

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..")