

Can't Stop It

Yeat

BNYX

Bag after bag after bag, I can't stop
Yerc after Perc' after Yerc, I can't stop
Hopped inside the Cayenne, boot it up and then I fly
On the phone with my demon, we build it up and then retire
Toxic, toxic, yeah, came in that bitch and we fried
Walk on the muhfuckin' ceiling, I'm bootin' up, baby, could end
in me flyin'
Yeah, they gon' copy my trend, they gon' copy my side, they gon'
copy the guy
I would go get me more money, more money, more money, more mone
y, really don't doubt

I bought a crib in the sky (Yeah, woah)
Twenty-four seven, the big body down (Yeah, yeah-yeah)
Takin' the yanky, more janky, more banky
I run up this bitch like a big ol' tanky
The big body whip, pull out the big body
Swerve on the side, 'bout to pull up, we cranky
I'm gonna pull up the tanky
I got the big ol' whips, got the big ol' Glocks, got the big ol'
stick with a binkie (What? Shh)
You gon' get whacked, you gon' get whacked like a spanking (Mm-
hm)
I been swervin' on this Earth
Diamonds in my pinkie, yeah, the diamonds on my hair
Don't know why I did this shit, just heard it, then I do it
I don't like all that talkin' back and forth, just keep it murmur
Bye-bye (Phew), huh, fuckin' swerve
Yeah, I learned my lesson, for these jakes, I see they swerves
Go and they go get eaten up like a fish, get eaten by worm
R-I-P to the Dub man, they gon' try to get that on serve

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