

Shit Dont Stop

2Pac

Yeah..

'Pac, Dat Nigga Daz (yeah) Kurupt
All up in this bitch Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop, keep goin

Don't stop..

Don't stop..Keep it goin, got my nigga Slip Capone

Hahahaha, hell yeah, lot of fakers is out there

Niggaz get around these backwoods

Get around they mommas, pull up they pants

Hide they rags and start to act good, hahahahaha! Who mashes with the crazy, illest niggaz in town? (I do)

Killin willingly, who got the right to make a sound?

My sound break block, corners, avenues and drives

It's about time the mashin is arrived

I take you on a mission, be on a mission, I'm packin steel

Steadily givin these niggaz no passes on livin (no passes)

I spend major loot on khaki suits

Nikes and kroker-saks to sweat suits, and leather boots

I box niggaz twice my size, I bust wit a fo'-five

Lick you up in yo' eye, blast, make the party live

I live the unusual, crucial life

So pay attention when I come through for you and your crew

As just a man and his music, I ain't afraid to use it

Bruise you badly, you want confusion, I mean it's useless

To step to this, we in effect, we dangerous

Contendin mental murderers and ain't afraid to diss

Biatch! (yeah) Now I been called crazy, to fade me it's not possible (haha)

I give a fuck, what you thought, or who you brought witchu?

(Bad Boy killer) A Bad Boy killer, Biggie annihilator

They wonderin why he breathin, but bitches is dyin later (ahh)

Better laugh now, then cry when I come to get you

I hit you with two glocks, and leave you with scar tissue

On some loco shit (loco), my pistol smoke yo' shit (smoke)

Let's go for dolo BIATCH, and watch me flow yo' shit

Mr., Makaveli movin pieces like telekenesis

It's like a chess game, let's play wit real pieces (hell yeah)

Shots rang and niggaz brains were spilt
 Another Bad Boy affiliated (Bad Boy killer) nigga was kilt
 I hit the funeral and busted his folks
 And leave the scene like a shadow in a blaze of smoke
 Don't stop, keep goin Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin Well it's that seventeen shot glock cocker, the block rocker (fool)
 Hardcore hooligan, verbal assault chopper
 Finally televised - Krupt, Daz reside (resides)
 Lethal with mics like guns, bats and knives
 Those who oppose are my foes, all stand in rows
 Deadliest MC across the globe, Krupt Capone
 (That's that nigga) I packs heat when it's cold
 Too much pressure makes ya fold, so lo' and behold
 Why you waitin for the poetical Satan?
 Creatin slaughters, runnin through camps like Walter Payton
 I snatch ya breath (aah!) and bust 'til there's no one left
 Who goes against the program, I'm the Man like Meth
 (I'm the man nigga) I don't trust ya (I don't)
 The second I get a chance I'ma bust ya
 No matter where, you could be in Russia I'ma touch ya
 (Like that) Vocal assassin, motivated by cash
 Shoot for the loot, brownies and black mags Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, keep goin
 Don't stop, don't stop Let the speakers bump, biatch! (let the speakers bump)
 For everybody out there that got the humps in they Jeep
 Big Suburbans, they Lexuses, they Beemers
 We gon' break it down a lil' somethin like this
 For you to get yo' sub on throughout yo' neighborhood
 Turn it up, check it out They claim to be down, they say they down (man fuck you man)
 Number one..

Songwriters

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