

Don't Stop

Nardo Wick

Put us on top of the cage, me and all my nigga lit
Shitting on all of you nigga, it really ain't making no sense
He said, "Don't tell nobody," look over here taking a shit
He bet when he see me to drop it, I bet he get shot in his shit
I put my chains on the floor, walked on 'em, I feel like I'm Je
sus

I love my brothers to death, they come out whenever I need them
It ain't no room in the middle, ain't nothing can come in betwe
en us

Them hoes got glasses now, two years ago, they didn't see us
My phone on DND, but nigga, this chopper gon' rain
They say he got hit in the chest, I wish he got hit in the brai
n

This ain't the 1800s, nigga, I don't want to hang
No, sir. I don't want to talk, no ma'am, we are not a gang

I really be missing the hood like a jacket that don't got a hoo
die

Pull up to the block with a load, say, "Huh? Go make me some mo
ney"

Three different Glocks on the table, one regular, two on fully
That nigga think he the toughest, this hammer'll bury a bullet

Lil' mama really a monster, somebody get her a cookie
Must be a fan of Toy Story, she like to play my Woody
She got her wax last week, so it's a little bit furry
I already knew she was gay, I ain't have to ask her, her nigga
a pussy

Loose screws ain't a problem, we tighten nigga up
His tank already full, we still gon' fill him up
Don't crush nigga dreams, but make him give it up
His bitch like me at basketball, how the way she suck
I need my own comic book, I'm a hero in my hood
I miss sliding, I miss making nigga block flood
I've been wanting to, but nigga don't wanna play with us
At 11:11, I'm gon' wish a nigga would

Put ice on my wrist like I hurt my hand
Yeah, I like you, bae, and I like your friend
I'm a hot nigga, your bitch want a ten
And she like my music, she said it makes her dance

I'm a silent nigga, I do silent shit
I'm a hot lil' nigga, I need a hotter bitch
I don't like these clothes, I need another fit
Yeah, I shit on nigga, and I put on that shit
I can't relate to nigga, we wasn't raised alike
Them is not diamonds, he got on moissanite
Say you sorry, nigga, 'fore I tell them boys to strike

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What's the point of stepping if you ain't gon' do it right?