

# Can't Stop Won't Stop

Meekz

Shout out MIKA, my bruh  
For the whole mob  
I ain't never had no job  
Always been my own boss  
I don't do no dead food, I do my own wash  
I don't need no dead food  
Yeah, I do my own wash  
My life

Can't stop, won't stop (Never)  
Free the hitters social-ed locked  
Do it for the whole mob (Free the mandem)  
Body show, dome shot (Bow)  
Sticky if it goes off  
Tryna blow your nose off  
Hella trips to make the phone pop (Brrr)  
Yayo comin' so soft  
Can't stop, won't stop  
Flyin', better blow cops  
Fuck my old opps, I get it poppin' in the clothes shop  
Every couple week I get the phone gone, road's hot  
Need to hose off  
Smoke Cali, gettin' blowjobs  
I need a whole box for my own spot  
Remember waitin' for the drone drop  
Can't stop, won't stop  
Send my youngin's to the O spot  
Studio, the phone's off (Kway)  
I gotta treat it like the coke spot  
Smokin on mimosa  
Two-hundred K with no prompter (Mad)  
Clout, blow me over

Packs flippin' over, whippin' soda (Flip it)  
Ask your older  
Licks hit with a Jack Revolver  
If I back the toaster  
Have to ghost you flippin' joker (Trippin')  
Must be sniffin' coca  
Clock's tickin' over, packs tickin' over  
Got her doin' yoga, told her hold the super soaker (Hold that)  
If I get wrapped with this wap, then it's movie over (Movie done)  
Can't stop, won't stop  
'Less they like me like the grow shop (Haha)  
'Member time when I had no gwop  
But you'll never make my soul stop  
Energies are so strong  
'Member waitin' so long  
'Times it's best to prolong  
Sittin' in my cell, hidin' zancos in roll-ons (Mad)  
I bet I make 'em hear it like an old song (Feel it like an old song)

Can't rest, can't rest, won't rest  
Believin' in the process  
Every day's a progress  
Slow steps, I need my own clothes next (Trust)  
I really need a grown check

Funny nigga gassed off a Rolex  
Stackin' for a home? You need to go bed  
My young hitter gettin' active off a moped (Gang)  
They ain't new to cash  
My young niggas movin' mad  
Pop you for a Louis bag (Murder)  
All he ever wanted was some Gucci rags (Mad)  
Puttin' moves to plan  
Put in too for fags before we move to traps  
Now everybody shootin' straps (Pow)  
Well, where the shootings at? (Where they at?)  
Don't get too attached  
Roads'll have you doin' laps (Laps)  
Gettin' dots 'til I drop  
Turned me so rotten  
I can feel my soul rottin'  
Grew around fiends with no teeth but I'm dough gettin' (Money, man)  
Bally on me, ho gettin', dough makin'  
Probably snake your own brethren for some road-readys  
So hellish, so reckless  
Hit the studio with no effort, kill the whole session  
  
Light work