on extended vaca', I ain't unpack yet, stop worrying

[R. Kelly]  
Five, four, three, two, one  
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]

[Foxy Brown]  
Shit, she back with the nigga inf dot  
Uh-oh, somebody better tell this broad  
I'm a nine year veteran, I'm back with my brethren  
I sware to god, it feel like '96 again  
Bitches snatchin' bags, see, they fuckin' with my shit again  
We bout to let them hammers pop  
In the 'Stuy, dudes, callin', you a problem, Fox'  
I got the automore pierre watch  
Butterscotch, GT, good toe on, three eight cock  
Ya'll ain't see this much love since they cried for 'Pac  
Since Big passed, or since Jay passed the Roc  
I'm in a clearport, full length mink in a G4  
Fuck I'm lookin' like rhyming for a hundred g's, for?  
No, I don't talk to media guys  
I don't chatter with the best, ain't no question whose the best  
Shawn and Kelly, Fox, best of both worlds, I see y'all  
Aiyo, Kel, nigga, holler at your peoples

[R. Kelly]  
Five, four, three, two, one  
Hang on y'all, let's have some fun

[Chorus]