

Can't Stop Won't Stop

King Combs

(Rippa on the beat, bitch)
Can't stop, won't stop, nigga (Yeah)
Can't stop, won't stop, never stop
Can't stop, won't stop, never

Can't stop, won't stop, Bad Boy
I was upgradin' from my last toy/ho
I done fucked on Lisa, Keisha and Joy
And I ain't trippin' if you ain't takin' any joy
I was locked twenty-three and one
Now I ball like 23/twenty-three and one
Sniper Gang, I'm always playin' manhunt
I'm the one who kept it foolin' and what?

Seek out the fire in my eyes but I changed though
Suck my dick, bitch, I'm too rich to drive a Range Rover
Lil' hater baby, I remember stealin' mangoes
How my side bitch fuck better than my main ho? (Woo)
How my side bitch fuck better than my main bitch?
Every nigga say it's smoke, they get extinguished

I just talk that Guapanese, it's my language (Woo)
I just put some Cartiers on my main bitch (Fuck)
I just put some Valentino on my main ho (My main ho)
Bad Boy chain bussin' like the rainbow (Bussin')
I'm off Yak, I'm with Yak in the Lambo (Yak)
Yellin' out the window, "Money ain't a thing, ho"
Yeah, uh
We outside again
Couple goons with me, we ain't hidin' in
Brand new Cullinan, that's what we slidin' in (Uh)
Bad lil' bitch, I Prada, that pussy, guess you proud of it (Proud of it)
I can't fall in love 'cause that money be my bottom bitch
But she still suck it and then she swallow it (Yeah, yeah)
All these niggas steady hating 'cause more money be more problems
Ain't gon' let these niggas talkin', we gon' silence it
King

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It might look light but it's heavy like my Jesus
Might rock a throwback like I'm Fab with the check too
Fuck with me, baby, I got DeLeón and blunts too
She text me, "Where you at?", I sent the addy, come through
Now she in love with me 'cause she ain't used to luxury
Why would I hate on you? I do my thing comfortably
I'm not the one, I'm not the two, you know it, C3
She brushin' up my ways, talking 'bout, she need me (Ooh)

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As we proceed
To give you what you need
Kodak
King Combs
Bad Boy