Non Stop

Young Dolph

Woo
(Ayo, BandPlay)
Haha, yeah (Yeah)

Bitch, I'm back at it (Uh, yeah)
Post up in the hood, I'm servin' crack addicts (Uh, yeah)
Backstabbin'-ass niggas act like faggots (Uh, yeah)
I can't fuck with bitches 'cause they know they maggots (Uh, yeah)
Baguettes in my watch, bitch, look at the carats (Uh, yeah)
Diamonds Conley jumpin', bitch, they Conley dancin' (Uh, yeah)
Killin' up in fashion, bitch, I'm dapper dabbin' (Uh, yeah)
And they call me Hitler 'cause I send assassins (Yes sir, yeah)
Before the deal, yeah, Big Moochie was really trappin' (Yeah)
Before the deal, yeah, Big Moochie was really clappin' (Yeah)
Fuck niggas down (Yeah)
Gang pull up on your block with hundred rounds
OG on it, Dust Town, I put it down (Huh)

Yeah, do y'all know who put it down, for real, nigga?
Stop playin' with me, ha
Let's go

Yeah, all these pussy niggas talkin' 'bout this affidavit (Uh)
But they can't pull up a lineup or a fuckin' statement (Yeah)
Got niggas and bitches mad, yeah, 'cause they know that they basic
Now I got their ass big mad 'cause they see Big Moochie made it (Yeah)
Stuck with the gang, no tradin' (Yeah)
Number one, Tracy McGrady (Yeah)
Big Moochie doin' no tellin' (Yeah)
Put that on Zalea Navaya (My baby)
Posted in the hood 'til my days got better (Yeah)
Killers, they with me, they ready whenever
Bad thick bitch and her color vanilla (Yeah)
Hit her from the back, now I call her yellow (Yellow, yellow)
Huh, I tried to tell you (I tried)
Niggas really bitches, they ain't out, they really scary (Yeah)
Bloodbath on a nigga and the bitch is bloody mary (Yeah)
Fuck 'em all, we send 'em all to the cemetery (Yeah)

Fuck all my opps
All y'all can die
Join the rest of 'em who dead
We gettin' rich, yeah (No cap)

My mama say she want a Maybach, gotta put her in it
We on the block, we standin' out, these niggas, no, they ain't spinnin'
The gang gang independent (Gang, gang)
And plus, we really winnin', niggas just dick-lickin'
Got your bitch in my mentions, she really want attention
I told her pay attention, bitch, how much is you givin'?
I get racks out her purse (Yeah), and the rest out her titties (The rest of)
I be breakin' bitches, really be breakin' bitches
You gotta give me your bankroll, bitch, if you want extensions (On God)
And all my clips extended (Clips), these niggas want me ended (Finished)
Well, bitch, I'm just gettin' started, bitch, I'm nowhere finished (Nowhere)
And the Paper Route Illuminati, I stand on that business (I stand on it, yea
h)

I stand on this shit, for real, nigga (I swear to God)
I'm talkin' 'bout all the way (All the way)

Yeah, uh, one more time (Uh)
Niggas hate to see me on my grind, now I shine (Yeah)
Bitches wanna see these VVS', now they blind (Uh)
Big baguettes up in my Rollie, yeah, expensive time (Yeah)
Count big racks up in the Maybach, yeah, while I recline (Yeah)
Mama say, "You got a talent," got rich off of rhymin' (Uh)
Run some bitch, keep callin' my phone, know I'm finna decline it (Yeah)
Major labels callin' my phone, know I'm finna decline it (Yeah)
Niggas, they really be hidin', no, they really not slidin' (Uh)
Chop cut 'em half, divide 'em, uh, young nigga high as a pilot (Yeah)
Brand new whip, no mileage, yeah, fuck your bitch 'til she got mileage (Yeah
)
I was down bad, fucked up in the hood, real lost, then I found me some guida
nce (Then I found some guidance, yeah)

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