

# Ya Don't Stop

O.C.

Yeah, yo  
My instincts lead me, this rap shit feed me  
Hip-Hop need me, packaged rap need me  
Jettin overseas, foreign fairs, they greet me  
Live on stage, lines long to see me  
Yeah... reception of a king when I walk in the building  
Grown men and women in the place, no children  
Packed house, back out my mic then I buck off  
Chicks scream like LL rippin his shirt off  
Rock star status in the front row, yellin  
{"just what I need.."} hehe  
Run through my set, all live, no DAT  
Just two turntables with a mic in effect  
Word for word the crowd refers with each song  
Like a, platinum nigga with a million  
If you feelin, what I'm feelin  
Then it means that I'm doin my thing  
But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this  
Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't  
See I never let a small thing wear on my brain  
Hear what I'm sayin? {"just what I need.."} yeah

To all my people in the front, ya don't stop  
To my people in the back, ya don't stop  
To my people on the side, ya don't stop  
To my man Big L, one love God

You lactose I reach from, words I speak  
Influence like King when he said "I have a dream"  
Pro-black hero, few know the M.O.  
Many be amazed when I show 'em my credential  
Teefstill diggin, fans still checkin  
Wax I keep pressin, critics still stressin  
Every song has a message, some call it teachin  
Eyes wide shut, motherf\*\*kers still sleepin  
Yeah... covers all regions, all four seasons  
Never will I stop 'til I just stop breathin  
Won't go pop unless I start singin  
Every now and then O soul need redeemin  
Every now and then for the 'dro I'm fiendin  
High to the point my eyes need Visine'n  
I lay it down right the shit that I'm feelin  
So if you feelin, what I'm feelin  
Then it means that I'm doin my thing  
But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this  
Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't, yo

("just what I need..") Yo, I need prove nothin  
Yeah proof and a kick like Bruce Lee-roy, I start blowin  
Non-stop action like Jack Chan, in fact  
Flow like tihs for me is half-assed, I put  
maybe five percent of my brain on wax  
The other 95% tucked away in the smash  
I don't, mean to brag, or maybe I do  
Thoughts like pneumonia, talk like a grown-up  
Kids on the corner, love my persona  
Get a whiff of this bitch, smell my aroma

Slick talkin niggaz get left in a coma  
Thinkin I'm a punk cause my job is a performer  
Time and time again I've shown within my zone  
Anywhere I lay my dome is my home, there's  
so many niggaz in the game I've spawned  
f\*\*k who don't acknowledge it, I know what I've done  
... So if you feelin, what I'm feelin  
Then it means that I'm doin my thing  
But yo on the real it's some dudes fear this  
Ain't no such thing to me as I cain't  
See I never let a small thing wear on my brain  
Hear what I'm sayin? ("just what I need..")