

## Don't Stop!

Kanye West

Explain yourself, how you sound like me?  
the muthafucking skateboard P  
knowing that your mee lo  
playing games like you're cee-lo  
in a tight situation like speedo's  
you can have it your way like Carlito  
my nigga will be happy to give you torpedos  
and have you car twisted like a blunt  
for you faggot ass niggas that like to front  
I'm on some BBC bape shit  
I'm on some cake shit  
in the kitchen with the heat making beats in my apron  
you hating and you want to erase it  
close your eyes when you know you can't take it  
my flow interrupts your homeostasis  
I Rolls Royce it on a regular basis  
you talk street shit it sound like sweet shit  
straight liquorice you niggas sound ticklish  
80k large for the Hermes dream  
coke n crop in all your magazines  
hunger strike yourself, look like Celine  
Dion, me and my niggas like freon  
you bitches on my pecan  
she got an ass you can eat on  
try to play tough like the leather on a Vuiton  
I hit it til I could seat on  
try to get her freak on  
ask me to R Kelly ya and get pee'd on  
I said it ain't me maam  
that 8 behind me still got the burner  
yes the enzo is stilll black like Sojourner  
truth, I mighta just loosened a tooth  
spittin' what I did in the booth  
I'm out, pooof!

Carrera, raised in a teenage mutant ninja turtle era  
wanna bear n tell the truth, I dare ya  
ya lie, so eat these whole bottle of these jalapeno peppers  
for terror made in america too live  
fuck the property or give me my props properly  
high off life this high technology, DeVry  
I rep Muhammad Ali more like rapology  
my policy's not to be dishonestly deprived  
so gimme that, gimme that, keep going  
where my city at, I'm like steak and fries but never die  
they wanna Ghostface wanna be me  
but they will post haste follow me into the after life  
that means you going right after I've  
but I'm the hero sort of like Jack Sparrow  
so someway somehow I have survived  
ha ha surprised  
who is he that we see coming over the tides  
in a speed boat, boat load of pride  
Fall of Rome, dress shirted and mastermind tie  
he what happens when rapping and happen the fashion collide  
so OMG is the "C" from the C-R-S LOL'ing at you haters  
tell your BFF's like

Yes, Mr West turn that new child rebel  
loud as a badass child level  
who need a chorus we through with a tyrannosaurus  
tyrone it's been a year with no phone  
could you explain how high is your zone  
we'll take the plane rub his nose in cocaine  
there's hoes in magazines you lame sayin you lame  
and for the hate in advance, pull down your pants  
make 'em kiss both cheeks like we living in France  
Diamonds blue, business manager's Jewish  
and if I get sued my lawyers Jews  
some girls do, grab the cojones  
say you got enough diamonds to at least Sierra Loan-us  
brand new ferrari's I gotta make the donuts  
C-R-S is like a hip hop Christmas bonus  
niggas is hating on the internet I couldn't tell  
I was too busy rapping GOOD as hell  
I was too busy flying, parasail!  
tell collect to get the new shit that Paris sell  
Tarantino, Da Vinci, gettin' Benji's, get half off Fendi  
half of that's to Cindy's  
hoped out the spaceship on my Mork and Mindy  
popped too many corks to let you dork's offend me  
props in New York but Chi town's the city  
get my city hoochie's Gucci, Monica Bellucci's  
are those the real millionnaires or the bendi's?  
I'm so ultra I'm even over Oprah  
but let me check your account, haha no sir

Don't stop, don't stop...